VOL. XXXVI NOVEMBER, 1912 No. 3

THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

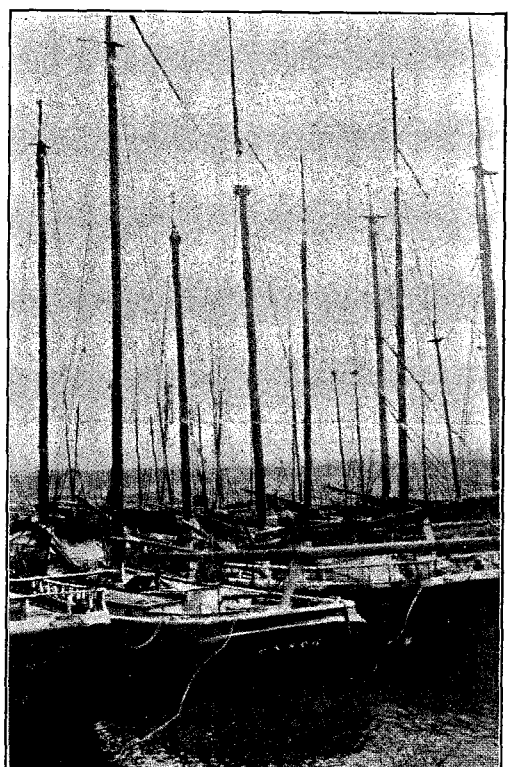
Chronicle and Comment

Stevenson's "Casco"

An English clergyman, the Rev. R. Bruce Taylor, crossed the Atlantic last summer to take charge of a great church in Canada. Landing one afternoon at Victoria, British Columbia, he saw a large fleet of sealing schooners laid up to be sold by auction. One of them bore the name *Casco,* and by inquiries Mr. Taylor found out that it was the very ship which Robert Louis Stevenson hired to make his cruise in the Pacific in 1888. On June 28th of that year the Stevenson party, which included Stevenson's wife, his mother, and his step-son, Lloyd Osbourne, started from San Francisco on board the *Casco* and made straight for the Marquesas, dropping anchor a month later in Anaho Bay. The boat was retained till the end of the year and paid off at Honolulu, where Stevenson finished *The Master of Ballantrae* and *The Wrong Box.* Mr. Taylor wrote a letter to Mr. Clement Shorter of the London *Sphere* telling of his discovery and enclosing a picture of the *Casco* as it appeared this summer in the Victoria Harbour.

George Eliot's Earnings

In one of George Meredith's letters, which are reviewed elsewhere, he says, "I shall send you the *Cornhill Magazine* next month. The author of *Adam Bede* has a new work in it. I understand they have given her an enormous sum (eight thousand pounds, or more! she retaining ultimate copyright)—*Bon Dieu!* will aught like this ever happen to me?" As this letter was written in 1862, it is obvious that he refers to *Romola.* George Eliot did not receive the exact sum upon which her fellow-craftsman comments so characteristically, but rumour was not far wrong. It appears that George Smith, the publisher, was anxious to attract well-known names to his new venture, and he in reality offered the author of *Adam Bede*



STEVENSON'S "CASCO" IN VICTORIA HARBOUR

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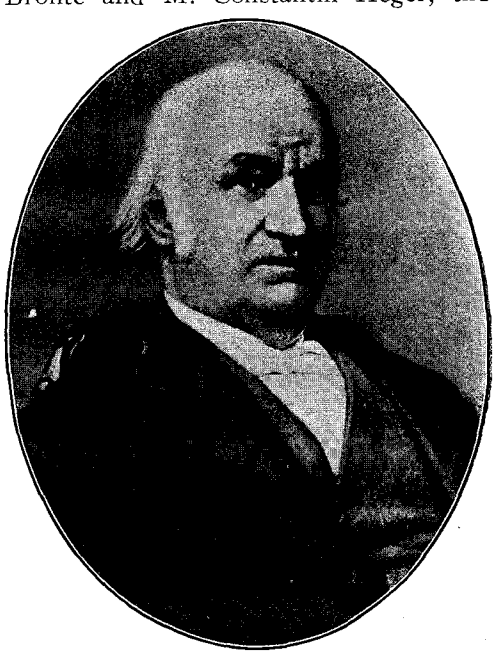
GEORGE MEREDITH AT THREE YEARS OF AGE

ten thousand pounds for the new book she was at work upon. Though the offer came at a time when she was particularly depressed at the slow progress she was making with her novel of the Italian Renascence, she did not care to accept it, as she hesitated to have the story appear in serial form. The offer, however, encouraged her to finish her laborious task, and it was ultimately published serially, in fourteen parts, since Lewes felt the publicity would help the sale. Smith paid seven thousand pounds for the copyright, though it was not a financial success; George Eliot, in fact, afterward gave a short story, "Brother Jacob," to offstand the publisher's loss. In book form, of course, it justified the publisher's faith.

This remark of George Meredith naturally calls attention to the large sums which George Eliot made from her pen. She received, according to Leslie Stephan, fifty guineas for her first short story, published in *Blackwood's,* January, 1857. This was afterward incorporated in *Scenes of Clerical Life.* It made a greater success with the critics than with the public. The original agreement for *Adam Bede,* published by Blackwood, as were all her novels except *Romola,* had been eight hundred pounds for a four-year copyright; but as the book went through seven editions and sixteen thousand copies were printed during the year, the publisher generously acknowledged the success by returning the copyright, and adding another eight hundred pounds, offering at the same time two thousand pounds for four thousand copies of her next novel. *The Mill on the Floss* and *Silas Marner* were published on this basis. After the success of *Romola* George Lewes asked Smith for five thousand pounds for the copyright of *Felix Holt,* but this was rejected. *Middlemarch,* she admitted, made more for her than *Romola,* as over twenty-five thousand copies were sold three years after publication. As George Eliot was thirty-six before she began to write, her earnings in twenty years of activity, including *Daniel Deronda* and *The Spanish Gypsy,* approximated thirty thousand pounds.

The Old Legend

Until we took up Miss May Sinclair's newly published volume on *The Three Brontës,* we confess to having well-nigh forgotten the alleged love affair between Charlotte Brontë and M. Constantin Héger, the



M. CONSTANTIN HÉGER

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COMMODORE EDWIN W. MORSE, OF THE NANTUCKET YACHT CLUB, ON THE FLAGSHIP "ANGORA." MR. MORSE'S "CAUSES AND EFFECTS IN AMERICAN HISTORY" IS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE

little professor of the Pensionnat de Demoiselles, in Brussels. The affair, if affair there was, rested on too slight evidence, was too remote and intangible to stir the imagination. It is all very well to conceive of the creator of *Jane Eyre* as hiding a hopeless passion for some unknown lover who might have served her as model for the stormy-souled Rochester. But when we try to visualise this unknown as an unimportant little Belgian professor, especially with the reproduction of his elderly, amiable, rather weak face before us, it is difficult to take seriously the perfervid histrionics of a biographer like Mr. Angus Mackay, to the effect that she had come "through the furnace of temptation with marks of torture on her, but with no stain on her soul." In short, it seemed one of those cases that are tried and dismissed for sheer lack of evidence. But Miss Sinclair is not satisfied with what amounts to a Scotch verdict of "Not Proven"; she insists upon having the case reopened, and nothing will satisfy her short of a definite acquittal of Charlotte Brontë of even the remotest suspicion of sentimental interest in the prosaic M. Héger of the Rue d'Isabelle. And of course Miss Sinclair's point of view is eminently sane and dignified; it is the rational, common-sense view, that refuses to accept mere conjecture for fact:

> The question is: *did* Charlotte come through a furnace? *Did* she suffer from a great and tragic passion? It may have been so. For all we know, she may have been in fifty furnaces; she may have gone from one fit of tragic passion to another. Only (apart from gossip, and apart from the argument from the novels, which begs the question) we have no evidence to prove it. What we have points all the other way.

But the trouble with raking the embers of ancient gossip is that it almost inevitably fans a little flicker of a flame,—especially under so skilful a touch as that of Miss Sinclair. The logical side of our mind agrees cordially with all her arguments; when Charlotte wrote the often quoted sentence "I was punished for my selfish folly by a withdrawal for more than two years of happiness and peace of mind," the context of the letter amply indicates that she was simply reproaching herself for having been absent from home when sorely needed, and not that she was confessing an illegitimate passion for M. Héger. And later, when the jealousy of M. Héger's wife led her to accuse the dead Charlotte of an absurd and futile passion for her husband, it is undoubtedly quite fair "to conjecture that it was M. Héger and not Charlotte who gave her cause, slight enough in all conscience, but sufficient for Madame Héger." But while Miss Sinclair has won the allegiance of our reason, she has unintentionally kindled our imagination. She is too good a writer of fiction to be wholly successful with fact. In her ear-

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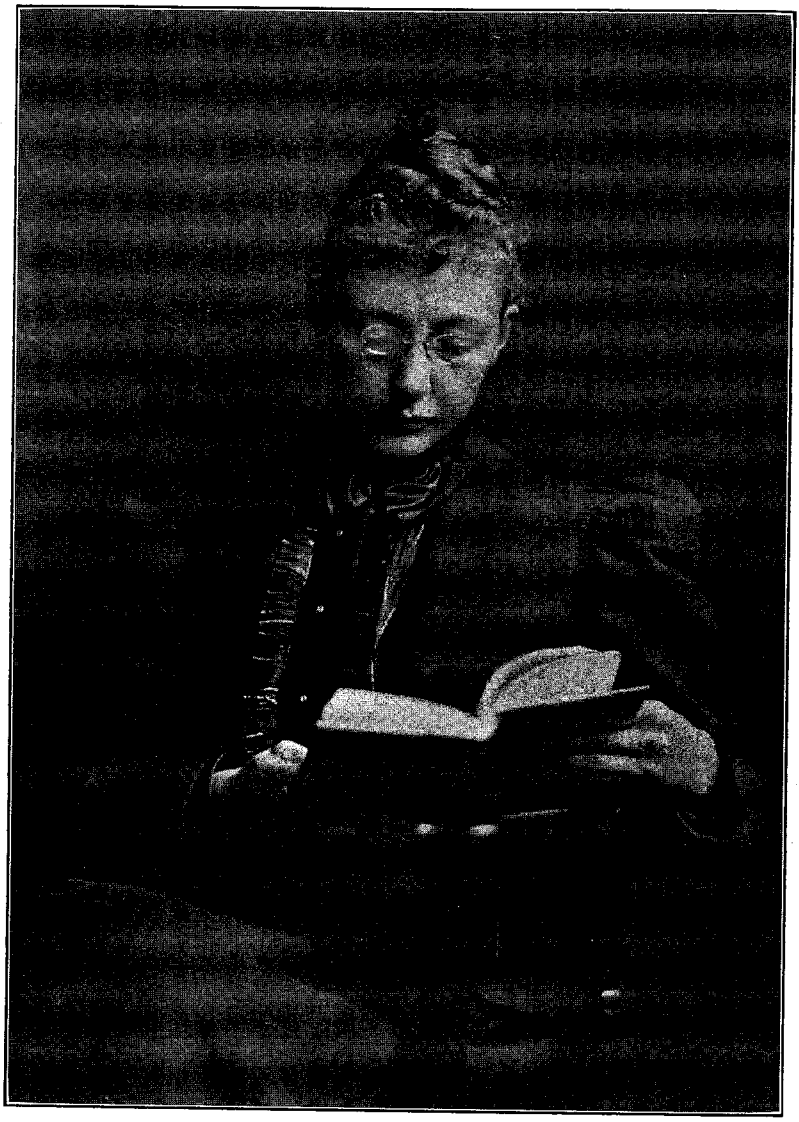

AGNES REPPLIER. FROM A RECENT PORTRAIT

nest refutation of the whole legend, she has conjured up so vivid a picture of conditions and circumstances, has made us see so clearly the very things that she insists did not happen, that her net result is the opposite to that for which she has been striving: she has argued the romance out of existence, yet has fixed it more firmly than ever in our minds. It had hitherto seemed unimportant, but now it will be the first thought to flash into mind at sight of a copy of *Jane Eyre*. She meant to give an apocryphal story its death blow, and paradoxically in doing so has endowed it with new life.

When "Trilby" Reigned

If there is one book about which the ignorance of the generation that is just grown up is particularly astonishing, it is George Du Maurier's *Trilby*. Too recent to be regarded as a best seller of yesterday, it has probably been read by fewer of the last two or three years' crop of graduates of Harvard, or Princeton, or Yale,

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MARCEL TINAYRE. FROM A RECENT PORTRAIT

or Vassar, or Smith, or Wellesley than the most archaic and hopeless, in a literary sense, of all the yesterday best sellers. In a word, it has lost its first hold, and has not yet found its second hold, though that second one is sure to come. For *Trilby* breathes the very spirit of youth, of "the brave days when we were twenty-one"; it embodies that yearning for an idealised Bohemia which comes to so many men and women at a certain period in young life. A number of novels of the last fifteen or twenty years have had greater sales, but none was ever so amazingly and genuinely popular as *Trilby;* none ever took such a hold on the imagination, and played so conspicuous a part in the life of its moment. Back in the autumn of 1894 it was considered an appropriate lark for men, more or less fitted for the parts, to dress themselves in imitations of Mr. Du Maurier's "musketeers of the brush," and, arm in arm, to march up and down the streets of American cities as Taffy, the Laird and Little Billee. Svengali

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was a byword, and everywhere were being presented parodies of the story and its characters of a nature indicated by the accompanying facsimile.

Trilby appeared the year before the establishment of the BOOKMAN, and throughout the early numbers of the magazine there were frequent allusions echoing its extraordinary success. The novel led to the publication of several books dealing with its scenes and people, such as Felix Moscheles's *In Bohemia with Du Maurier*. The amazing

GERTRUDE ATHERTON. FROM A PAINTING BY WALTER I. COX

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THIRD GRAND CHRISTMAS EFFUSION OF THE P. A. F. A STUDENTS.

December 29, 1894.

Sensational Production of Chas. S. Williamson's

"TWILLBE"

In Four Acts and One Spectacle

Translated and Adapted from the French of George Domarryher.

THE CAST.

Twillbe—with Poetic Feet	John Sloan
Svengali—Musical, magnetic and merciless, in love with Twillbe Miss Sylvia Amanda Wontville—of East Manayunk	Robert Henri
Little Billee—An innocent kid in love with Twillbe George Domarryher—the innocent cause of it all	C. S. Williamson
Taffy—A Welsh Apollo, in love with Twillbe James McNails Whiskers—with a chip on his shoulder	Everett Shinn
Laird of Pigpen—A canny Scot with a scant kilt and a clear conscience, in love with Twillbe Melpomene—Festive, light and airy	E. Wyatt Davis
Gecko—A Fiddling Genius, in love with Twillbe	W J. Glackens
Lydia Pinkham—Billee's fond mamma, not in love with Twillbe Mrs. Jack Sprat—An Epicure	J. E. Laub
Professor Darkhurst—A Tiger Tamer The Mermaid—A Nautical Nightingale Hicks—A Waiter	Dennis Kelly
Jack Sprat—A Chronic Kicker Miss Lavina Hunter of Chicago	Frank W. Taylor
Miss Blaggs of B. The Royal Bengal Tiger	J. M. Preston
The Harper Brothers—who were very sorry	Preston and Taylor

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. Scene 1. Noon—Studio of the three Englishers—Svengali Gecko—"Milk Below"—Ben Bolt—We all love her.

Scene 2. Christmas—same studio—"Her left foot haunts me still" magnetic cure—Blood between Whiskers and Domarryher—The Tw Proposal—(in spite of the vigorous efforts of the management to restrain it is feared that during this scene the following specialties will be perp

Death of Mr. Hyde, Taffy (I think)
A Bowl of Soup, Svengali.
The Caliopian Quartette Twillbe, Laird, Darkhurst, Little Billee.

Scene 3. Same studio you were in before, only two weeks later—Lydia Pinkham's visit—the elopement—despair and death—the pursuit.

ACT II. Scene 1. North Ninth Street—The Greatest Show on earth Twillbe's Foot.

Scene 2. Interior of museum—the tiger—the waxworks "tis she flight—the baloon—the tigers meal. The curtain will rise at the end of this act disclosing Memorial Tableaux.

ACT III. Scene 1. The North Pole—Found—The Ice Breaks—Lost.

Scene 2. An Island in the Tropics—more Hypnotism—Lydia again—the escape.

Scene 3. Near Atlantic City—Death of Svengali—Sweet Liberty.

ACT IV. Interior of Ducal Castle of Battlements—Five o'clock tea—Everybody arrives—The three heiresses—The fate of Twillbe. The Tragic muse. Grand Transformation—Mount Hellicon the abode of the muses—Georgous, Startling, Magnificent—March of the muses.

The Orchestra under the direction of Prof. J. C. Fireman will render the following selections. Washington st March. America. Germany. Selection from Princess Bonnie. I Trovatore and a jingle of popular airs.

EXECUTIVE STAFF.

E. Wyatt Davis,	Business Manager.
Chas. S. Willamson,	Stage Manager and Carpenter.
John Sloan,	Scenic Artist.

PLAYBILL OF A PARODY OF "TRILBY" PRESENTED IN 1894 BY STUDENTS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

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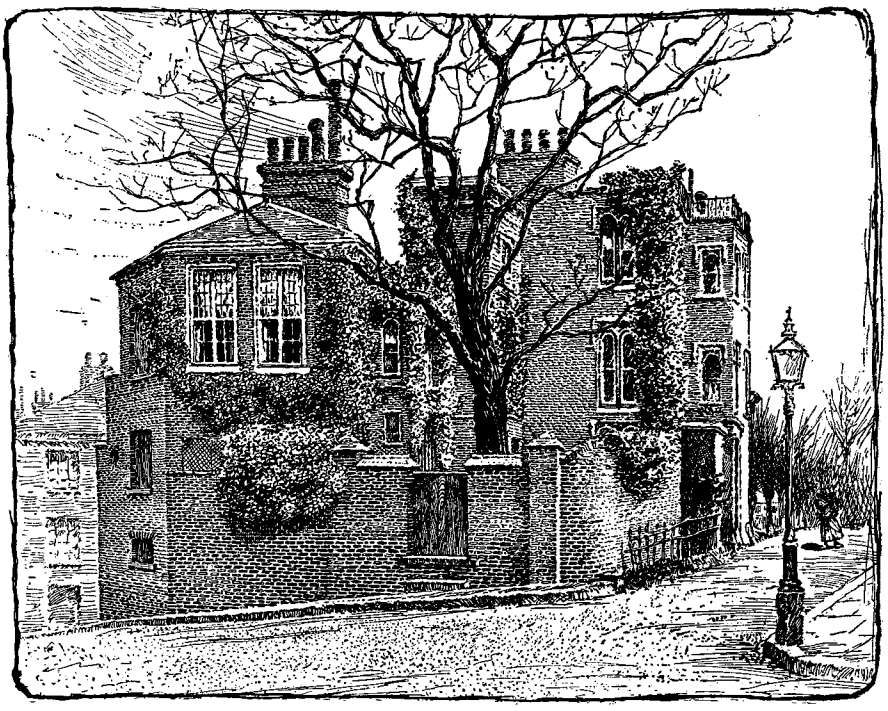

GEORGE DU MAURIER'S HOUSE AT HAMPSTEAD, WHERE "TRILBY" WAS WRITTEN

vogue of *Trilby* brought home to the popular mind the unusual conditions under which it has been written. Du Maurier had for many years been a conspicuous figure by reason of his connection with London *Punch,* and his Bunthornes, Postlethwaites, Mrs. Ponsonby-Tomkinses, and Sir George Midases, but when he produced *Trilby* he was sixty years of age and nearly blind, and in the eyes of the world at large, which had paid little attention to the *Peter Ibbetson* of a few years before, practically a neophyte in the art of story spinning. That a beginner could produce a work that provoked comparisons to Thackeray seemed incredible. Some one said as much to Du Maurier himself. The latter pointed to the long series of *Punch* drawings with the text written beneath. "That is where I received my training in literature," he said. "I have been writing all my life, and the best of writing practice at that. Those little dialogues, which week after week have fitted into the drawings in *Punch,* have prepared me. The right word had always to be found, and the superfluous word discarded. It has been *précis* writing, a long apprenticeship in conciseness and repartee, and appositeness."

The plot of *Trilby* was once offered to Henry James as a gift. Du Maurier and James were walking one evening up and down the High Street in Bayswater, when James remarked that he had great difficulty in finding plots for his stories. "Plots!" exclaimed Du Maurier, "I am full of plots;" and he went on to tell the other the plot of *Trilby.* "But you ought to write that story," said James. "I can't write," replied Du Maurier, "I have never written. If you like the plot so much you can take it." But James would not take it; he said that it was too valuable a present. On reaching home that night Du Maurier started to work at the new craft. But it was not on *Trilby* that he began. That story was laid aside for the time, and by the next morning he had written the first two numbers of *Peter Ibbetson.* It seemed to flow from his pen, without effort, in

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a full stream. But he thought it must be poor stuff, and he determined to look for an omen to learn whether any success would attend the new departure. So he walked out into the garden, and the very first thing that he saw was a large wheelbarrow, and that comforted him and reassured him; for there is a wheelbarrow in the first chapter of *Peter Ibbetson.*

Prince of Poets

Paris has a new Prince of Poets. He is M. Paul Fort, who was recently elected by his fellow-poets to fill the office left vacant by the death, within the year, of the late Léon Dierx. Dierx was an old man and a representative of the so-called Parnassian school, which flourished under the Second Empire. Thus his election seemed intended to express respect for his personality, and for his long, honourable, and disinterested literary career, at least as much as admiration for his poetry. M. Paul Fort, on the other hand, is still a young man, and belongs completely to the present. He is the first of their own generation the symbolists have chosen to honour with a title obviously invented in imitation of the "Father Golias" of the mediæval Latin student poets, and originally conferred upon Paul Verlaine. Verlaine was followed by Stéphane Mallarmé; so, altogether, the office possesses a glamour and a prestige that are wanting in many a more serious and pretentious laureateship. A great banquet was tendered to M. Fort on the occasion of his election, and there was much offering of toasts and making of speeches to inaugurate auspiciously the new reign.

Although the "Prince" is little known in this country, he has for many years played a part in the literary world of Paris. Perhaps he owes his election even more to his interest in poetry generally, and to his efforts on behalf of other poets, than to his own work. At the early age of eighteen (he is now only forty), and before beginning to write himself for publication, he founded the *Théatre d'Art,* the precursor of many similar theatrical experiments, both in France, in England, and in Germany. Alone and almost without resources, by sheer force of his enthusiasm, he brought about the production of Shelley's *Cenci,* Marlowe's *Faustus,* and plays by Verlaine, Maeterlinck, Gourmont, and numerous other modern writers. This venture created considerable stir; and, as through it he had acted the "angel" to the new dramatic movement, it must have been of considerable assistance to M. Fort in his own subsequent literary débuts; since in Paris every poet is a critic and vice versa, and the law of literary solidarity and mutual aid is strictly observed there among men of a group. M. Fort's poetic work takes principally the form of ballads. He himself styles them "poems in prose"; but as a matter of fact their only serious difference from conventional poetry lies in their typographical presentation, which disregards the separate lines of the verse in much the same manner in which the ingenious American newspaper reporter airs his cleverness from time to time and lures an unsuspecting reader into beginning a poem without knowing it. This was doubtless "good business" for M. Fort at a period when the possibility of an intermediate style between prose and poetry was being hotly discussed in artistic circles. But to-day it seems a rather cheap and silly device, and one calculated rather to stand off readers of cultivated literary tastes than to attract them. This is a pity, for the verses themselves are often really charming, perhaps the closest approach to popular poetry, in the best sense, that is being written anywhere in the world to-day, showing great variety in the choice of subjects, as well as much simplicity and sincerity in the manner of their expression.

The ceremony of introducing the "Prince" to his new rank was held, not in front of the Cathedral of Notre Dame under the light of torches, in the manner of the Middle Ages; but at Luna Park, a garden of switchback railways and mechanical roundabouts. Here is an account of the event from a correspondent of the New York *Sun:*

Ah! 'Twas a pleasing event and how fully

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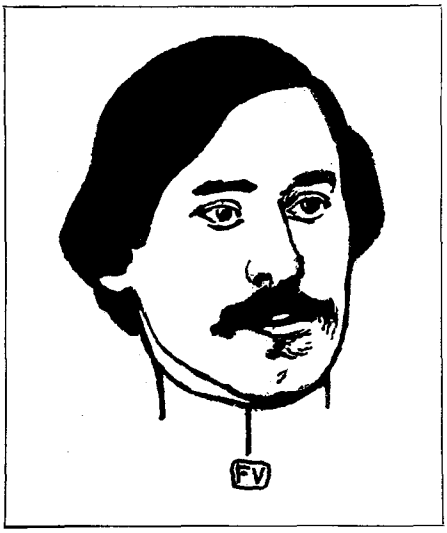
Paris that evening gave way to crazy joy! Its fancy overflowed in unexpected extremes, and most amusing point of all, no one thought of laughing. Imagine a gigantic table at which all the writers of the new generation took their seats, with Jean Richepin of the Académie Française as president; imagine six hundred long-haired heads met together under streamers of multicoloured Japanese lanterns and bannerets, add to that the strains of mechanical organs, the din of the scenic railway, the tumult of several orchestras and the shrieks of visitors, and you will have a faint idea of



that picturesque scene which only the twentieth century could produce. The banquet began with a camel race, with Dranem, Mistinquette and De Max, three of the glories of our Paris theatres, as jockeys; then came the exhibition of Princess Zenobia, whose originality lies in having no legs, and the end came while Jean Richepin, each foot on a chair, strove to dominate the infernal uproar and the cheers of the guests by pronouncing a definite judgment on the art and the future of poetry, for a gigantic display of fireworks suddenly lit up this picture, one of the most astounding minutes Paris has ever lived.

"Punch, Brothers"

We are holding over to our next issue discussion of the official *Life* of Mark Twain by Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, as it is a book that cannot be discussed lightly. At the time of Mr. Clemens's death some one remarked of the biography that Albert Paine had the biggest opportunity of the kind since Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, and Mr. Paine seems to have been conscious of his responsibilities. Meanwhile, however, we cannot refrain from quoting from the *Life* the story of a jingle that drove people to madness six and thirty years ago, the jingle of "Punch, Brothers, Punch with Care."

A certain car line had recently adopted the "punch system," and posted in its cars, for the information of passengers and conductor, this placard:

A Blue Trip Slip for an 8 Cents Fare,
A Buff Trip Slip for a 6 Cents Fare,
A Pink Trip Slip for a 3 Cents Fare,
For Coupon And Transfer, Punch The Tickets.

Noah Brooks and Isaac Bromley were riding downtown one evening on the Fourth Avenue line, when Bromley said:

"Brooks, it's poetry. By George, it's poetry."

Brooks followed the direction of Bromley's finger and read the card of instructions. They began perfecting the poetic character of the notice, giving it still more of a rhythmic twist and jingle; arrived at the *Tribune* office, W. C. Wyckoff, scientific editor, and Moses P. Handy lent intellectual and poetic assistance, with this result:

Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare.
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

CHORUS

Punch, brothers! Punch with care!
Punch in the presence of the passenjare!

It was printed, and street-car poetry became popular. Different papers had a turn at it, and each usually preceded its own effort with all other examples, as far as perpetrated. Clemens discovered the lines, and on one of their walks recited them to Twichell. "A Literary Nightmare" was written a few days later. In it the author tells how the jingle took instant and entire possession of him and went waltzing through his brain; how, when he had finished his breakfast, he couldn't tell whether he had eaten anything or not; and how,

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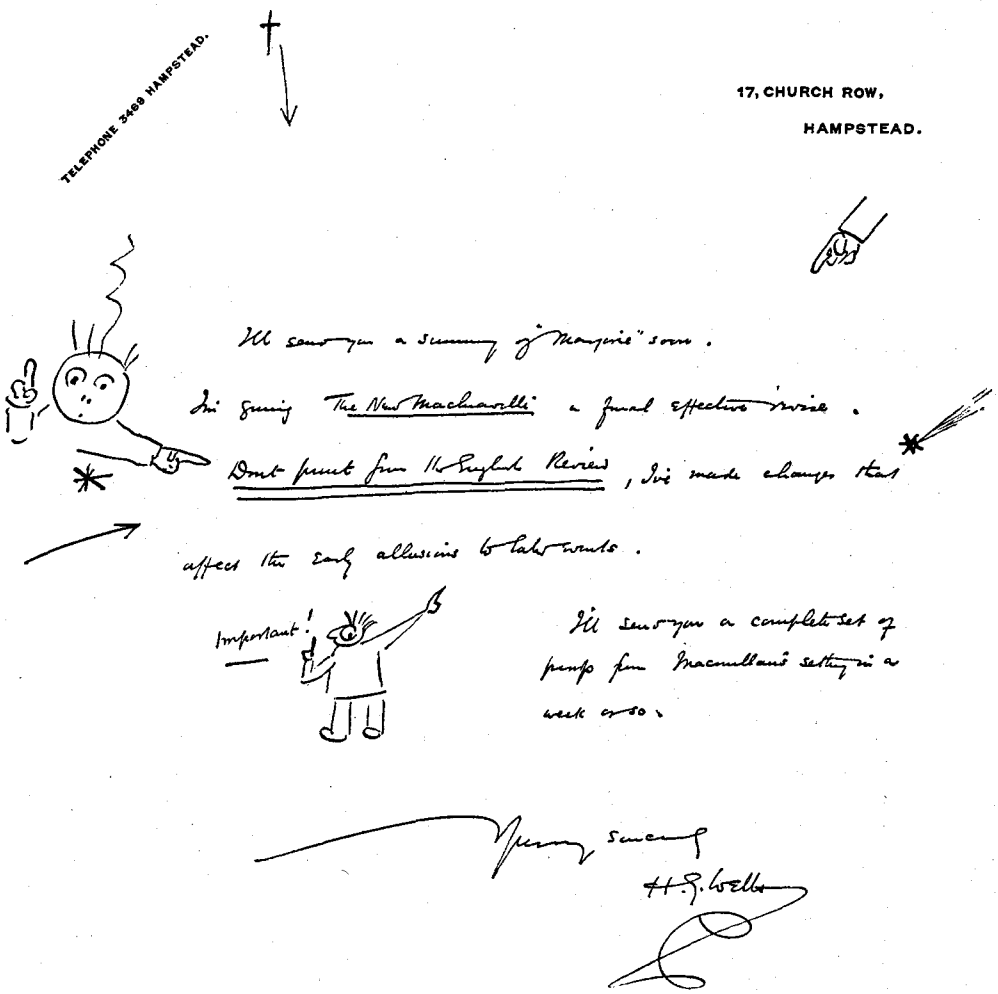
when he went to finish the novel he was writing, and took up his pen, he could only get it to say:

Punch in the presence of the passenjare.

Howells's children recited it to him in chorus. The streets were full of it; in Harvard it became an epidemic.

It was transformed into other tongues. Even



FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF A LETTER FROM H. G. WELLS

He found relief at last in telling it to his reverend friend, that is, Twichell, upon whom he unloaded it with sad results.

It was an amusing and timely skit, and is worth reading to-day. Its publication in the *Atlantic* had the effect of waking up horse-car poetry all over the world. Howells, going to dine at Ernest Longfellow's the day following its appearance, heard his host and Tom Appleton urging each other to "Punch with care." The Longfellow ladies had it by heart. Boston was devastated by it. At home, Swinburne, the musical, is said to have done a French version for the *Revue des deux mondes.*

LE CHANT DU CONDUCTEUR

Ayant été payé, le conducteur
Percera en pleine vue du voyageur,
Quand il reçoit trois sous un coupon vert,
Un coupon jaune pour six sous c'est l'affaire,
Et pour huit sous c'est un coupon couleur
De rose, en pleine vue du voyageur.

CHŒUR

Donc, percez soigneusement, mes frères
Tout en pleine vue des voyageurs, etc.

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Napoleon III in America

Probably no written portrait of the third Napoleon is better known to Americans than that embodied in the rhetorical apostrophe of Mark Twain in *The Innocents Abroad,* where he contrasts the Emperor of the French and the Sultan of Turkey at their meeting in Paris in 1867. It was thought very fine and stirring at the time, but it is a picture to provoke curiosity and amusement to-day. Mark Twain described how the future Emperor carried his dreams with him into exile, how he associated with the common herd in America, and ran foot races for a wager, how he walked his weary beat, a common policeman of London. That he carried his dreams into exile, that his belief in his star never wavered, is unquestionably true. But it is not quite so romantic a figure, not such a dilapidated a Louis Napoleon that we see in the accounts of more careful historians than Mark Twain. For example, there is *Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III,* by the late Baron D'Ambès, which has just come from the press of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company. D'Ambès was not with Louis Napoleon in America, but it was from the Prince's own lips that he claimed he received the impressions of that visit. Louis Napoleon came to Norfolk, Virginia, from Rio de Janeiro on the frigate *Andromède.* The commander, Henri de Villeneuve, was very kind to the exile, and the Prince thanked him with the words: "You are obliging a man who will one day be Emperor of the French, unfortunate as he may appear at present. I shall not forget you." The *Andromède* arrived at Norfolk March 30, 1837. The Prince proceeded straight to New York and dined at General Watson Webb's, where he found General Scott, his two brothers-in-law, the Stewarts, and a number of senators and statesmen.

The Bonapartes in America, with their famous home in Bordentown, New Jersey, were an important family, and the Prince naturally saw something of his cousins Achille and Lucien Murat, and Pierre Bonaparte. He also frequented the society of several French Bonapartists — the brothers Peugnier, Lieutenant Lecomte, and M. Cognet; but Americans formed a majority of his acquaintances, among them Washington Irving, Chancellor Kent, the Livingston and Hamilton families, and the poet Halleck. His stay in America extended from March 30th to June 12th. As for "the Prince walking his weary beat, a common policeman of London," here is a passage from the D'Ambès memoirs for the year 1839:

> Whatever London has of choice and elegance is in relations with the Prince. Lord Fitz-Harris is more than a friend already: he is a brother. The Duke of Somerset and of Beaufort, of Bedford and of Montrose, find pleasure in his society. The Earls of Errol and Scarborough, of Chesterfield and of Durham deem it an honour to know him. Wellington is charming; Benjamin Disraeli comes to see him. Sir Lytton Bulwer and Sir Henry Holland, Count d'Orsay, Walter Savage, Londonderry—the greatest names of the nobility—figure at his receptions, though he makes a point of not attending Court or appearing at Ministers' houses. The Earl of Eglinton has invited him this year to his famous tournament. Grand dinners everywhere. And he talks cleverly, adroitly! The shade of Napoleon I following him everywhere, he often finds himself in delicate situations for a talker. He always extricates himself with admirable tact.

All of which goes to show that Mark Twain knew even less about Louis Napoleon than he did about Joan of Arc.

American Literary Shrines

The editor and his caller, each returning from a different part of the world, were on the subject of literary shrines. "What would be generally regarded as the ten literary shrines of America?" queried the former. Well—they began to enumerate them and to jot the names down on a piece of paper, idly—well, there are the Hawthorne and Emerson houses in Concord, the Lowell and Longfellow houses in Cambridge, Poe's Cottage in Fordham, Cooper's palace, Otsego Hall at Cooperstown, Bryant's modest residence east of the Berkshires at Cummington, the Ticknor house in Boston—this, principally by

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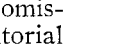
reason of its noted visitors, and chief among them Thackeray-Whitman's home in Camden, Irving's at Sunnyside, and—but that makes ten already, without counting Drake's grave in the little burying-ground at Hunt's Point, New York, which, judging by the letters that appeared with such frequency in the metropolitan papers for decades concerning the disrepair into which the memorial erected above it had fallen, would seem to be one of the most important of all. Well, that's eleven, anyway, and probably two or three more ought to be added, either in place of some of those already accepted provisionally, or to swell the total to an irreducible minimum of, say, fifteen. We note that there is not one from the South on the list, and we are looking to our Southern friends to make good this omission in letters that will flood the editorial desk by each mail every day for a week or so after the publication of this number. Surely the South must have at least one shrine—a purely literary shrine, that is, and not merely a composite literary and political shrine like Monticello, to which we demur in advance. And the West, too—but there the shrines, while ripening rapidly (we suspect that there will be an active Riley shrine some day in Indianapolis, for example) are a little green as yet to be picked for our present purposes. Well, then, taking the list of eleven as it stands—it is too much trouble to try to reduce it to ten, and to do so now, after having named them, might seem a trifle invidious—and admitting its tentative character, what is the result from the point of view of local distribution? With three exceptions, each place mentioned has a single shrine, which would seem a fair allowance, even for Boston, since hers is a very inclusive one, and since she, in a sense, engulfs Concord and Cambridge as well. The three exceptions are the two places last named and—the Bronx! Strange collocation! How many of our readers have ever even heard of the Bronx save in a vague general way as one of the five boroughs of Greater New York? To be sure, Poe's cottage we have assigned to Fordham for association's sake; but Fordham is in the Bronx, so there we are, as Henry James says. Even very few New Yorkers—old New Yorkers, that is, of the island of Manhattan—know anything about the Bronx, save as they pass through it on the railroad or visit certain restricted localities on the outskirts. This we admit to our faraway readers as a private confidence and not above a whisper, for fear of offending some of our friends north of the Harlem River. Which suggests an anecdote we have just read in a book we are about to speak of: When Gouverneur Morris was asked if he had any objection to the name of Mott Haven being given to the section that had just been purchased from him by the well-known iron-master, Jordan L. Mott, he gave his permission gruffly, adding, "Why don't you change the name of the Harlem River, and call it the Jordan?"



But, to return, any place that possesses two American literary shrines out of a list of eleven—note that New York, proper, does not possess even one—must be worth knowing more about, and that is why we turned with interest to a volume entitled *The Story of the Bronx, 1639-1912*, by Stephen Jenkins, which has just been published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, to learn something about an outlying section of New York, parts of which are said to support the densest population within her limits, and which is already a great city in itself, as unlike New York—the real old New York to the south as possible. (A friend from the West, after having traversed the heart of it, said that it reminded her of Salt Lake City.) If Staten Island once harboured Garibaldi—they still show his candle factory there—the Bronx is hardly behindhand in having once held Adelina Patti in a little house near the station now named Wakefield on the Harlem Road. Morrisania was once thought of as the site for the national capital—at least it was so thought of by Lewis Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who was eager to part with his vast holdings of unprofitable land there, and who wrote a brilliant real estate prospectus to convince Congress of the soundness of his suggestion. The Morrises were the manor-lords of Morrisania. This is the family of which Mr.

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Gouverneur Morris, the story-writer, is the present-day scion; and it must be a comfort to him in hours of discouragement, to think that he has the right to lie some day in a family vault, not in any mere commercial cemetery, but in a thoroughly English-looking churchyard (in spite of the walls of surrounding tenements) amid what were once his ancestral acres. And then there is another association: Cooper's Harvey Birch, hero of *The Spy,* used to find the valley of the Millbrook his best channel of communication through the enemy's lines. Poor Harvey! He would have a hard time following that little river, now that it is imprisoned and carried away into the Kills of the Harlem River through a sewer. Alas for romance! Alas for fiction! We are afraid that there is little room for either in the Bronx now. Yet we are not so sure—doubtless still survive in some form, though it would need not a Cooper to-day, but an O. Henry, to find them.

O. Henry in the Square

As is well known, the late Sydney Porter shunned all the Bohemianisms of many of the writer-folk, among whom he was a leader. Porter lived as quietly as possible in a noisy apartment-house and invariably expressed scorn for the members of the artistic cult who endured inconveniences to make their homes down around Washington Square, New York, made famous by its alleged Latin Quarter atmosphere. One of O. Henry's admirers recently said: "Once he showed me a set of green whiskers and a moth-eaten stovepipe hat which he kept hidden under his bed. 'This is my Washington Square uniform,' he said. 'You see, I have some foolish friends who live down there, and now and then I really have to visit them, but I always go disguised, for fear that somebody will rush up to me and ask me if I am collecting local colour. Moreover, I always send a messenger boy three minutes ahead of me to ring the doorbell and ask them to keep the passage clear, so that nobody will see me loitering in the vestibule.'"

Mr. Crosland Reappears

To those who remember Mr. T. W. H. Crosland's *The Unspeakable Scot,* the news that he is promising another venture, entitled *Taffy was a Welchman,* is likely to cause at least mild interest and amusement. The earlier book appeared just ten years ago, and made a sensation from Land's End to John O' Groats. The Kailyard School was then very much more important than it is to-day, and Mr. Crosland had his fling at the two Scotch parishes Thrums and Drumtochty, as conceived by Dr. J. M. Barrie and Dr. Ian MacLaren. "In these beautiful communities," he wrote, "the milk of human nature flows like a river; everybody lives, not for his or for her foolish self, but for somebody else; all bachelors are faithful to sweethearts of their youth 'for forty year and more'; all the women make the best butter in Galloway; all the girls are pretty and angelic of temperament, and, in short, Thrums and Drumtochty are two little bits of heaven dropped onto the map of Scotland."

But *The Unspeakable Scot* was at its best in the chapter in which Mr. Crosland dealt with what he termed "the Burns myth." "After illicit love and flaring drunkenness," he said, "nothing appeals so much to Scotch sentiment as having been born in the gutter." The reason, then, why Burns became and continues to be a sort of patron saint to the peoples north of the Tweed is, that he was a ploughman, an erotic writer, and a condoner of popular vices. Whiskey and women are the subjects which furnished forth for the majority of his flights. As to Burns the man, Mr. Crosland maintained that a more profligate person has seldom figured on the slopes of Parnassus. In love he was as carnal as he was false. He was never, as he has been called, a king o' men. He was simply "an incontinent yokel with a gift for metricism." "Burns, every Scotchman tells you, and tells you truly, has played no small part in moulding the sentiments and tendencies of the Scotch people as we know them. It was he who

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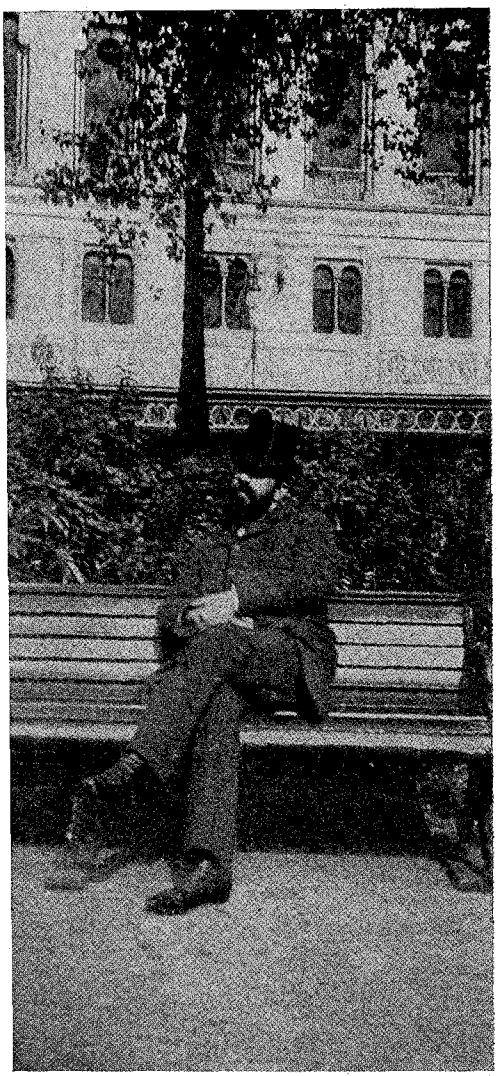
gave them their first notion of bumptious independence; it was he who taught them that 'a man's a man for a' that'—which, on the whole, is a monstrous fallacy; it was he who averred that whiskey and freedom gang together; and it was he who gave the countenance of song to shameful and squallid sensuality."

FitzRoy Carrington

Mr. FitzRoy Carrington, the editor of the volume entitled *Prints and Their Makers,* which is reviewed elsewhere in this number, is an Englishman, but the greater part—indeed all the active part—of his life has been passed in this country. His wife is an American and is the sister of Miss Esther Singleton, the writer and compiler of books. Mr. Carrington has for twenty years been connected with the firm of Frederick Keppel and Company, dealers in etchings and engravings, in New York, and for the last fifteen years has been the partner of the late Frederick Keppel, who died last winter. To-day Mr. Carrington is regarded as one of the principal authorities in the country in his chosen field, a man whose judgment is valued and whose advice is sought by leading collectors everywhere. It is to his personal reputation, as well as to his expert knowledge and to his enterprise, that is largely due the success of the magazine he started a little over two years ago, over the Keppel imprint, *The Print Collector's Quarterly,* and of which he has acted as the editor from the start. From its pages are collected the essays and articles that are now appearing in book form. In addition to the *Quarterly,* Mr. Carrington has edited and arranged a whole series of little anthologies, such as *The King's Lyrics, The Queen's Garland, The Pilgrim's Scrip,* and *The Shepherd's Pipe,* as well as a number of larger volumes in which he has revived, with an appropriate setting of text, the illustrative work of Rossetti, Burne-Jones, G. F. Watts, and other artists of the period. He has also written many articles on etching and engraving, and was the first to print an appreciative estimate of the work of Anders Zorn in this country.

Mr. Carrington, by the way, has just accepted an invitation from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, to be the head of the Department of Prints with Mr. Emil Richter, who has been Curator for the past twelve years, as his associate. The



T. W. H. CROSLAND

intention is to build up the Museum's collection so that ultimately it may rank with those of the great collections of Europe. Mr. Carrington will also receive from the President and Fellows of Harvard University an appointment as instructor in the department of Fine

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Arts. He will continue to edit the *Print Collector's Quarterly*, the publication of which will be undertaken by the Museum hereafter. Mr. Carrington's acceptance is contingent on the subscription of an endowment fund of $150,000, part of which has been already raised.

From a Drawing by William Strang
FITZROY CARRINGTON

Perley Sheehan

It was his first visit to a large city after a long period passed in the wilds of Florida that inspired Perley Poore Sheehan to write *The Seer*, which has just been published by Moffat, Yard and Company. The city is not named, but the conditions portrayed are unhappily those found in almost any large town. Mr. Sheehan has had a rather large experience with the urban aspects of life. A native of Cincinnati, he worked his way though Union College, and then for ten years was an active journalist in New York, London, and Paris. During most of this time he was associated with the foreign service of the New York *Herald* and the New York *Times*. Suffering at last from old-fashioned homesickness, he returned to America a few years ago, and joined the editorial staff of the Frank A. Munsey Company. He was tired of city life, however, and soon afterward withdrew to a deserted orange plantation he had bought on the estuary of the St. Johns. He remained there for two years. It was there he wrote *The Seer*. It tells the story of a country preacher—a mystic, a man of power, a sort of inspired Quixote who charged the old windmills of fear and grief and overthrew them. Mr. Sheehan is once more connected with the Munsey organisation.

PERLEY SHEEHAN

Very Versatile

In THE BOOKMAN for March, 1906, was retold the strange plight of Flora Annie Steel who, though she had for years been an inspector of schools in India, was considered as a poacher on Rudyard Kipling's pri-

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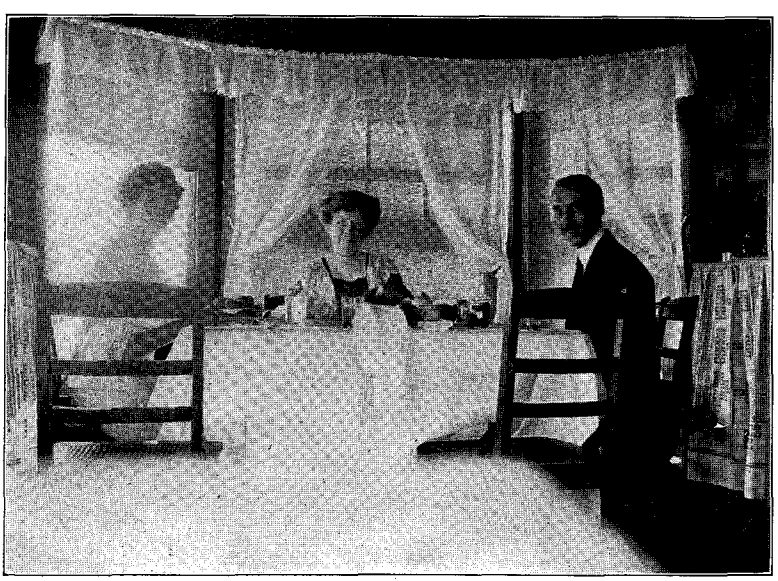
vate preserves—some millions of square miles of India—when her *On the Face of the Waters* appeared. But the book made good on its own account, and this year Mrs. Steel, now a woman of sixty-five, has published *King-Errant,* the historical romance of Babar, poet, warrior, lover and first of the Great Moghuls. She still clings to her beloved India. Though sixty-five, a small white-haired woman, Mrs. Steel still keeps up her numerous activities. She tells a story of a Scotch bandsman who said to her, in her early days in India, when she besought him not to linger so long on lower G in Amen, adding that though it was doubtless solemn-like, it was not so written, and she *did* know something about music, "Aye, Mum, we all know you're joost verra versatile." From making coffins to kneading bread or lace-making, from smith's work to gaining a reputation as one of the liveliest after-dinner speakers in London, she has always been and still is versatile. When she was an active inspector of schools, in India, she earned for herself the title of *bad-mash* —perpetual fighter—for the pertinacity with which she tilted at official windmills.

KATHLEEN NORRIS. MRS. NORRIS'S "THE RICH MRS. BURGOYNE" IS REVIEWED IN THIS ISSUE



CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM AT BAILEY'S ISLAND, MAINE

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Jessie Kaufman

Miss Jessie Kaufman, whose first novel, *A Jewel of the Seas,* has just been published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, has taken for her setting picturesque Honolulu. She is a well-known Hawaiian authority and has lived intermittently in that picturesque country. Sans Souci, the place where she wrote her novel, and which figures in her dedication, is on the beach at Waikiki, and was once the home of Robert Louis Stevenson. From him it passed into the hands of the family of Frank M. Hatch, a famous judge in Hawaii, and the framer of the treaty between the Islands and America. Miss Kaufman is a native of New York City, but she went to San Francisco to live when she was a small slip of a girl, and since then she has divided her time about equally between San Francisco and Honolulu. She has written short stories for various magazines, many of them with a Hawaiian background, but *A Jewel of the Seas* is her first long romance. Miss Kaufman is a sister of Emma Kaufman, who before her marriage to Arnold W. Brunner,

JESSIE KAUFMAN

the well-known architect and city planner, was one of the foremost of our women journalists. Since her marriage to Mr. Brunner she has become quite an enterprising playwright. Her first play, *The Independent Miss Gower,* was produced in Chicago three years ago, with Mary Mannering in the principal rôle.

W. J. HENDERSON

W. J. Henderson

The way Mr. Henderson (author of *The Soul of a Tenor*) became a musical critic one might almost say was due to an accident. He was doing general work on the New York *Times* and especially yachting, in 1883, when Henry Loewenthal, the city editor of the *Times,* who was an enthusiastic musical amateur himself and a member of the Liederkranz, asked Mr. Henderson to go to one of the Liederkranz concerts and simply give him a brief news note on it. When Mr. Henderson got there he found the Thomas Orchestra was to play and two important novelties were on the programme. He returned to the office and said that really the thing ought to be treated as a musical and not as a news item, and they told him to write what he pleased and they would submit it to the night

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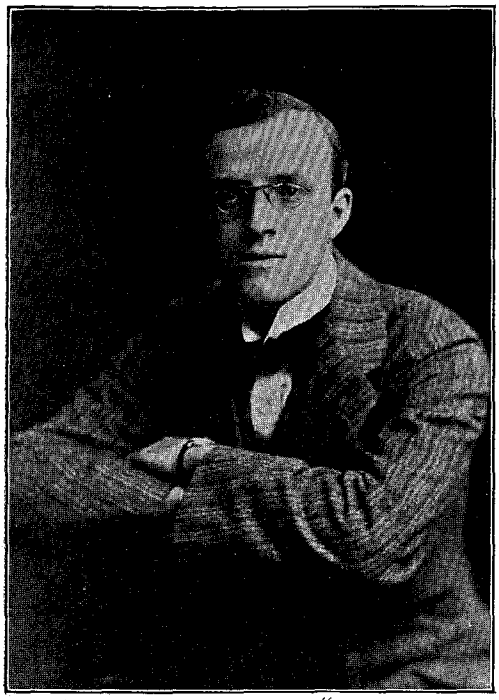
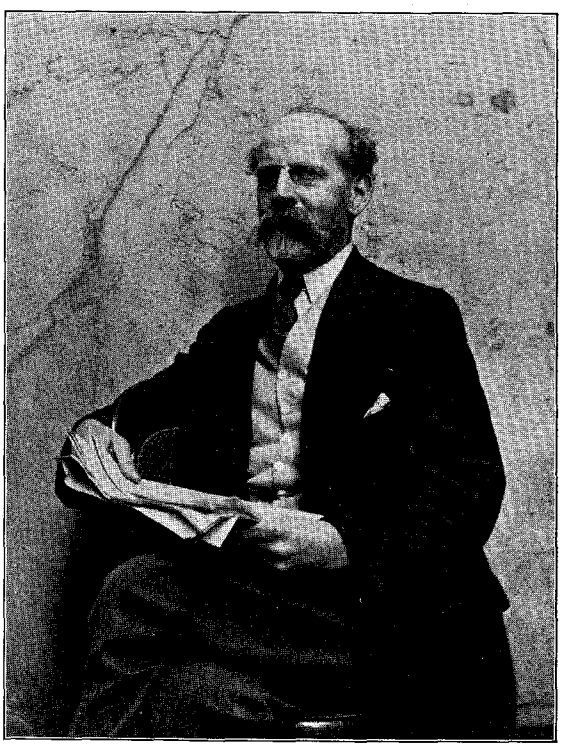


HUGH WALPOLE, AUTHOR OF "A PRELUDE TO ADVENTURE"

editor. He had never written any musical criticism before, and handed in three-quarters of a column, which was published complete the next morning. Mr. Henderson had always been a student of music and musical literature. He has sung ever since he can remember, though his chief delight is orchestration. Finally, in 1887, Mr. Henderson was regularly appointed musical editor of the *Times,* and afterwards filled the same position on the *Sun.* Previous to that, he had been writing a good deal on music in that paper, helping out the regular musical editor when two musical affairs would conflict on the same night.

B. Paul Neuman

B. Paul Neuman, the author of *Roddles,* which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is a Londoner by birth, though on the father's side of Continental extraction. He was trained for the law, was the holder of the Equity Scholarship of the Inner Temple, and practised for some years as a Chancery barrister. His first venture in authorship was as joint editor of a huge compendium of Equity. The next was *A Letter to Workingmen* on the subject of Home Rule. Then came a volume of short stories—*The Interpreter's House,* which has for a long time been out of print. In 1896 appeared his first novel, *The Supplanter.* This was followed by *The Uttermost Farthing, A Villain of Parts,* and *The Story of Roger King.* In 1904 *The Greatness of Josiah Porlick* was published anonymously. This book was received with great favour by the critics. Then came *The Spoils of Victory,* an elaborate adaptation of one of Balzac'c stories to English conditions; *Doring's Dollars,* the story of a New York Ghetto boy, who becomes one of the richest men in the world; *The Lone Heights,* and now *Roddles.* Mr. Neuman was a contributor to the famous *Yellow Book,* and has published a volume of poems entitled *Pro Patria,* which is now out of print.



B. PAUL NEUMAN

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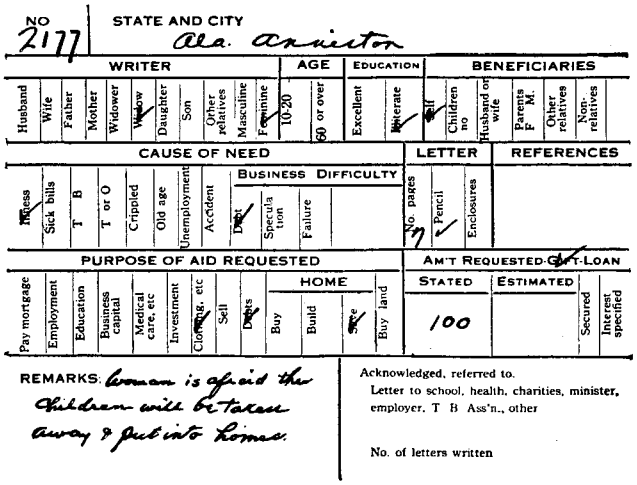
NO 2177 STATE AND CITY Ala. Anniston

WRITER										AGE		EDUCATION		BENEFICIARIES						
Husband	Wife	Father	Mother	Widower	Widow	Daughter	Son	Other relatives	Masculine	Feminine	10-20	60 or over	Excellent	Literate	Self	Children no	Husband or wife	Parents F M.	Other relatives	Non-relatives

CAUSE OF NEED								BUSINESS DIFFICULTY				LETTER			REFERENCES
Illness	Sick bills	T B	T or O	Crippled	Old age	Unemployment	Accident	Debt	Speculation	Failure		No. pages 7	Pencil	Enclosures	

PURPOSE OF AID REQUESTED								HOME				AM'T REQUESTED-GIFT-LOAN			
Pay mortgage	Employment	Education	Business capital	Medical care, etc	Investment	Clothing, etc	Sell	Debts	Buy	Build	Sale	Buy land	STATED	ESTIMATED	Secured	Interest specified
													100			

REMARKS: Woman is afraid the children will be taken away & put into homes.

Acknowledged, referred to.
Letter to school, health, charities, minister, employer, T B Ass'n., other

No. of letters written

THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF BEGGING-LETTER WRITING

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

RULES of art are deduced from the continuous practice of the masters, but a new set of authorities must be created when the conditions which attend the making and presentation of any art change overnight. With the publication of *Modern Philanthropy,* by William H. Allen, the brotherhood of an ancient craft will have an insight for the first time into the psychology and methods of habitual donors, and there must ensue at once a radical change in the approved technique of begging letters.

This art is fondly imagined to have attained at present an effectiveness never even dreamed of in its cruder and more impulsive childhood. But it cannot fail to be momentous that the begging-letter craftsmen who once committed their fluttering missives to an impersonal and unrevealing post-box have now an intimate view of their hitherto distant quarry. Those who have beheld each other through the mail darkly are now brought face to face. The situation ushers in a new epoch. Just as the invention of gas made another thing of acting, so the knowledge that philanthropists in these methodic days keep a card-catalogue must change from the ground up the craftsmanship of begging-letters. People whose letters have been unproductive may now know the reason why. The slowly built up technique of appealing ages tumbles down. But begging-letter writers have always been devoted artists, and with knowledge of the new conditions they can be expected to measure up to them. It is for that reason that this article will seek—with the help of this book—to formulate the new rules of the art and derive from the reports of an analysis, of six thousand appeals a series of *Don'ts* for appealers.

At first blush it may seem both to the uncharitable layman and the unbaked economist that any treatise which aims at making begging-letters more effective is of questionable morality. Some, too, may deem so specialised a branch of the writer's craft scarcely worth detailed instruction. But such objections would proceed from an ignorance of the situation. In the first place, the extent of modern philanthropy is little guessed.

Modern Philanthropy. By William H. Allen.

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Last year two hundred and seventy millions in large gifts were publicly announced, and at a ridiculously modest estimate there must have been a few millions in smaller amounts. Thus in the next ten years from two to four billions will be given away. Indeed, the passion to find some new cause to endow is sweeping over rich Americans like a whirlwind and threatens to supersede all other forms of self-demonstration among them. Like some of Shakespeare's characters, they have developed a habit of flinging purses at the least provocation and crying, "Spend this for me!" Thus it will be admitted that where there are so many eager givers, something must be done to make the demand equal the supply—that is, to make the demand sufficiently provocative. Besides, it is the natural language of the heart, in face of all this golden evidence, to whisper low, "If you must give to some one, why not me?"

To those who pretend to fear that a treatise of this kind may create beggars where there were none before, one can only answer that the fear and depreciation of beggars are also inspired by ignorance—when they are not mere affectation. It is natural to beg when you are in need, and the person who does not do so either is stupid or illustrates too well that lack of initiative which has perhaps brought him to the gate of necessity. All of our institutions of learning and charity have been built upon begging-letters. Furthermore, the practice of writing them has stronger justification than the familiar one of "everybody's doing it." Like the quality of mercy, a begging-letter is twice blest—it performs a possible service not only to the writer but to everybody else (except perhaps its competitors). To the recipient it may be a soft impeachment which he will not deny, an indication that he has at last reached the goal of his desire and is accounted among the rich. Especially if he has been striving to cut a dash upon a limited income, will it be gratefully received. To the really rich who wishes to keep in the swim of giving, but lacks inventiveness, a begging-letter is a godsend which enables him to be fashionable without much bother. The serious philanthropist hails one with joy as a new opportunity which knocks at the door. It is a lean mail-bag which does not daily pour upon the philanthropist's breakfast-table a few genuine and nation-wide needs. The opportunity to exploit these is as much a boon to the recipient as it is obviously an inestimable service to the State.

The practice of writing begging-letters, then, is both extended and praiseworthy. Thus any attempt to standardise the art of appeal and make it conformable to modern conditions is laudable also. The change of technique demanded by the letter-file of to-day may be summed up in the classic injunction not to forget "there are others." The modern begging-letter writer must, even though it be considerable strain upon his imagination, picture himself as the receiver rather than the writer of the appeal.

First, then, to dispose of a few preliminaries. If you found twenty letters in your mail every morning, you would soon get to feel—rightly or wrongly—that the apparel oft proclaims the man. In matters of stationery, good form without extravagance is your best line. But the particular carrying out of this will be dictated by the nature of appeal and appealed. If you wish to suggest a social rather than a business atmosphere, it is well to write out the date. If you are a washerwoman, it will be unwise to suggest any sophistication by being too precise about the spelling and punctuation; on the other hand, if you are an institution, you should remember that a misspelled word has often warned the reader not to risk any money on your present slipshod methods. If your letter is circularised, the reader will give more money if you take at least the trouble to sign it personally. If you attempt to intimatise a circular letter, be sure the joinings do not show; and remember that the reader has beheld such ruses before. If the donor is a person of importance, it is not wise to allow him to feel that you have saved a cent by multigraphing a letter purporting to be individual. If you are asking a man for twenty-five thousand dollars, for instance, you run a risk of not getting it unless you pay

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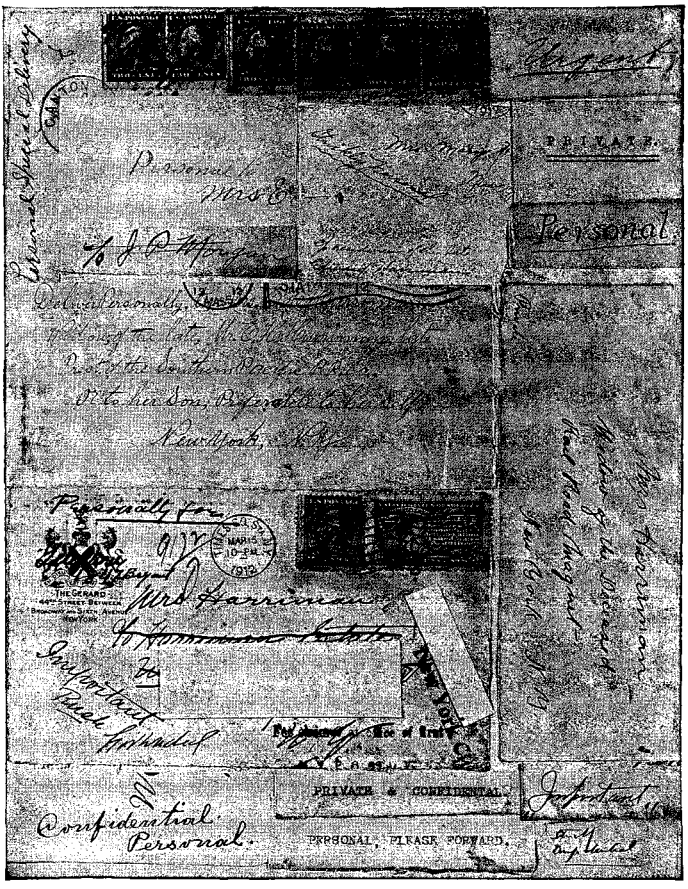

A COLLECTION OF ADDRESSES

him some personal attention. Above all, if you are in the habit of sending out appeals constantly, keep your mailing list revised. Distracting thoughts may be aroused in the mind of a man when he reads an appeal addressed to his divorced wife, or in Mrs. Smith some years after she has happily ceased to be Miss Brown. Avoid as far as possible, then, making the reader feel that his appeal has been ground out of a machine.

Such considerations as the above, however, were of course not unimportant even in the Victorian period, and they are mentioned here only for the sake of completeness. But another preliminary consideration has become, with modern methods, of greater moment. It is the danger of being too effective. In these times, when every begging-letter shows that its writer has been studying *Hints for Advertisers and the Psychology of Appeal,* it is a very real danger. Recollect that the problem of advertising is, in the last analysis, how to catch the mind by being different; and thus in these highly organised days an appealer is as likely as not to be effective by reason of his being ineffective. Fresh from the perusal of many text-books on the subject, one must also be careful not to mix—as it were—psychologies. If a college president talks like a Dakota farmer's wife who wants a set of teeth, it will seem merely a cold-blooded employment of some of the recognised ingredients of appeal. On the whole, it may be well—within reason—to flatter the expected donor by assuming that he really wants his gift to accomplish something, and hence details of this sort are not particularly appealing to him. Remember

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always that there are quaintly sensitive souls who automatically suspect that scientific appealing has a tendency to divert its funds. In the respect of being effective, as in all other respects, the truest art is to conceal the art.

A third general consideration, always operative but never more so than in the days of the deadly letter-file, may seem at first to involve a contradiction. In a begging-letter do not be a beggar. That is, do not employ (systematically at least) the arts and tricks of mendicants. Assume—diplomatically of course—that you are asking only for what you have a right to have and do not spend a disproportionate time contriving effective appealing postures. Do not, as it were, exhibit your wound, exaggerate your palsy, or stump around pointedly on your wooden peg. All these things chill the charitable spirit which is encountering them by the wholesale. Particularly beware of the ruses of mendicants—unless of course you are sure you have discovered a brand-new one.

Picture to yourself a moment the receiving side of begging-letters. If you have conveyed the impression that your letter is different from thousands of others by sending it special delivery or registered or by making it "strictly confidential" to keep it out of the secretary's clutches, you run a more than proportionate danger of annoying the reader and rousing his suspicions against you. In this connection it may be well to say that it is always unwise to throw stones at the secretary, for he will probably read your letter anyway. Similarly it is unfortunate to give the reader the impression that he is reading a letter of congratulation or condolence only to find out his mistake at the end, or to feel that you have been urging for the entire Middle States what would benefit only Yonkers, or that you are seeking to hold him up by a stage-situation, or that you are describing other people's work as if it were your own. All these are tricks of the professional mendicant, and the day has come when they will tell against you.

These general considerations being disposed of, let us now turn to the more important changes brought about by the system of letter-file and card-catalogue shown in the illustrations. With givers and appealers as numerous (and the former as methodic) as at present, it is no longer a neat opening to say that you want only what the reader would never miss. This is not only inapposite but positively detrimental, when the mail of one philanthropist shows that three thousand individuals wanted twenty-nine millions and organised charities wanted two hundred and seven millions. Yet on account of the ignorance of the letter-file and the card-catalogue, this appealing opening still persists even when the sum is appreciably large. As a request "from woman to woman" a lady wrote Mrs. Harriman, "Please do sit down and write me a cheque for one million dollars." Even when the sum is less, a moment's reflection will convince the writer that no fortune is beyond the missing mark when requests are so wholesale. What is asked swells the aggregate, though it be—in the words of another letter—"just a drop from your overflowing bucket for a sister in deep waters."

THE APPROACH

This leads us at once to the discussion of *the approach*. There is a general feeling that a tactful approach is of great consequence; but, while it must be admitted that this to some degree continues the case, the need for and appreciation of introductory tact is decreasing. For the effectiveness of a tactful approach depends entirely upon its infrequency of repetition. "I, too, am a grandmother," began one hundred letters hard upon the newspaper announcement of the birth of Mrs. Harriman's grandchild. When a giver has read several thousand times that he owes the pleasure of this letter to the fact that he has so much and the writer so little, and reads the enclosed clipping which has just caught the writer's despairing eye—such an opening becomes ineffective.

Again, the effectiveness of a personal approach depends upon its nearness or pleasurableness. "To-day is my little girl's birthday also, but she, alas—" is an excellent beginning (provided of course one is not receiving several of them in the same mail), but as the im-

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mediacy of personal connection weakens the effectiveness weakens. To have met one's brother twenty-three years ago, to have once been engaged to the cousin of a noble personage who had an indirect relation to a certain man who enjoyed acquaintance with one's family, to possess an article which is the exact counterpart of an article shown in the photograph of one's room in a magazine, to be convinced that your career would have been like one's husband's if Heaven had made you a man—all these have a remoteness which fails to strike fire. To put the responsibility on the shoulders of the supernatural starts things going nicely, but is oftener than not a double-edged tool. Many people have irresistible impulses to write begging-letters because of dreams or obsessions which will not down. Churches, schools, and charities are particularly apt to say, "God put it into my head to let you be His almoner." If you weigh such an approach by the principle of repetition, you may see the danger it runs. It is often advisable, on the other hand, to employ an unstereotype beginning which piques the reader's curiosity. He may read on to ascertain whether you are merely naïve or really impudent. If you employ this beginning, avoid the beaten path of apology or timidity. "Entre nous, this is the first time I have ever" is not as likely to urge the reader to the next sentence as "Send me a cheque at once" or "If you are a barbarian, of course I will have my trouble for nothing."

THE ARRESTING ATTACK

These two at least constitute an *arresting attack*—which is the subject of our second consideration in beginning a begging-letter. Both of these remarks are so suggestive of downright insolence that one seeks to find out the reason for so truculent an attitude. The danger with the arresting attack is that it may be obviously manufactured or merely violent. "I have set my alarm for 2 A. M. Each time it rings I will rise and ask God to ask you for fifty thousand dollars" is certainly obviously arresting, but its ingenuity will perhaps be held to more than offset this disadvantage. On the other hand, "Dear Sis in Christ," while it has the very decided triumph of arresting before the letter begins might be considered by some donors too violent. But as it must be owned one would read on to see whether such an expression were contrived or genuine, the danger of dogmatising in such matters is evident. The man who sends his autographed photograph with his church and secret society and his favourite poem on the back of it, makes a commonplace attack, but perhaps runs less risk of being inopportune than the man who more ingeniously sent once a fortnight a chapter of his life with a package of scented soap.

The arresting attack is, of course, often prescribed by the nature of the proposed philanthropy. The emergency appeal, for instance, is part of the routine of every charitable agency. Since timeliness is the great essential in this branch of the art and such appeals must go out just as the newspapers are exhausting their vocabularies in calling public attention to the need in question, this kind of appeal may with propriety spread itself a little spectacularly. The great danger of appeals based on the first zero weather or heat prostrations is that they must be timed so exactly that they inevitably have the air of having been prepared long beforehand. It will, of course, confirm any such suspicion on the part of the fastidious, if you should happen to forget to put in the date. In this kind of work, too, it is particularly desirable to remember the card-catalogue that awaits you. When every other agency is doing the same thing at the same time, the main thing is originality of treatment. Yet this, too, has its dangers. Calamities, always seized upon as an arresting attack, can be made to play too ingenious a part. The Washington Place Fire became in Mrs. Harriman's letters the demonstration that child oyster-openers in Florida need protection, that tax reform is our only salvation, and that a church home for boys is indispensable.

THE MAIN EMPHASIS

We come now to the body of the begging-letter. The change here is the most radical of all. If, as is so often main-

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tained, the scientific atmosphere of the age has withered the tender shoots of poetry, it has certainly shrivelled up much of the attractive impulsiveness of giving. But however deplorable it may be, the writers of begging-letters must reckon with the fact that givers of to-day have organised the spirit of benefaction and more and more do they desire to be shown—thanks again to the deadly letter-file. There may be a partial justification for this. Occasionally the novitiate settlement worker bundles a girl to the hospital for a limp only to have it discovered that the trouble was a wooden leg. Charitable amateurs who are not regularly engaged in the business of dispensing other people's money sometimes fail to investigate. This has happened often enough, even of late, to put donors on their guard. Only a short time ago the ladies of a Western city got up a baby-saving campaign. They secured and fitted out a park pavilion, guaranteed a maintenance fund, procured donations of medical service and daily milk—only to find after all their expenditure that there were no babies. Though it is true that to organise a generous impulse is to run the risk of stifling it, the writer of begging-letters is confronted not by theories which he may dispute but by a condition which he cannot dodge. Nowadays the donor wants to know. Consequently the writer must in the body of his letter bear in mind, however disapprovingly, two things—not to be impractical and not to be indefinite.

The request to build a church where once a year may gather in one grand hallelujah service the thirteen million black souls of the United States, certainly seems impractical—for negroes living at a distance could not afford the railway fare. To found a farm-house for newsboys would certainly seem to demand an explanation how it would fit in with their calling and whether commuting at such odd hours would not interfere with the benefits of country life. Mere money, perhaps, will not found a college which shall produce political leaders for every department of our developing life, and a donor might feel it quite as unprofitable an investment as financing for fifty dollars a plan to make a family of twelve children stop tormenting their neighbours.

The modern philanthropist like the modern everything else seems in league to banish the spiritual and the imaginative from the world. He wants to be shown how the one man and two women he is asked to endow for that purpose can promote harmony between Occidental and Oriental, and why it should seem desirable at so large a figure. He is likely to say, "Why should I send you money to put your grandson through college ten years from now when his photograph shows he is blind in one eye and has adenoids, and you admit your sole subsistence is bread and potatoes?" To cope with such a donor, the successful begging-letter writer of to-day must, alas! be almost prosaic. But let him take comfort in the reflection that though the traditional springs of benevolence are dried up, benefactions themselves hourly increase.

Akin to this is the fact that he dares no longer assume on the part of the reader a desire which may be purely personal to the writer. It might appeal to any donor to buy a family of seven girls summer dresses or erect a tombstone to a maiden aunt, but only a few might feel their hearts beat in unison with a writer who desires to transport eight Sisters of Charity one thousand miles to make a retreat. Nor is it every one who will buy for a large sum "a horn that was taken from the head of a steer that was eat for breakfast by a company of Virginia soldiers."

Again, do not be indefinite. Most writers of begging-letters who have tasted but not drunk deep of the scientific method—half-modernised, we may call them—fear to be too long. But it is worse to be too short. Because Mr. Carnegie refuses to read over one page, don't prejudice another giver by your indefiniteness. Mr. Carnegie is preternaturally devoted to libraries and peace-movements anyway. I speak not of correspondents whose emotion makes them fail entirely to indicate the nature of their trouble, or even of college presidents who have forgotten to sign their names. But business men will often write many pages and not tell how much they want or what

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they want it for, and women will exploit at length an engaging personality and neglect to give a single detail to indicate the nature of their projected enterprise. A plan requiring ten million dollars to accomplish more in five years of actual uplift than all the philanthropies since Adam may not be actually impractical, but it lacks definiteness of statement. The same may be said of an unexplained scheme to make intoxicants non-intoxicating. Sometimes a mistaken indefiniteness is intended to impress with the flexibility of the plan. Men who were founding "a national organisation for the intelligent and economical administration of public affairs" answered Mrs. Harriman's request for details with the statement that they would not decide what money they needed or how they would spend it or what they would do until they saw how much money they would get.

When you seek to respond to this meticulous demand for definiteness, be sure to figure things out. The modern philanthropist has a secretary who fussily concerns himself with such things. Writers who want money for buildings and equipment, whenever they do not omit to give the proposed cost, give it wrong—as the eagle glance of the secretary at the enclosed balances and summaries constantly shows. People who want musical training in Europe always understate, not apparently by intention but because they have not taken the trouble to look the matter up. Agencies blithely asked Mrs. Harriman, "Will you be one of fifty to give twenty-five dollars (total twelve hundred and fifty dollars) to wipe out our remaining four thousand one hundred dollars deficit?"

Akin to the indiscretion of indefiniteness or inaccuracy in these days, when donors are growing so repellently business-like, is the unfortunate disposition to treat the reader as a fool. This is a mistake. If he is a fool himself, he pays his secretary not to be one. Therefore, to exhibit in a begging-letter poor or questionable business methods is scarcely good policy. Once one could count upon its being set down to amiable yet overemotional tendencies, but times have changed. Since donors keep records and censoriously confer together, they have somehow arrived at the conclusion that it is no longer honourable for an institution to be forever run at a deficit or to build more buildings than it can equip and maintain.

SPECIAL ADVICE TO COLLEGES AND CHURCHES

Perhaps here it may not be amiss to devote a moment to the two chieftains of the begging-letter brotherhood—colleges and churches. The technique of their appeals appears to be more behind the times than that of any other set of writers. Both rely too much on archaic forms and the traditional paraphernalia of appeal.

College presidents are notably pre-Victorian in their avoidance of facts. When asked for the area from which they may reasonably expect to draw their students, they reply that the only safeguard of a democracy is education; when asked how much real demand exists for a proposed chair, they make the Whitmanesque return that since the Mississippi is wide every American is godlike. In a day when the fledgling collegian earns ten dollars a week if he is lucky and the supply of plumbers' assistants at nearly five dollars a day is unequal to the demand, such scorn of practical details on the part of the college is unfortunate.

The church, too, relies overmuch on ancient shibboleths which are ceasing to be passwords. A lyre with other strings is wanted. The pert modern philanthropist has small patience with the trust in God that chronically fails to keep its powder dry. And when Heaven has directed three hundred churches to ask one hundred and twelve millions of one person, the recipient may not profanely wonder if there has been some mistake in getting the message. "A pipe-organ is the King's business; God directed me to ask you for it"; "we can raise only five hundred dollars for our organ, but nothing less than a five thousand dollar one is fitting for His service in our beautiful church"; "Send four hundred dollars in the Lord's name to a minister whose present automobile is worn out upon His errands"; "God told us to ask you for individual communion cups and

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a bath-tub"; "we must have a better edifice to do Him honour and compete with five other churches"—all these are illustrations of the disposition of religious organisations to take it for granted that the mere mention of their need justifies the demand. This sometimes finds most naïve expression, as when a lady's aid society writes that it has guaranteed to pay off one thousand dollars of the church debt and please send at once a cheque for that amount, or when a minister writes that he has lost twenty-five thousand dollars of the church money in speculation and has troublesome creditors.

All at once—with the introduction of the scientific spirit into giving—such appeals from church and college have grown as antiquated as would be any based on the divine right of kings. Yet unaware, both continue to employ an outworn technique and consequently to forfeit many donors.

CLOSING INJUNCTIONS

There remain but two more considerations. The first is imperative, and even the most modern of begging-letters may become ineffective by failure to pay attention to it. *Don't forget what you have written before.* If this seems trivial or superfluous advice, it must be stated emphatically that it is a very real danger. It is one to which the begging-letter is peculiarly exposed, and exposed in precise ratio to its effectiveness. For it is the nature of the begging-letter to blow its own horn as loudly as possible all the time, and the exigencies of this occupation make it merely human to disregard or even to fail to remember what sort of horn and how much it blew before. But the deadly letter-file does not forget or disregard. I have already referred to organisations which indiscreetly ask the same people to help remove their deficit year after year. But here is a better illustration. A woman wrote to Mrs. Harriman for a few thousands to tide over a squall; in a few days she asked for a few more thousands; in the third letter she would go to the wall if not helped, and lose a thirty-thousand dollar position; the fourth asked for aid to secure a job—"I have always thought I would make a good lady's maid," she wrote. "How I wish I could cook!" Each of these letters is highly effective in itself, but the series creates a bad impression. There could hardly be a better instance of how the fatal letter-file has altered the technique of the successful begging-letter.

The remaining injunction is implicit in all the exposition given hitherto. The wholesale bombardment of modern philanthropists is a very different thing from the retail trade of a pastoral period. Refer for a moment to your own experience. If you meet six beggars in one block, you endure the lurid woes of the last with less urbanity than you listened to those of the first. Emotionalism hurts him that gives and him that takes. It makes the speaker incoherent and fumbles the precise point; more importantly still, it progressively callouses the hearer. The agony must ever be piled higher in order to keep on reproducing the original impression. If the first beggar has a starving child at home, the last requires six to wring from you a bored and reluctant nickel. When one knows, then, that he is but one beggar out of many, it is best to make the tale of distress as simple as possible and to eschew adjectives. The modern philanthropist has had his emotions exhausted long since, he can now respond only to facts. Indeed, he has been known to give large sums against his judgment, merely because of his gratitude for what he has been spared in the line of vocabulary.

It is said that a theatrical star who is noted for the subtleties of her art once instructed an actress in her company thus: "Your face must at this moment express anger, dismay, jealousy, pique, and a sense of painful confusion. It is essential that the audience as well as myself get an impression of all of these things. But you will look only at me—although I shall, as you see, be looking the other way—and you will all the while keep your back to the house." The young lady after some discouraged practice wisely gave up the task of infusing into her shoulder blades so many nicely balanced emotions, and devoted herself

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to depicting it upon her unregarded countenance. But one night it occurred to her that since her face made no difference to any one concerned, she might as well give it a rest.

So with the begging-letter writer who desires to be up-to-date. No one is any longer looking at him as an individual, he is simply a part of a scientific mechanism. He may doff the trappings of woe, for all that is required of him is to furnish the facts of his needs as unemotionally as possible. One by one this remorseless mechanism has discarded the graces of the earlier age of sentiment. And alas, the end is not yet! Unless the begging-letter writer relinquishes all the glowing details which the entirely commercialised philanthropist now regards as inconsistent, indefinite, exaggerated, and insincere, the next denudation is already threatened. The philanthropist will strike. He will not cease to give, for he has found that in no way can he come before the public so importantly and so satisfactorily. But he will no longer confine himself to one unsympathetic secretary to read his begging-letters. Rather will he pool his issues in a syndicate of secretaries. Such a Bureau of Appeals has already been suggested by Mrs. Harriman. Let it but be established, and alas! the technique of the begging-letter will undergo a still more radical and prosaic change. Indeed, the writing of one would no longer be an art at all. Fancy how much artistry would be made null and worse than void by the receipt in the return mail of Mrs. Harriman's model letter from this stultifying bureau. "Dear Madam—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your respective fifty letters to the following people, et cetera."

"ART WITH A CAPITAL A"

BY GELETT BURGESS

O Scribes, I would call your attention
In this little metrical plea
(If I can without causing dissension)
To a fault that I fain you would flee.
I am willing you all should be free,
And write as you please to, alway;
But refrain, Oh, I beg on my knee,
From your "Art with a capital A!"

Now, it may not be Art that you mention,
But Bosh with a capital B;
But I visit with like reprehension
All Chestnuts with capital C.
They are damned with a capital D;
For gone, ever gone is the day
When readers will welcome with glee
Your old "Art with a capital A!"

So I beg you'll retire with a pension
The phrase that you all will agree
Has become but a dreary convention—
It is trite (with a lower-case T).
And the "common or garden"—*passé*.
Like the motor that "climbed up a tree,"
'Tis a Bromide, Oh, take it from me,
Your old "Art with a capital A!"

E. Ferber (just think of it!), she,
Dicky Davis and Chester—all three
Are the culprits inspiring this lay;
Poor old "Art with a capital A!"

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DUST AND DREAM

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Even as rust
Hides the sword's gleam,
So earth's dull dust
Obscures heaven's dream.

Yet do I trust
Death's hour supreme;
For, being dust,
I shall live the dream!

SOME MODERN AMERICAN ETCHERS

BY CLEVELAND PALMER

IN an anonymous article entitled "L'Eau-forte est à la mode," which appeared in the *Revue Anecdotique* for April, 1862, Charles Baudelaire wrote as follows:

> Quite recently, a young American artist, M. Whistler, exhibited at the Martinet gallery a series of subtle etchings, as spontaneous as improvisation and inspiration, representing the banks of the Thames; marvellous confused masses of rigging, yards and cordage; a chaos of fogs, furnaces and corkscrew spirals of smoke; the poetry, profound and complicated, of a vast capital.

Although Whistler was by no means the first American etcher, and although the Thames series, executed in 1859, was not the first work from his hand, the history of American etching as a branch of the great modern art of the aqua-fortist, may be said to date from this recognition of the young man who became the master, by the print-loving French poet, the discoverer and champion of Charles Meryon.

Yet it was not until twenty years later that there was any active or widespread awakening of interest in etching on American soil. Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer gave an account of this awakening in her article on "American Etchers," which appeared in *The Century Magazine* in 1883. Our representative etchers then, a generation ago, were the ten Americans who had just been elected members of the newly organised English "Society of Etchers." They were Mrs. Thomas Moran and Messrs. Thomas Moran, Farrer, Falconer, Swain Gifford, James Smillie, Bellows, Parrish, F. S. Church, and Frank Duveneck. Mr. Pennell had already attracted attention by his sketches of old Philadelphia, but Otto H. Bacher and Charles A. Platt could still be passed over with briefest mention as promising youngsters, hardly to be distinguished from a score of others, most of whom are now as completely forgotten as the obscure pioneers of the thirties and forties of the last century.

Reviewing her article only a little more than three years later, Mrs. van Rensselaer herself declared that it read like "a chapter of ancient history." Already, in that brief intervening space of time, rapid progress had been made. Several men now displayed such marked superiority that the field became narrowed, and many names on her earlier list became clearly negligible. In the exhibition held in New York in the winter of

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1885-86, Parrish and Platt carried off the honours between them, according to her statement. The pairing is suggestive, because it throws into relief the contrast between old tendencies and new that was beginning to present itself. Parrish remains to-day the principal representative of the older school, with its pictorial ideals and painstaking methods. It was of him that the late Frederick Keppel used to tell how Seymour Haden, when shown one of Parrish's large and intricate plates, exclaimed: "That young man does not know what the sense of fatigue in making a picture is!"

Such a remark constitutes a serious criticism of the work of an artist. For, to be made conscious, in viewing a picture, of the effort involved in its execution, is to experience a considerable diminution of the pleasure derived from it. And this is particularly true of an etching, the very essence of which should be ease and spontaneity. Few things are finer in their way than some of Parrish's carefully wrought skies. But the fact remains that even finer skies have been created with far fewer lines—and even without any lines at all!—and so his method must be declared inferior. It is, however, the method adopted by nearly all etchers at the beginning, and we are reminded of the fine response of the young American etcher of to-day, Mr. Ernest D. Roth, who, when expostulated with for his over-elaboration and excess of detail, replied that he would begin to leave things out when he was sure that he was able to put them in. Even Whistler began in the same way, and, in fact, almost the only modern etcher who can be thought of as having displayed remarkable selective power in his first plates is the Frenchman, Lalanne.

The only trouble with Parrish, therefore, was that he never entirely "grew up" in this respect, and continued all his life making fine, imaginative, but somewhat overcharged plates. It was on this ground that Mrs. van Rensselaer awarded the palm to his younger rival, Platt, whose accomplishment in "the great *art of omitting* . . . is what gave his prints their simplicity, their harmony, their breadth and unity of effect—what made it impossible to pick flaws in them as we could in the more poetical and fervid work of Mr. Parrish."

Yet, whatever the differences between them, these two men then stood together as equally representative of what still remained, at that period, a characteristic trait of American etching, namely, its fondness for native subjects. So far only a few, even of the younger men, had gone abroad to study with Whistler, and to emulate him in the sketching of Venetian canal scenes and palaces. Chief among these were Bacher and Duveneck, who thus became the pioneers of a whole army of American etchers since then. These have made the city on the Lagoon their Mecca and, so far as subject is concerned, our modern school might almost as well be styled the "Venetian" as the "American." Venice is indeed the etchers' paradise, their siren mistress; and so potent is her spell that it is sometimes difficult for them, on returning to their native land, not to see and interpret this in terms of her beauty. Thus Mr. Pennell's first exclamation as, sailing up the harbour, he saw New York after a long absence, during which the tall forms of her skyscraping structures had risen like the towers of a dream town, is said to have been: "It is as beautiful as Venice!" And the series of New York plates that he subsequently produced are perhaps to be regarded less as literal statements of fact than as so many gorgeous romantic fancies woven out of his golden Italian memories.

It was in 1884 that Mr. Pennell first went abroad, and that he first began fully to find himself. Since then his career as an etcher has been one unbroken series of successes. None of our other roving "knights of the needle" has travelled so extensively throughout Europe, or pictured the romantic aspects of so many old world shrines. He has thus been the most popular of our etchers, while his cleverness in recording his impressions has delighted connoisseurs and collectors of prints all the world over. The late Frederick Keppel, after Whistler's death, proclaimed Mr. Pennell the greatest living American etcher. He is the etcher *par excellence*—one, that is to say, who draws directly on the plate without preliminary studies. Mr. Keppel tells, in

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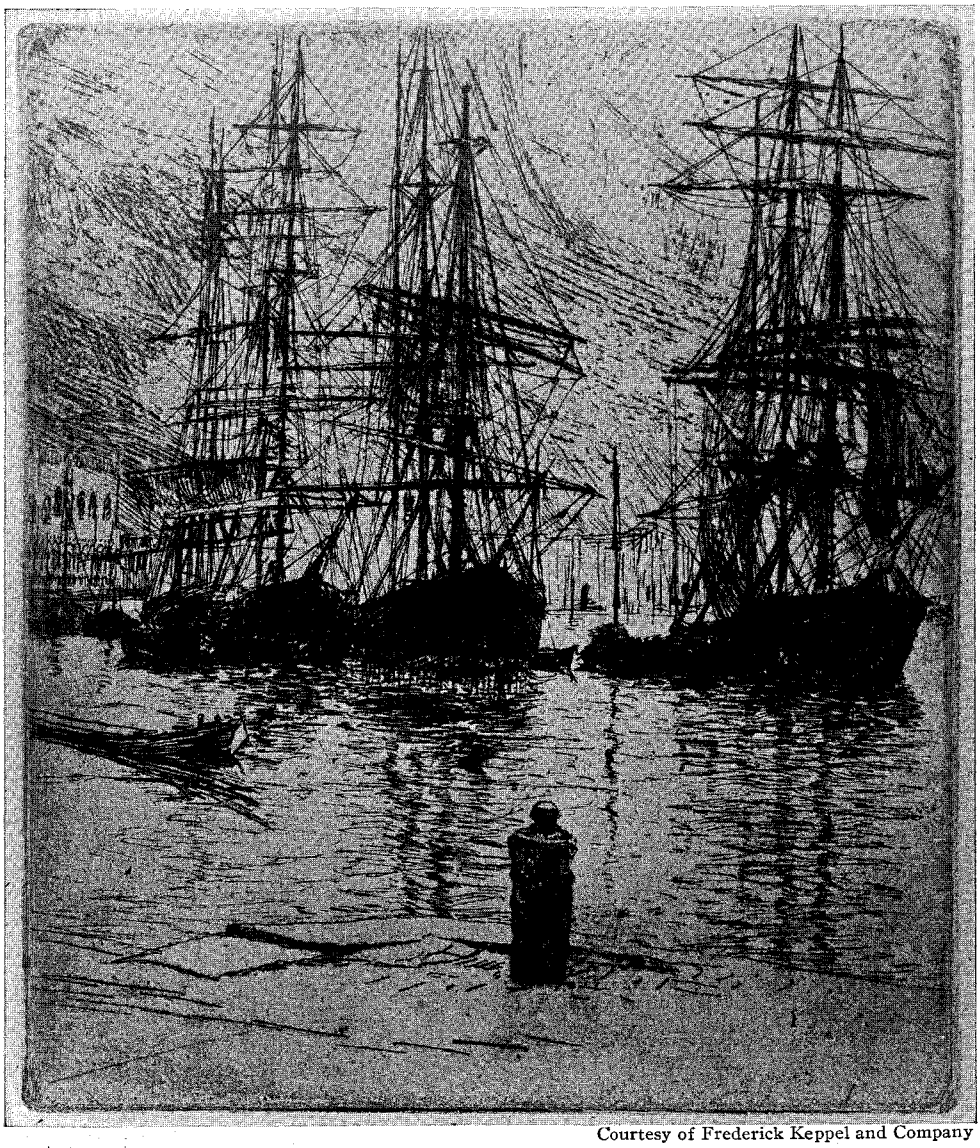
one of his articles, how Mr. Pennell "chooses his place in the crowded street, and stands there quite undisturbed by the rush of the passers by or by the idlers who stand and stare at him or at his work. Taking quick glances at the scene he is depicting, he rapidly draws his lines with the etching-needle upon the copper plate which he holds in his other hand, and, what seems to me an astonishing *tour de force,* he never hesitates one instant in selecting the exact spot on his plate where is he about to draw some vital line of the picture." Of late years Mr. Pennell has shown a tendency to turn from etching to lithography—always a favourite alternative medium with him, however—in order, no doubt, to be able to work upon a greater scale in his depiction of those scenes of modern engineering and industry in which he delights, and of which his Panama Canal views, only just published, are so far his most ambitious interpretation—artistic documents of the highest historic value.

Of Mr. Pennell's association with



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

THE THREE SHIPS. BY OTTO BACHER

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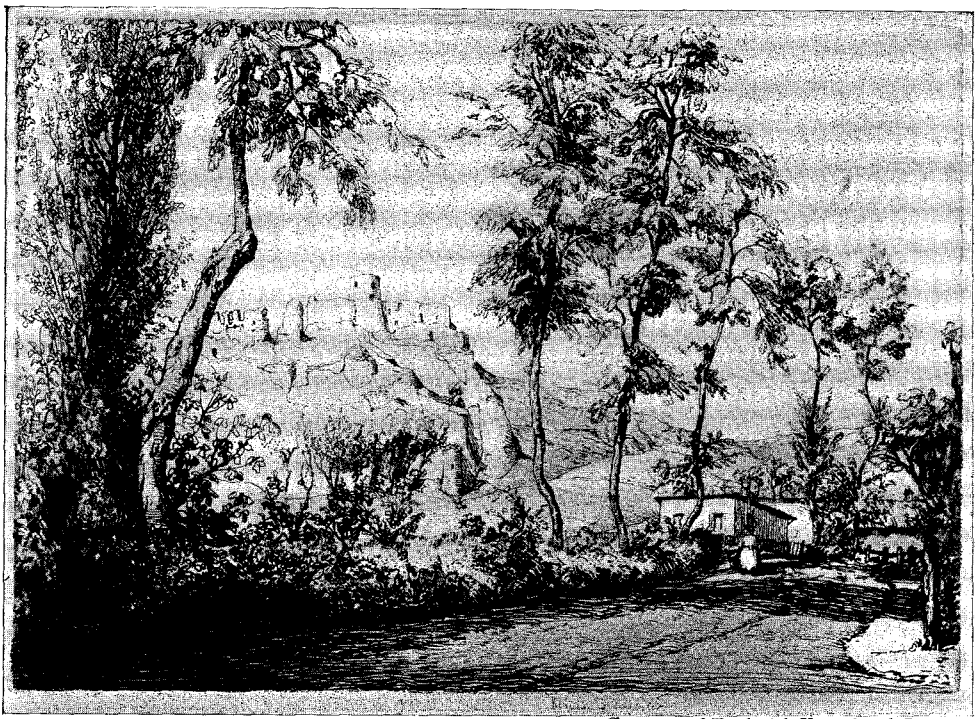

Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

THE ROAD TO LOUVIERS. BY HERMAN WEBSTER

Whistler it is unnecessary to speak here further than to remark that, in spite of its closeness, the younger man has remained himself to a remarkable degree. Indeed, individuality has always been a striking trait among American etchers, and never more than at the present day. The last decade or two have been particularly important in the history of American etching; and even if there are not now actually more men actively engaged in the practice of the art, or a greater number of genuine artists among them than at any time since Mrs. van Rensselaer wrote her article, there has unquestionably been a steady increase in the ranks of those who employ etching idiomatically as a vehicle for intimate, individual, expression. First among these in point of seniority must be mentioned Mr. Donald Shaw MacLaughlan, a native of Boston, whose arrival was first heralded by the French critics, and notably by M. Octave Uzanne. Mr. MacLaughlan, who, like Mr. Pennell, has travelled extensively, has shown a special fondness for massive architectural subjects, which he handles with marked constructive power, and a feeling for decorative arrangement. His representations are always vigorous and original, but he carries the directness and suggestive force of his method to a point where his work seems ugly to many critics. And it may be admitted that, in the system of peculiar short strokes or dashes with which he is accustomed to render certain textures and vibrations of light, he does occasionally achieve an effect comparable to the hairy coat of some animal!

M. Octave Uzanne assigns Mr. MacLaughlan to "the mastery of Meryon"; but much closer to that great French artist comes Mr. Herman A. Webster, one of the youngest of modern American etchers, and one of the very best to-day. Only a few years ago Mr. Webster was at New Haven, making illustrations for the Yale *Record.* Then he served a two years' apprenticeship on his father's paper, the *Record-Herald,* of Chicago. Now he lives and works in Paris, although, as the last series of his plates—studies of old Frankfort—shows, he can occasionally desert the banks of the Seine for other scenes and subject matter. He

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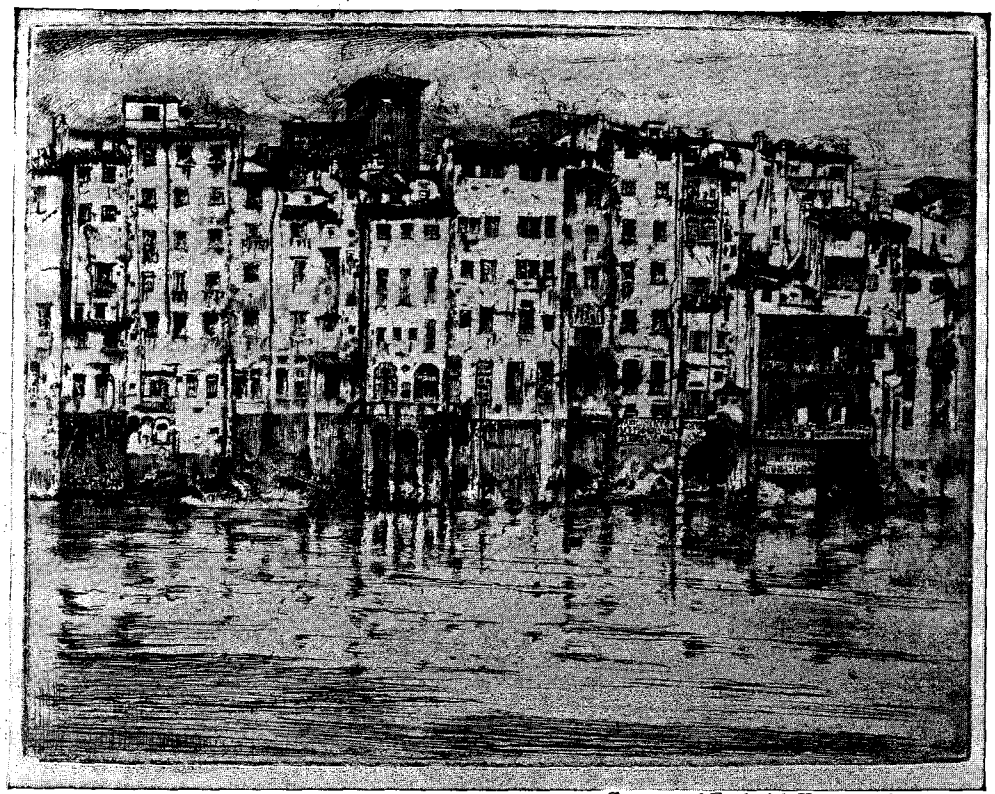

Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

GRIM FLORENCE. BY ERNEST D. ROTH

has even returned to this country and, following the example of Mr. Pennell, left his record of New York's skyscrapers in the plate entitled "Cortlandt Street." But it is with the old quarters and old buildings of Paris that he is still chiefly associated. A lover of pure line, he shows in his work a refinement, even a fastidiousness, of romantic sentiment, suggested, at least in the same way, by no other American etcher. Certainly there is none whose prints are more eagerly sought to-day by American collectors—and not only by Americans, either—or whose development is being watched with more hopeful interest by critics and lovers of the art everywhere. Lately he has tried his hand at landscape subjects, and his first experiments in this new field demonstrate his susceptibility to other influences than that of Meryon—notably to that of Auguste Lepère, as well as of the classic landscape school of French etching.

Less accomplished technically than Mr. Webster, yet of scarcely less promise for the future, is Mr. Ernest D. Roth. Though born in Stuttgart, Mr. Roth has spent practically all his life in this country except when he has travelled and studied abroad in the interest of his art. Most of his best work has been done in Florence and Venice—especially the former—and he has treated in both places many of the classical etching subjects, but always in an exceedingly personal and original manner. Mr. Roth is seldom satisfied with the merely picturesque aspect of things, and never strives after effect. His etchings, like the "Grim Florence," here reproduced, are profound psychological studies, as it were, of the buildings which he scrutinises in every crack and crevice for the occult secret of their expression. Hence the almost Leonardo-like, enigmatic note in the representation of the backs of these sinister old palaces; and hence, too, as Mr. Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., has pointed out in a sympathetic study of Mr. Roth's work, a certain tendency to overcharge his plate with detail. The fault is not a grave one

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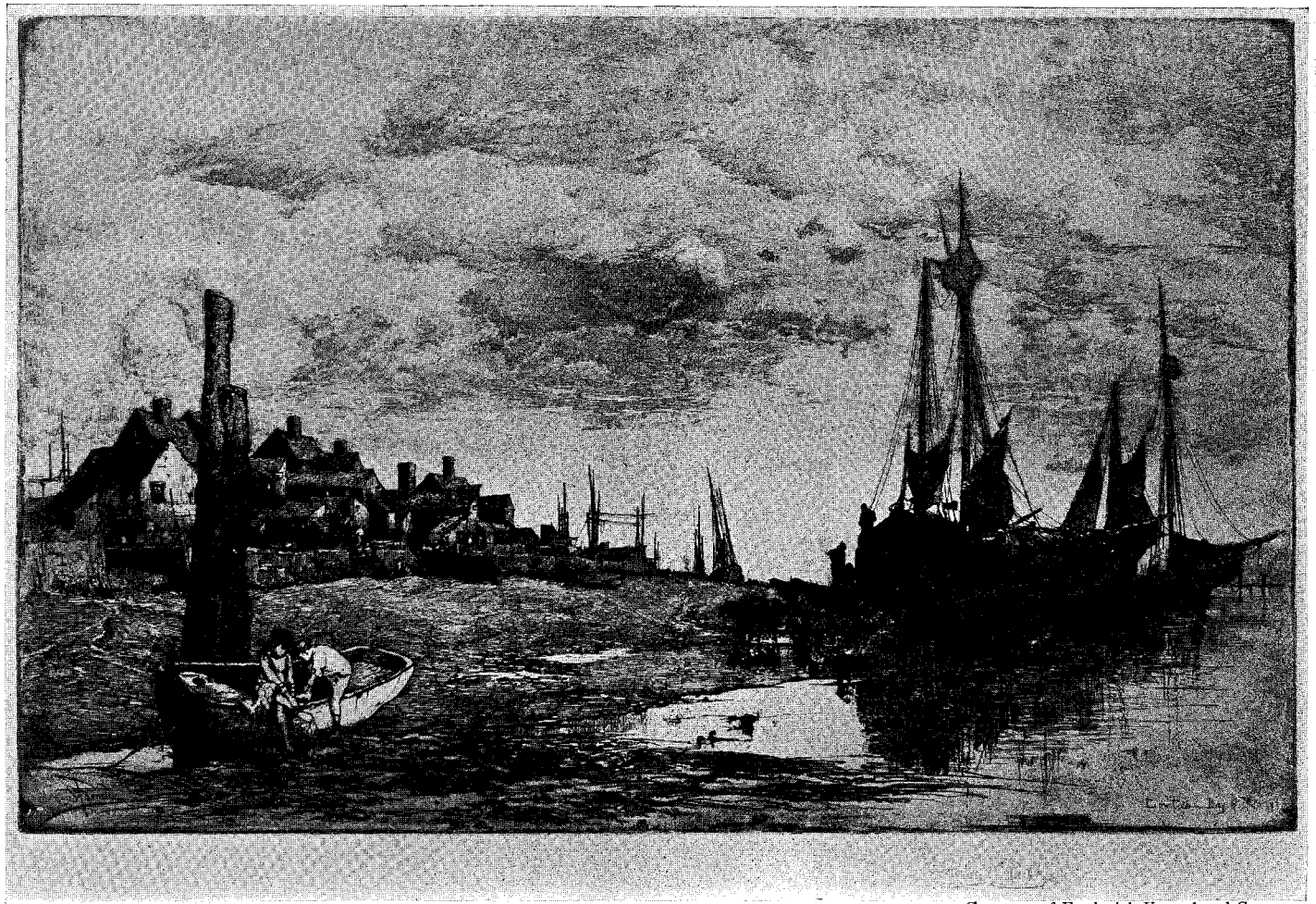

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LOW TIDE IN THE BAY OF FUNDY, BY STEPHEN PARRISH

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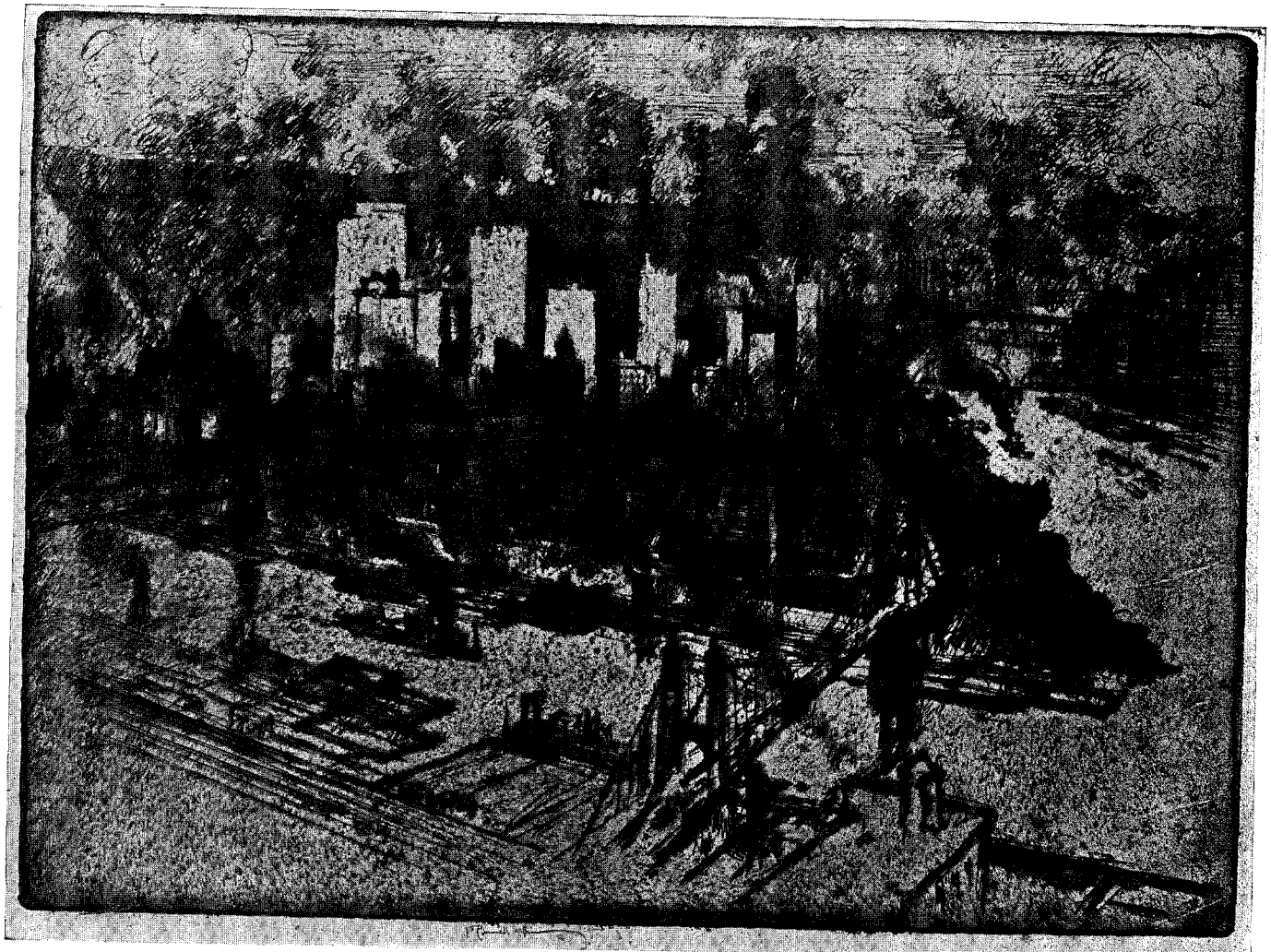

PITTSBURGH. BY JOSEPH PENNELL

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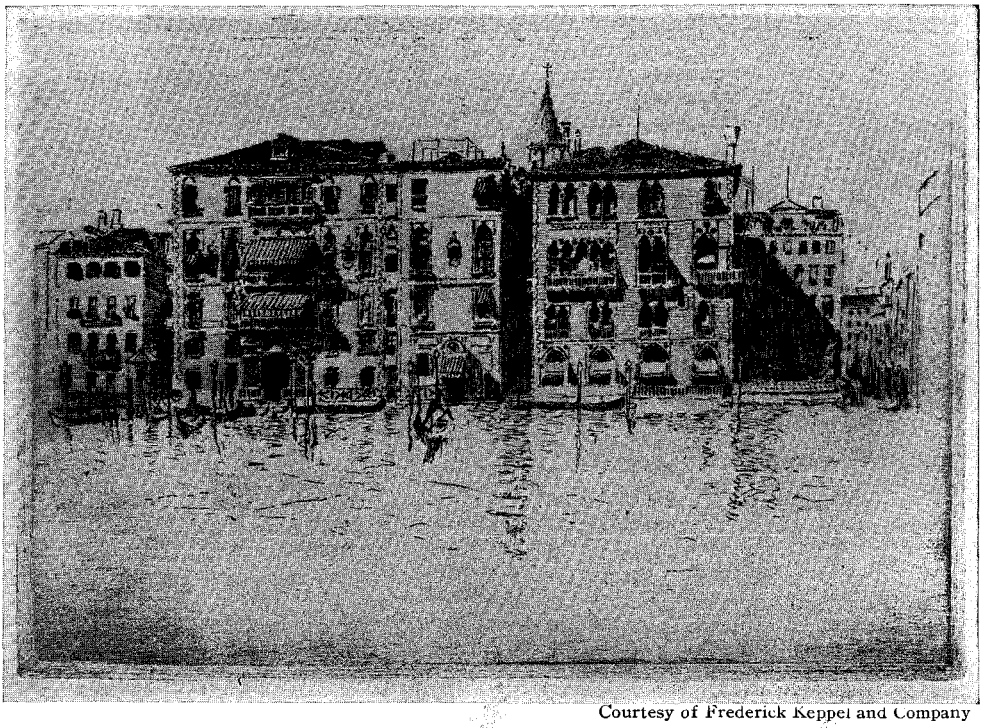

Courtesy of Frederick Keppel and Company

THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE. BY CADWALLADER WASHBURN

under the circumstances, and criticism of him on this score led to the wise rejoinder quoted above. In the conscientious and painstaking seriousness of his method Mr. Roth reminds us of some of the earlier American etchers. And if, in recent years, there has crept into American etching some excess of that impressionistic spirit which, while proper to the art, can become too easy a short cut for the ignorance of the young etcher, the example of this thoughtful student helps point the way to the surer paths of progress.

In turning from Mr. Roth to Mr. Cadwallader Washburn, we encounter the veritable knight-errant of etching in America to-day. Not that the adventures of this passionate amateur of sun-bathed Southern architecture have carried him farther afield than others of his fellows, but they have got him into more tight places. His chosen ground for several years now has been Mexico, where he has executed many plates of churches and cathedrals. Making his headquarters at Cuernavaca, he has spent months in exploiting the architectural treasures of the surrounding country. But the political unrest and active rebellion in many of the Mexican provinces have of late greatly interfered with this pleasant and profitable occupation. In the spring of 1911 he was even compelled to evacuate Cuernavaca. To quote from the account of his experiences which he contributed to *The Print-Collector's Quarterly,* the time came "when regretful Prudence raised her warning finger, and the Lares and Penates of a two years' sojourn were hurriedly assembled and gathered into boxes for speedy departure. That the departure ultimately became a flight made the contents of the said boxes no less desirable in the eyes of their owner.

"Sad was the fate of the too optimistical botanical scientist who gladly leased the vacated Cuernavaca home, to be the first victim of a rebel attack within a few weeks!

"After that even the comparative security of the City of Mexico lost its appeal, and I was happy and greatly relieved when Vera Cruz was safely reached and I saw the fruits of my two years' work, including canvases and fifty

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THE THAMES AT IFFLEY LOCK. BY J. ANDRÉ SMITH

copperplates, safely deposited on the stanch deck of the good ship *Merida.*"

But his troubles were not to end even there. On the night of the 12th of May the ship became involved in a collision, went to the bottom, and Mr. Washburn, barely escaping with his life, lost everything else.

Undiscouraged by these sad but exciting experiences, Mr. Washburn has since returned to Mexico, where, from last accounts, he is still playing hide-and-seek with the revolutionists, and waiting for an opportunity to re-enter Cuernavaca.

With these few brief notes we have by no means exhausted the list of modern American etchers of note, as the accompanying illustrations will show; but the limitations of this article preclude any but briefest mention of some of those who are left. Of these, Mr. J. André Smith has usually preferred American subjects, going to Connecticut for the motives of many of his plates, like Mr. George Senseney, who introduces the novelty of printing in two or more colours. An extra colour, or perhaps only a touch of China white, is also sometimes added by Mr. Addison S. Millar in his poetic renditions of Connecticut and New Jersey landscape, which he is fond of showing in times of storm or by moonlight. Mr. Winslow etches abroad for the most part, in France and in England, while Mr. Deville, a New York architect, has explored that city for many of his subjects. Mr. Thomas R. Manley, one of the early school of American etchers, has recently returned to the exercise of the art, though to his prints collectors will prefer his beautiful landscape drawings in charcoal or in pencil. Canada has produced an etcher in the person of Mr. Gagnon, while one of the youngest recruits to the ranks of copper-plate artists, Mr. H. K. Eby, is also a native of the Dominion.

And still the list is not exhausted. Enough names have been mentioned, however, to show that the art of etching is by no means confined to a few practitioners on this continent, but what it has ever been from the time of

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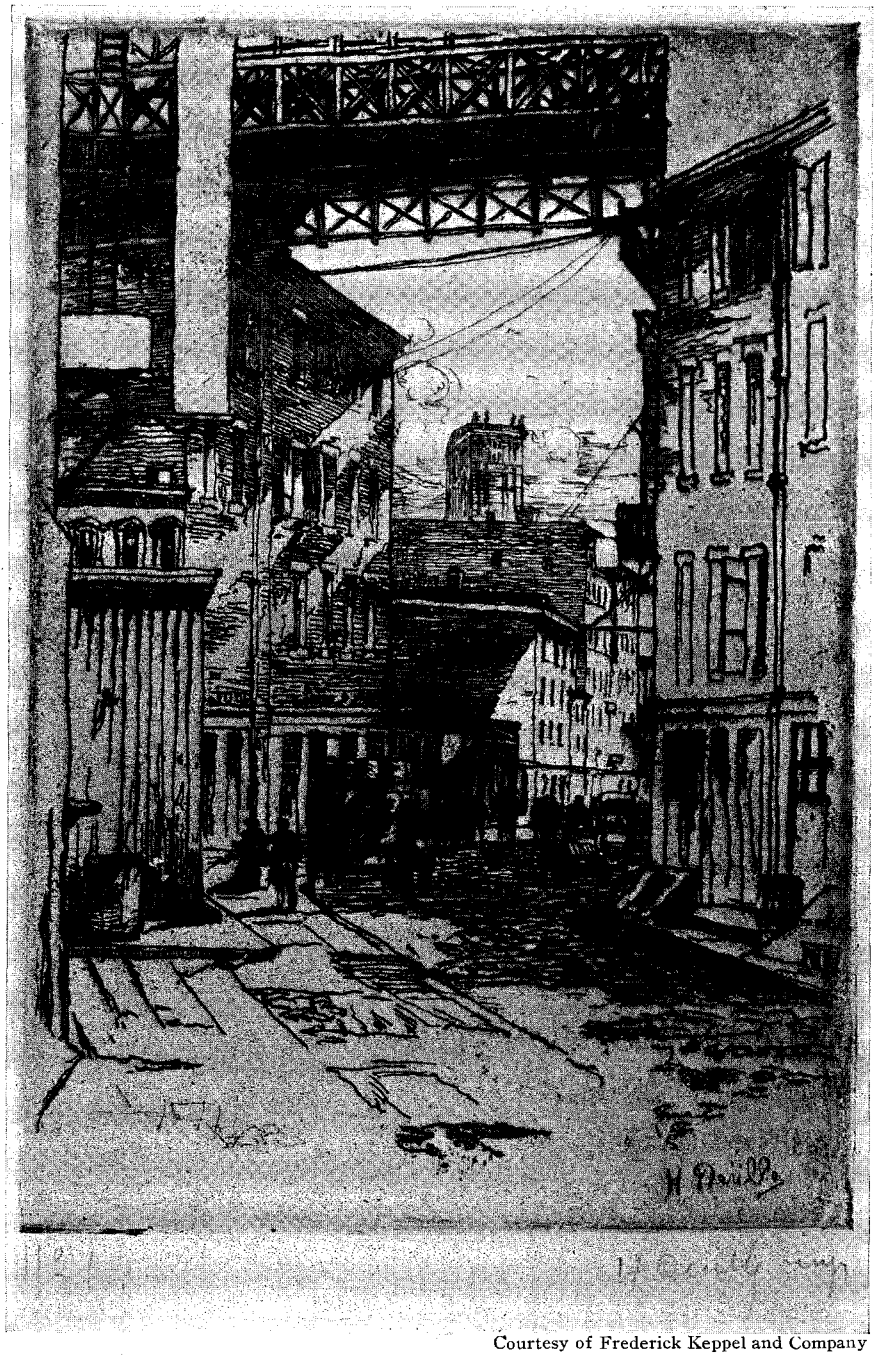

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UNDER THE BRIDGE. BY H. DEVILLE

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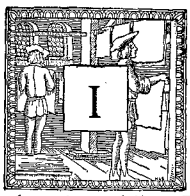
its revival in France in the early years of the nineteenth century, a favourite medium of expression for those artists who have not only something to say, but a highly individual way of saying it. It is because art is in an exceedingly healthy condition to-day in America that etching flourishes on our soil, and it is only as formalism and lack of originality creep in (as they are bound to some day, we suppose), that we may look for any diminution of activity, or falling off in vital, interesting expression, in this attractive field.

R. L. S. AND THE FONTAINEBLEAU TRAIL

BY NELL PERKINS DAWSON

WITH DRAWINGS BY IDA PROPER



IN his essay on Fontainebleau Stevenson writes: "If anywhere about that wood you meet my airy bantling, greet him with tenderness. He was a pleasant lad, though now abandoned." The merry Imp, which Stevenson liked to imagine he left behind him with his youth in the forest, will not be met at the Palace, nor yet at the double-starred caravansary across the way. But rather you will find him at Siron's, the old inn in Barbizon, where a fellow could stay and "not pay a stiver for a year," or at the equally hospitable Madame Chevillon's in Grez on the other side of the waving tree-tops. He will be found beyond a doubt at the great gorge of Franchard, where he will lead you as straight as one of the little blue arrows, which everywhere in the forest point the way. For Franchard and the legend of the hermit and the buried treasure gave Stevenson the title for one of his happiest stories, *The Treasure of Franchard,* the scene of which is laid in Grez.

Grez-sur-Loing is one of the many artist-haunted villages fringing the Fontainebleau forest, where Stevenson spent some Acadian hours as a young man, and met Mrs. Stevenson at Chevillon's Inn. But you must go to Grez to appreciate *The Treasure of Franchard,* and you must read the story perhaps to appreciate Grez. Mr. Low, who was one of Stevenson's companions in the Fontainebleau days, has said he does not remember ever having seen him in that time busy with a note book and pencil. But when you go to Grez you realise how faithfully Stevenson has described it in his story, and with what affection.

The "indefatigable" birds still turn and flicker around the old church tower, which, in the midst of the cottages, looks like nothing so much as a big brown hen, surrounded by its cuddling brood of chickens. Only a modern tiled roof or two, among those of "an ancient ruddy brown" which he describes, protrude to spoil the picture. And these fairly squeak with newness. But otherwise everything is as Stevenson describes it. All is as right as right can be: the bridge with its many arches, "long suffering" bridge he calls it, because so many artists have painted it; the ruined castle, and the little river that runs by the garden ends of the houses.

Dr. Desprez in the story of *The Treasure of Franchard* explains to the dead mountebank's boy whom he adopts, that the little river is "our bath, our fish-pond, our natural system of drainage." He should have added "our laundry." For the sound of the washerwomen's paddles comes up distinctly from the river, borne on a breeze fragrant with jasmine? rose? No, none of these, but the malodorous water known as Javelle, which the women unpoetically use to assist their laving.

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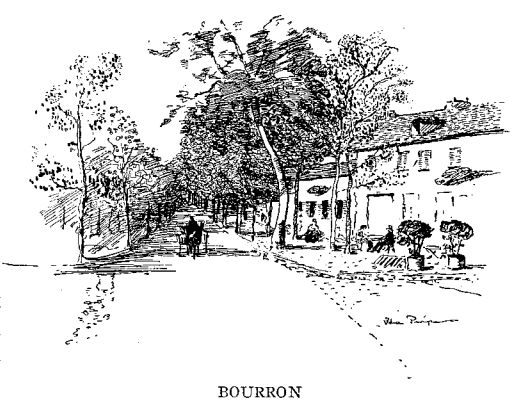
There was a history of Grez, but the schoolmaster had it and he was away. The schoolmaster must have been at home when Stevenson was there. Dr. Desprez, standing on the hill with the boy, philosophically discourses on the past glories of the little town now dwindled to a toy. He tells the wondering Jean-Marie of the time when Grez was a walled city, thriving, full of furred burgesses and men in armour; how a thousand chimneys ceased smoking at the curfew call, and gibbets stood at the gate as thick as scarecrows. Then the English wars came, which destroyed the hermitage of Franchard in the forest as well as Grez. Gretz—as it was written then—was taken, sacked and burned; and its ruins were a quarry to serve the growth of rivals. "The stones of Gretz are now erect along the streets of Nemours."



BOURRON

And now this once thriving city is a village of five or six hundred people, and boasts, as Stevenson says, only a mill, an ancient church, a ruined castle, and a bridge of many arches. The mill is Hulay, just beyond, "at the end of the world," as the peasants quaintly call the part of the river where the dam makes an impasse for the boats. Once there were six mills in Grez, and Fontainebleau sent its grain here. The church is Notre Dame's, of course. All churches are Our Lady's in France, but this one is also Saint Laurent's. It is more picturesque from the outside than within, where dampness oozes greenly through the walls, and the choir brother, instructing the handful of little boys, entunes through his nose most sweetly. Only the tower and a few scraps of wall remain of the castle, which was the Château de la Reine Blanche.

But the bridge—four, five, perhaps seven hundred years old, is Grez's chief remaining glory, and most captivated Stevenson's humorous fancy. "There is in France scenery incomparable for romance and harmony," he writes, "yet the artist remains faithful to Fontainebleau, to the eternal bridge at Grez." The bridge, "anonymously famous," he calls it, "beaming on the incurious from the walls of a hundred exhibitions. I have seen it in the Salon; I have seen it in the Academy; I have seen it in the last French Exhibition. Long-suffering bridge! And if you visit Grez to-morrow, you shall find another generation camped at the bottom of Chevillon's garden, under their white umbrellas, and doggedly painting it again."

Grez has changed since Stevenson first made its acquaintance a young man of twenty-five. A letter written to his mother telling of spending some days there is dated 1875. It wasn't exactly filled with furred burgesses then, but it was overrun with men in queer armour—artists with all their painting paraphernalia of colour-box, canvas and easel; and young men, like Stevenson, with taste for eccentric costume. "There is something to do in Grez," he writes to his mother, "and something to do is a great enemy to joy." He describes the boating and bathing and other gentle distractions of the river, and longs for the solemn groves and uneventful hours of Barbizon—Barbizon where now the honk of the tourist's motor is most persistent, and the whir of the American reaper drowns the bell of the Angelus.

In the essay on Fontainebleau, Stevenson tells of the infinite pains and tact it takes to found a painting colony, and how a little will undo the labour of years. First of all, the inn-keeper has to be educated. He has to be taught the lesson of unlimited credit, and to welcome as a favoured guest a young gentleman in a greasy coat with little baggage beyond a paint-box and a canvas; who may eat and drink heartily and even borrow, and yet "not pay a stiver for a year."

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Stevenson tells of the two penniless painters at Chevillon's, whose nice moral code permitted them to eat and drink their fill, but who drew a sharp moral line at serviettes. Although Madame Chevillon urged, they sternly denied themselves napkins. Moreover, napkins are extra.

But no sooner are the preliminary difficulties overcome of educating the innkeeper, Stevenson tells—out of his own experience—than fresh perils arise. Despite the pains the painters sometimes take to blacken their own waters, like the cuttle-fish, the bourgeois and the tourist arrive—more than ever now in this day of the automobile—and with their long purses undo the work of years. Prices rise and credit shortens. Finally, "when that essentially modern institution, the English and American girl student, walks calmly into the favourite inn, as to a drawing-room—the painter flees. 'Not here, O Apollo!' becomes his song." He goes on to found another colony.

"LONG-SUFFERING BRIDGE"

"It's the beginning of the end," it has been told, Stevenson said after the return from *The Inland Voyage* in 1876, when a friend met him in Paris, and told him of the American woman and two children who had walked into Chevillon's at Grez during his absence. The words were prophetic. He fled, but only to follow the fair invader, even as far as California. And it was the end of his youth and carefree days in the forest.

It was along "that green breezy valley of the Loing," with his "ready-made trousers fluttering about his spindle shanks," that Stevenson made the walking tour with Sir Walter Simpson, and wore the "ill-inspired" costume he describes with such humorous gusto in the epilogue to *The Inland Voyage,* which led to his being "suspect" everywhere, and to his final arrest and half hour in jail at Chatillon.

Madame Chevillon, who is still living, alleges to remember very well this "ill-inspired" costume of Stevenson's. "Très drôle," she called it. They were artists, were they not? And she told of the jacket and queer cap embroidered with gold, quite as Stevenson himself describes them.

"The Arethusa was unwisely dressed," he says in the Epilogue. "He is no precisian in attire; but, by all accounts, he was never so ill-inspired as on that tramp. On his head he wore a smoking-cap of Indian work, the gold lace pitifully frayed and tarnished." Moreover, he adds that his face was not like the faces of happier mortals, a certificate. "He is actually denied admittance at Monte Carlo!" Anyway, at Chatillon-sur-Loire, a gendarme culled him like a wayside flower, and he languished in jail, a long half hour, until the Cigarette arrived, dressed "not with neatness merely but elegance," unblushingly claimed him as comrade, and secured his release.

Madame Chevillon's version of the affair is that Stevenson and a friend—O'Meara she thought, but Simpson was the Cigarette of the walking tour as well as the canoe voyage—arrived from Barbizon, and spent only one night at Grez, setting out the next morning on a petit tour. At Chatillon, where they were arrested, they referred to Madame Chevillon at Grez.

Madame Chevillon, who is now an old woman, no longer conducts the hotel. Perhaps this should be told to her credit, since comfort and cleanliness seem to have departed along with its ancient glory. A cook who married one of the daughters now runs the place:

MAISON CHEVILLON
JARDINS ET BOSQUETS
Bateaux de Pêche et de Promenade

and recently added—

GARAGE POUR AUTOMOBILES

But one automobile a day is enough to create a stir at Chevillon's. Grez is

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off the automobile route. The Nemours highway is a quarter of a mile away; and at Montigny, the road to Grez makes a sudden sharp turn, at the Vanne Rouge, up a steep hill on which the church is poised. One wonders how the people get to the church. But motorists, for the most part, are incurious, and thrifty when it comes to tires, and keep to the travelled road.

Madame Chevillon lives across the street from the hotel, on the road that leads over the bridge—Rue du Vieux Pont. She is past seventy-five years old, but still has a remnant of good looks. Her faded eyes are friendly with a mixture of shyness and flurried importance. She is coiffed in the coloured handkerchief as her niece had promised, and wears a large coloured check gingham apron.

THE NEMOURS HIGHWAY

Did she remember Mr. Stevenson who had been in Grez thirty or thirty-five years ago?

"M. Steven-song! Mais oui," and the daughter and niece who ably assisted at the interview interrupted with such a volley of violàs and tiens that the old woman herself was in danger of being crowded out of the conversation. But she remembered Stevenson beyond a doubt.

Did he have an air malade, even then?

"Oh bien malade," she replied. One day he sat in the dining-room, with his head leaning on his hand, comme çà, and did not eat his déjeûner, which was getting cold. She called his attention to the fact, for it is necessary to eat one's déjeûner, is it not?

"Pas d'observation!" he replied, just like that, quite short. Madame Chevillon returned to the kitchen, where Stevenson soon followed her. He put his hand on her shoulder and said he was sorry he had been cross. "Ce ne fait rien," she had replied; she knew he was making des réflexions. She did not want to derange him, only il faut manger one's déjeûner, n'est-ce pas?

"You know it was here M. Stevenson met the lady he married," she volunteered. "Madame Osbourne!" She was in Grez with her two children.

She would also see if she could find a letter she had received from Stevenson in Samoa. It seems some one, for whom he made himself responsible, had left Chevillon's with an unpaid board bill. Stevenson had told them not to distress themselves, that he would personally see that they got their money. They waited three months, and then invited the friendly offices of a painter at Marlotte, who was going to Paris, to seek Stevenson out and give him the bill. But he was not there. Finally, after many years, a letter reached him in Samoa, and he answered immediately, enclosing the entire amount, plus eighty francs for interest.

Then Madame Chevillon was asked about *The Treasure of Franchard,* the story of the mountebank who died in the stable-loft—Tentaillon's the place becomes in the story—and the little waif he left behind, who was adopted by Dr. Desprez and his complacent spouse, Anastasie.

"Did a mountebank ever die there?" Only blank faces met the query. "No mountebank had died in the loft there over the stable across the way?" "U—! c'etait U—!" and the two younger women rose to their feet in the pleasurable excitement of discovery. As for Dr. Pesprez, there was Docteur this and Docteur that, but all had had plenty of children, and had no need to adopt a boy.

Yet it was certain that some one had died in the stable-loft. He was a poor painter. But only the day before he died, he had told the Chevillons that he had sold a picture for three thousand francs. He paid them in full. Then he said, "I have twelve hundred francs remaining in my pocket." He was taken sick that night in the loft above the stable. Here the daughter got up to illustrate how her husband had appeared in the window and cried for her to come. She ran across the yard from the kitchen and

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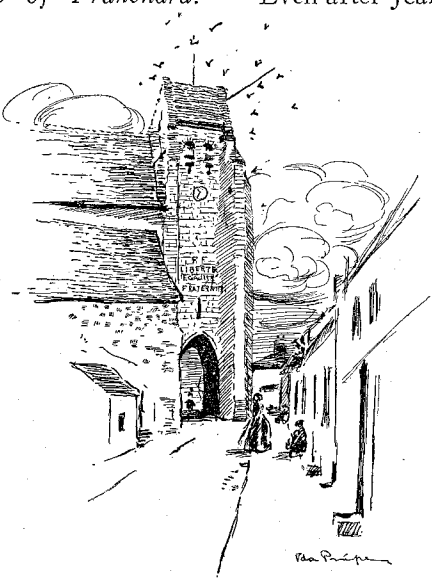
found her husband supporting the poor fellow in his arms.

After he died, they hunted for the twelve hundred francs. If they did not find it, his relatives would think they had taken it, would they not? They hunted everywhere—in all his pockets—but could find nothing. Finally, in a ragged overcoat hanging on a nail behind the door, they found an old dirty envelope, and in it were the twelve hundred francs, exactly as he had said. They sent the money to his brother.

An interesting narrative, as it was related, even if it did not have anything to do with *The Treasure of Franchard*. No wonder Stevenson approved of this story of his, especially of the character of Anastasie, the wife of Dr. Desprez. In a letter to Marcel Schwob he writes: "Alors vous ne détestez pas mes bonnes femmes? Moi, je les déteste. I have never pleased myself with any women of mine, save two character parts, one of only a few lines—the Countess of Rosen (in *Prince Otto*) and Madame Desprez in *The Treasure of Franchard*."



THE TOWER

Anastasie is described as a stout brune, with smooth cool cheeks and steady brown eyes. Anastasie had the placidity of a contented nun, he says, but something mundane in her nature too, having a fondness for oysters and old wine, racy novels and somewhat bold pleasantries. Adversity passed over her like a summer-cloud, we are told. The only thing that could stir her from her contentment was the hint of a return to Paris. She liked the fleshpots, but feared Egypt for one of her husband's gay proclivities, and the mere mention of the word was enough to put her in a blue fear. So it was the threat of Paris the doctor used—"his trusty argument, his Excalibur"—to reconcile Anastasie to the adoption of Jean-Marie.

Stevenson has written nothing merrier than the scene, when Dr. Desprez having discovered the treasure in the forest, the earth-encrusted flagons, candlesticks and patens of the hermitage of Franchard, immediately makes lavish expenditure and fairy plans for the future. They will return to Paris, of course, where he is to be a Deputy no less, and Anastasie is to move resplendent in diamonds.

"But you will not be a Red?" cried Anastasie in alarm. "I am Left Centre to the core," stoutly replies the doctor. And they bow and pledge each other over a bottle of his favourite Hermitage wine.

Even after Jean-Marie steals the treasure to prevent his dear master's return to the dreaded Paris, the doctor's philosophy holds good. Some of the turtle is still left, he says—"the most wholesome of delicacies." He has a new staff, Anastasie a new dress, and Jean-Marie a fashionable new képi. "Besides we had a glass of Hermitage last night; the glow still suffuses my my memory. I was growing positively niggardly with that Hermitage, positively niggardly."

Stevenson wrote *The Treasure of Franchard* in 1883. A letter to Colvin of this date, from St. Marcel, a suburb of Marseilles, tells that he is at work on the story, but that it will not flow. How well it flows, however, will be realised by all who visit Grez. His descriptions of the little town and the bridge and the church tower and the birds and the little rustling river filled with sedge and water lilies are almost photographically true.

"I have always had a fancy to be a fish in the summer, Jean-Marie, here in the Loing beside Grez," the doctor says to the boy. "I should lie under a water-lily and listen to the bells which must sound most delicately down below." It is a fancy that will please all who have been to Grez on the river Loing.

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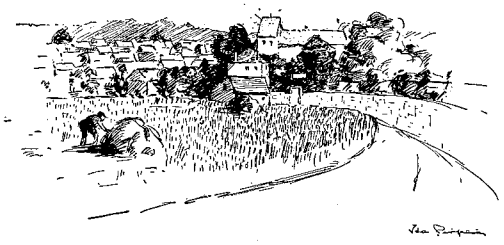
But not only at Grez and Barbizon will you meet Stevenson's "airy bantling." Marlotte, Moret, Montigny, Chailly-en-Bière, Nemours, Cernay-la-Ville, Bourron—he knew them all. "They had sent for the doctor from Bourron," are the opening words of *The Treasure of Franchard*. He tramped all over the country, through the forest, back and forth from Barbizon to Grez, along the valleys of the Loing and the Loire, and over the broad white highways. "And of all the noble sweeps of roadway, none is nobler on a windy dusk," he has written, "than the highroad to Nemours between its tall lines of talking poplars."

He found the artist life more to his liking than studying for the Scotch bar. "Not bad for the Advocate," he writes to his mother after telling how he with his cousin "Bob" tramped the twenty-five miles from Grez to Barbizon in a very "creditable thunder-storm," yet is not tired, and "very glad to be back again in this dear place, and smell the wet forest in the morning." To Mrs. Sitwell he also writes at this time how glad he is to be in the forest all day in the open air, and how he "begins to go right," and the "forest begins to work."

"Et ego in Arcadia vixi," Stevenson writes of his Fontainebleau days, and he urges all to hasten there while they still are young enough. And to young artists especially he tells that if they only get into their hearts the spirit and the inspiration of the woods, they will have gone far toward undoing the evil of their sketches.



THE CHURCH AT GREZ

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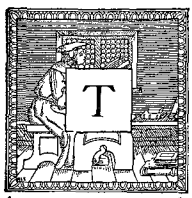
THE COMEDY OF ATMOSPHERE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



HERE is a type of play whose purpose is not so much to exhibit character through action as to exhibit environment through character. The plot is comparatively unimportant, and the people of the play are less interesting on their own account than on account of the social atmosphere in which they breathe their daily breath. This social atmosphere is what the author is aiming to depict; and, in pursuance of this purpose, he may even dare to sacrifice the all-but-indispensable element of a tense and vital struggle between human wills.

It is very difficult to estimate a play of this abnormal type by those standards of dramatic criticism which have been maintained by nearly all of the important commentators from Aristotle down to Brunetière. Aristotle declared that action was the prime essential of a play, and it was Brunetière who insisted that the necessary element of drama was a struggle of the wills. Yet there are surely certain plays which live without these definitions. There is, in Aristotle's sense, no action in *Bunty Pulls the Strings;* and, for two acts at least, there is no struggle in *The Mind-the-Paint Girl.* And how, by either of these standards, can the academic critic measure such a piece as *Man and Superman?*

In Mr. Shaw's latest work, entitled *Fanny's First Play,* the ultra-Aristotelian Mr. Trotter is confronted with this puzzling question; and his answer is the more interesting since the character is designed as a satire of the author's friend, Mr. Arthur Bingham Walkley, of the *London Times.* Mr. Trotter answers the question by evading it. Of the works of Mr. Shaw and many of his emulators he simply and definitely says: "They are not plays." He is willing to consider them as essays, as discussions, or as conversations; but he will not consider them as plays, since Aristotle never saw the like of them. But this view of Mr. Trotter's seems a little narrow. Surely any story presented by actors on a stage, which interests an audience, cannot be denied the name of play: one might as logically look a lion in the eyes and tell him he was not a lion. And if only an action that is motivated by a struggle of the wills can be labelled with the adjective "dramatic," let us, by all means, hasten to admit that there is such a thing as undramatic drama.

For, what we may call the comedy of atmosphere has flourished in many ages of the theatre. It was probably unknown in ancient days, for otherwise the inductive-minded Aristotle would assuredly have noted it; but it was an accepted type of drama in the spacious times of great Elizabeth, and was practised with success by both realistic and romantic writers. Perhaps the best example of the realistic type is *The Shoemaker's Holiday* of Thomas Dekker. It is doubtful if even a German Ph.D. could discover a structure in this amiably ambling narrative. There is no theme, there is no struggle, there is (in the academic sense) no dramatic action. And yet the piece succeeds richly in producing the precise effect the author aimed at,—namely, to set before us a picture of the daily life of "golden Cheapside" and to give us a vivid sense of how it felt to be an apprentice to "the gentle craft" of cobbling. Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* is another comedy in which the local atmosphere of a specific phase of London is, as it were, the hero of the composition. The piece has neither beginning nor middle nor end; it is merely a series of sketches of contemporary characters. And, if we turn to the romantic drama, we are confronted at once by so illustrious an example as *As You Like It.* In his recent book on *Play-Making,* Mr. William Archer has selected this very work as an instance that makes us doubt the universal application of the catch-phrase, "No struggle, no drama"; for this comedy can scarcely be considered as an effort to set forth a

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struggle between human wills. It seems, instead, to have been Shakespeare's purpose to convey an insinuating sense of that subtle air of Arden which turned the minds of all who wandered through that magic forest to thoughts of poetry and love.

But though these plays which are not plays [to use the phraseology of Mr. Trotter] have flourished, as we have said, in many ages of the drama, they have assumed a prime importance only in the present period. For this there are two reasons. The first is that it was not till modern times that, in all the arts of narrative, the element of setting came to be considered as equally important with the elements of character and action; and the second is that only very recently has the physical equipment of the theatre been developed to a point that has made it possible to exhibit the element of setting adequately to the eye.

It was Emile Zola, in his essay on *The Experimental Novel,* who announced it as one of the functions of the art of narrative to exhibit "the environment which determines and completes the man." We have grown latterly to understand that a given person will do a given deed only under certain given influences of environment; and there is no logical reason why the drama should be denied the privilege of analysing this modern instance among the axioms of life.

And recently, since our stage became equipped with all the appurtenances necessary to a visual presentation of the details of any *milieu* of life, it is only natural that the play of atmosphere should have assumed an importance which surpasses its record in all preceding periods. This is the type of play, for instance, that Mr. Granville Barker has chosen for the exercise of his extraordinary talents. A piece like *The Madras House* has no hero and no heroine; it has no plot; it reveals, in the large and general sense, no dramatic struggle; it has no beginning, no middle, and no end; it is (to speak in academic terms) an undramatic drama; and yet it exhibits very keenly the atmosphere of an entire section of contemporary British society, and employs the mechanism of the theatre to make us forget that the theatre has allured us, for an evening, out of life.

What we have called the undramatic drama succeeds most naturally in the mood of comedy. In drama of a more momentous cast, the auditor is more likely to be disappointed if he is denied a definite struggle of the wills and a clearly articulated plot. Yet instances exist of serious, and almost tragic, plays which have aimed primarily at the diffusion of a certain social atmosphere. *The Weavers* of Hauptmann and *The Night Refuge* of Gorky will serve as illustrations. But, in the analogous art of painting, there is a tradition (inherited, apparently, from the ingratiating Dutch) that a *genre* study should always be humorous, or else attuned to that pathos which is akin to humour: and, in the theatre, the best of our *genre* studies are usually pieces that are cast in the comic mood.

"The Mind-the-Paint Girl"

In order to appreciate the latest composition by the master of the modern English stage, we should understand at the outset that the aim of the author was to exhibit a *genre* study, and not to build a drama, in the ordinary sense of the term. So many young peers have recently married show-girls that it became important that some serious British writer should discuss the advantages and disadvantages of these marital experiments; and Sir Arthur Pinero, who had already painted a sympathetic picture of the stage-life of other days in *Trelawney of the Wells,* was obviously the man to undertake a study of the glittering and artificial life that is lived so shallowly and so alluringly in and about Mr. George Edwardes's Gaiety Theatre at the present time.

Of the four acts of *The Mind-the-Paint Girl* only one—the third—attempts to be dramatic. The entire struggle of the play is compressed into a single vital scene, and all that precedes this sudden climax should be classed and judged as *genre* painting. The heroine, Lily Parradell, is the reigning beauty of the Pandora Theatre, and has won her nickname by singing a popular topical song

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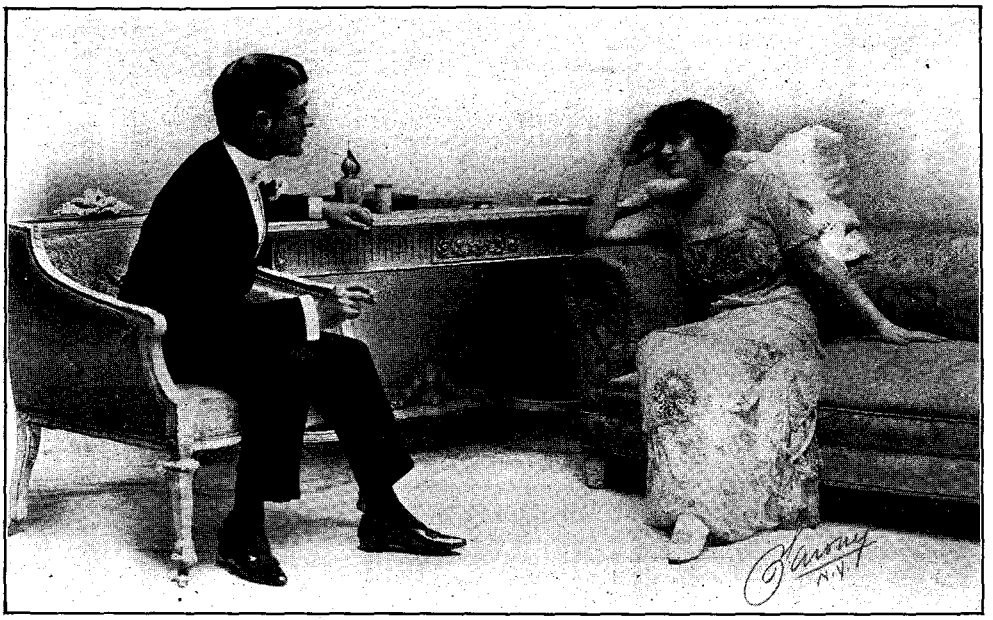

"THE MIND-THE-PAINT GIRL"—ACT III

"When Lord Farncombe asks Lily to marry him, she replies by telling him the entire story of her life, in order to prove to him that her humble origin and defective bringing-up would unfit her to become a peeress."

"THE MIND-THE-PAINT GIRL"—ACT I

"The heroine, Lily Farradell, is the reigning beauty of the Pandora Theatre, and has won her nick-name by singing a popular topical song called 'Mind the Paint.' In the first act we meet her in her home."

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called "Mind the Paint." In the first act we meet her in her home, and in the second act we see her in the theatre. The author's purpose in these first two acts is to make us intimately acquainted with the daily environment of such a girl, both in and out of the playhouse. Over thirty typical characters are set before us, and all of them are sketched with masterly and rapid strokes. After two acts we know them intimately, and we begin to realise that the heroine must be at heart a girl of quite extraordinary worth to have kept herself unspotted from this world of the Pandora Theatre.

She is, indeed, a charming person. Her character is revealed bit by bit, in little sudden deeds and unexpected speeches, until she stands before us every inch alive. In the entire gallery of his invention, Sir Arthur has never exhibited a more perfect portrait; and Lily is the loveliest of all his women. It is a higher achievement to create a human being than to build a plot; and the figure of Lily Parradell alone is sufficient to justify the composition of this comedy of atmosphere.

In the dramatic third act, two lovers battle for her favour. One, the Viscount Farncombe, is a young nobleman who has known her only a week: the other, Captain Jeyes, has been playing the faithful dog to her for many months and has given up his career in the army so that he may haunt the theatre every night. When Lord Farncombe asks Lily to marry him, she replies by telling him the entire story of her life, in order to prove to him that her humble origin and defective bringing-up would unfit her to become a peeress. Jeyes then breaks in, and upbraids her violently for having wrecked his life; and, partly as a reparation to the Captain, but mainly from a desire to defend the Viscount from ruining his life in turn for her sake, Lily refuses the offer of Lord Farncombe and agrees to marry Captain Jeyes.

In the next act, which is a sort of epilogue, the Captain has decided to retire to South Africa, and generously hands the Viscount over to the Mind-the-Paint girl. This act is psychologically true; but the impression cannot be avoided that the author has been pulling wires to bring about a happy ending.

The piece is notable mainly for the veracity of the *genre* painting of its first two acts, and for the literary tact of its dialogue. Lily's recital of her career is the finest single piece of writing that Sir Arthur Pinero has ever penned; and though the piece cannot be ranked with such stirring dramas as *Iris* and *Mid-Channel,* it is, in its own way, an achievement fully worthy of its author's fame.

"Fanny's First Play"

Mr. Bernard Shaw is such a timid and retiring author that it is not at all surprising that he should have chosen to exhibit his latest work anonymously. *Fanny's First Play* is preceded by an induction and followed by an epilogue; and this enclosure of comment is fully as interesting as the play itself.

The Count O'Dowda, a gentleman of eighteenth-century tastes who dresses in the costume of that mannered period and spends most of his time in Venice, has employed a company of actors to give a trial performance of his daughter's first play in a country house in Cambridge; and he has further hit upon the happy idea of inviting the four best-known dramatic critics of London to witness the performance and render a professional opinion of the play. This seems to him the more desirable because his daughter's views are ultra-modern, and therefore distinctly different from his own; for Miss Fanny is a recent graduate of Cambridge and a member of the Fabian Society.

In the epilogue, these four professional critics discuss the play that they have seen. They have not been told that it is Fanny's maiden effort; and they ascribe it variously to Pinero, Jones, Shaw, and Barker. One of them confesses that he cannot express a just opinion of the piece unless he is informed who wrote it; for, of course, a critic would not say the same things of a Pinero play that he would say of a play by Jones or Barker. The critics then pull the work to pieces and set forth an exaggerated exposition of its faults. By this expedient

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"FANNY'S FIRST PLAY"—THE PROLOGUE, BEFORE THE CURTAIN

"The Count O'Dowda, who dresses in the costume of the eighteenth century, has invited the four best-known dramatic critics of London to witness a trial performance of his daughter's first play."

the clever Mr. Shaw has stolen a march upon his commentators.

But Fanny's play is worthy of being talked about by more critics than the quartet that Mr. Shaw collected. It is, indeed, conventionally patterned [the author was the first to say so]; but it is written with an inimitable nimbleness of wit. The story deals with the perturbations of two thoroughly respectable families of the middle-class when they find themselves confronted by an unexpected threat of scandal. The young son of the Gilbeys and the young daughter of the Knoxes have both been missing mysteriously for two weeks; and their respective families are horrified to discover that each of them has spent this period in jail. Bobby Gilbey had been impudent to the police while rollicking in the company of a young lady whose character is aptly indicated by her nickname, "Darling Dora"; and Margaret Knox had knocked out two of the teeth of a policeman who had raided an all-night dance-hall whither she had drifted in the company of an amiable Frenchman whom she had casually picked up on her way home from a revival meeting.

In the first act the Gilbeys wonder vainly what they possibly can do to save the face of their respectability; and in the second act the Knoxes similarly wrestle with their own allotment of despair. The third act brings the two families together [for Mr. Knox and Mr. Gilbey are partners in business]; and the hopelessness of the situation is, if anything, increased by the fatuity of their solemn conference. Bobby and Margaret had been conventionally engaged to be married; but it has now become evident that neither can be considered a fit companion for the other. Bobby marries "Darling Dora"; but Margaret cannot wed the Frenchman, because he happens to be already married. Therefore she pairs off with the ultra-respectable butler of the Gilbeys, who has revealed himself to be no less a personage than the younger son of a Duke.

The purpose of this insane, inspired story is to indicate that those habitual beliefs which, with the ordinary person, take the place of a philosophy of life, will be of no avail to guide him when a sudden jolt of destiny confronts him with a situation that is strangely unhabitual. The conventional minds of the Gilbeys and the Knoxes are utterly unable to cope with the unconventional experiences into which their children have quite naturally drifted; and the failure of their philosophy when put to an unexpected test offers the author an opportunity for a triumphant *jeu d'esprit*.

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"MAN AND SUPERMAN"—ACT I

"Mr. Robert Loraine's revival of 'Man and Superman' is particularly timely. This comedy is the most searchingly philosophical of all the compositions of Mr. Bernard Shaw."

Mr. Robert Loraine's revival of *Man and Superman* is particularly timely because it enables the public to study this astounding comedy in immediate comparison with its author's latest effort. Although *Fanny's First Play* is the most amusing new production of the present season, there can be no question that Mr. Shaw has done a greater piece of work in *Man and Superman.* In fact, this comedy is the most searchingly philosophical of all this author's compositions; and, although *Candida* is a better play for the theatre, the brilliant review of Schopenhauer and of Nietzsche that is presented in *Man and Superman* is assuredly the highest intellectual achievement of Mr. Shaw.

"Man and Superman"

It is no longer necessary, at the present date, to discuss the content of this comedy, or to consider the soundness of Mr. Shaw's contention that, in that ruthless warfare which is known as love, the female of the species is more deadly than the male. It is sufficient to remember that Mr. Shaw's emphatic statement of the other half of what, for several centuries, had been accepted as the truth induced many of us several years ago to revise our theretofore romantic notions of the strategy of women.

From our present point of view it is enough for us to note that *Man and Superman* is entirely a comedy of conversation, and that, like most of the other pieces that come up for consideration in the present paper, it stands apart from the traditional definitions of the drama. In this play Mr. Shaw has achieved a scarcely precedented triumph: he has dared to describe his hero as a man of genius, and has thereafter proved him to be a genius in the lines assigned to him. The hero is presented as the author of an epoch-making book; and, in the published edition of the play, the text of this book is set forth as an appendix, to indicate that the playwright has not overestimated the intellectual prowess of his hero. The audacity of this experiment is justified by the result; and *Man*

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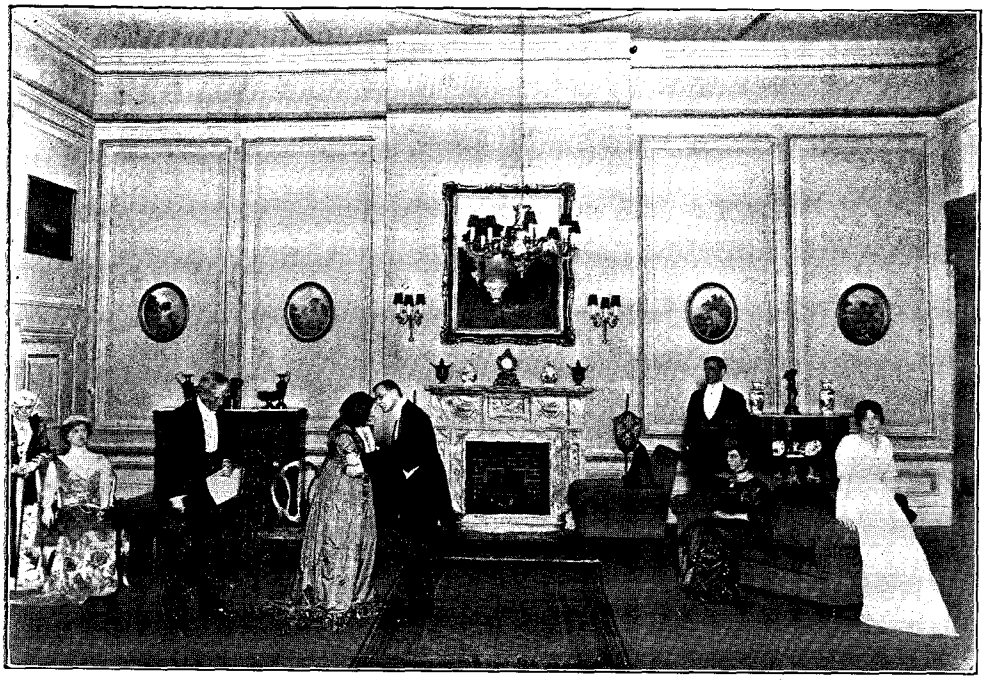

"MILESTONES"—ACT III

"Characters who are young in the first act are exhibited in middle age in the second, and are shown in senility in the third."

and Superman is one of the few plays in which the hero proves himself to be as great a man as the author thinks he is.

Milestones, by Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Edward Knoblauch, is an interesting instance of the comedy of atmosphere. The purpose of the authors was to produce upon the stage the narrative effect of one of those slow-unrolling novels of Mr. Bennett's which follow the fortunes of a family through successive generations. The scene of each of the three acts is set in the same room; but the date of the first act is 1860, the date of the second is 1885, and the date of the third is 1912. Characters who are young in the first act are exhibited in middle age in the second and are shown in senility in the third; and the piece affords three contrasted *genre* studies of the conditions of daily life in different generations.

"Milestones"

Milestones owes its success mainly to the novelty of this idea; and most of its defects were also inherent from the outset in the project of the authors. There can be no continuous progression of dramatic narrative in a composition thus conceived; for each of the three acts is doomed to assume the technical aspect of a first act and to be taken up largely with inevitable exposition. Very little time can be left for the presentation of character in action when so much time must be consumed in merely explaining who has died and who has married and who has had a child in the lengthy interim between the acts.

Another defect of the piece is that the story is not sufficiently sturdy to represent the theme. The purpose of the play is to exhibit the continual recurrence of the struggle between the radicalism of youth and the conservatism of age; but the story is fashioned merely out of a discussion of the rather trivial question whether ships should be built of wood, or of iron, or of steel. A more vital and human problem should have been selected as the subject of contention between crabbèd age and youth.

The dialogue, which was evidently

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"A SCRAPE O' THE PEN"—ACT II, SCENE 2

"This play is a *genre* study, pure and simple. The Scottish characters are humanly conceived and truthfully depicted."

written by Mr. Bennett, is a little lacking in that terseness and briskness which is desirable upon the stage; and the tone of the last act is somewhat excessively sentimental. Yet the piece has a picturesqueness which appeals to the average theatre-goer, and is not unworthy as a work of art.

"A Scrape o' the Pen"

A Scrape O' The Pen, by Mr. Graham Moffat, the author of *Bunty Pulls the Strings,* is merely an assemblage of character sketches. It is a *genre* study, pure and simple, and never for a moment does it approach the tensity of ordinary drama. The piece wears a static and sedentary air and refuses to get up and move along. Yet the Scottish characters are humanly conceived and truthfully depicted, and there is a good deal of racy humour in the lines.

The story has been familiar in the English drama since the days of Thomas Southerne, and is the same story that Tennyson retold in his narrative of *Enoch Arden.* A rather flighty young man has persuaded a girl to bind herself as his wife, according to the Scottish law, by signing a paper with him in the presence of two witnesses. Immediately afterward he has run away to Africa; and he has not been heard from since. Meanwhile the girl has married another man, and is living with him very happily. After seven years the runaway turns up to claim his bride; but observing the havoc he would wreak if he should do so, he destroys the "scrape o' the pen" that contains the only evidence against her.

This conventional story is used merely as a frame-work for the exhibition of nearly a score of homely Scottish types, and the author relies upon the humour of his dialogue to keep the piece alive. The merits and the defects of the present play are identical with those of *Bunty Pulls the Strings;* but *A Scrape o' the Pen* is inferior to its predecessor because it is handicapped by the absence of any central character round which

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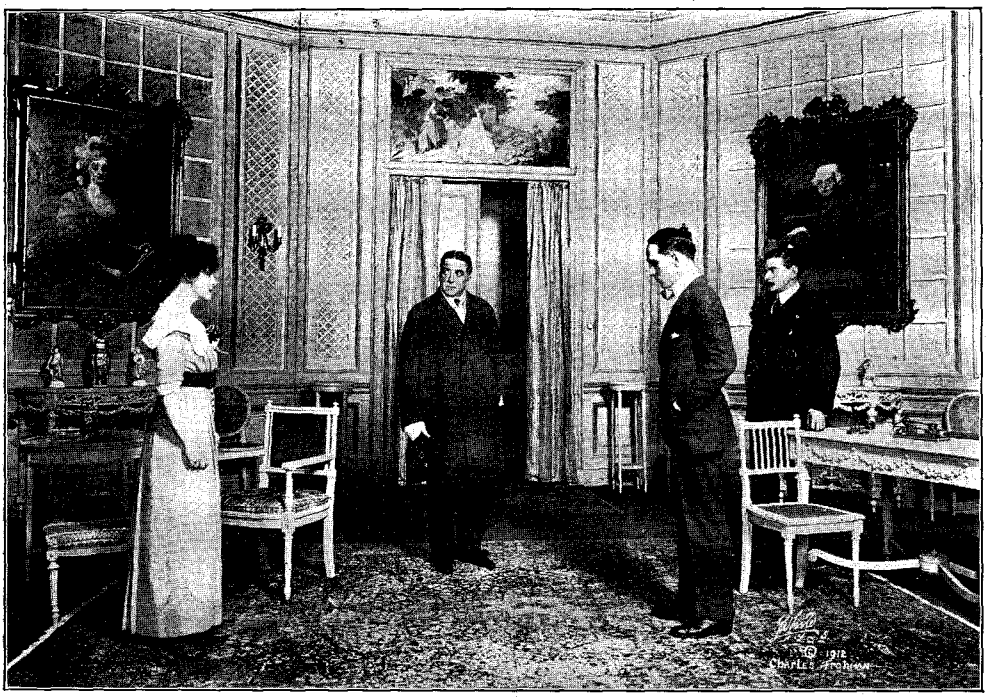

"THE ATTACK"—ACT II

"While the hero's case is pending, the attack upon him grows so vehement that even his own children begin to wonder if he will be able to exonerate himself."

"WITHIN THE LAW"—ACT III

"The heroine asserts that her husband did the shooting, and that, since the intruder was a burglar, the killing had been done 'within the law.'"

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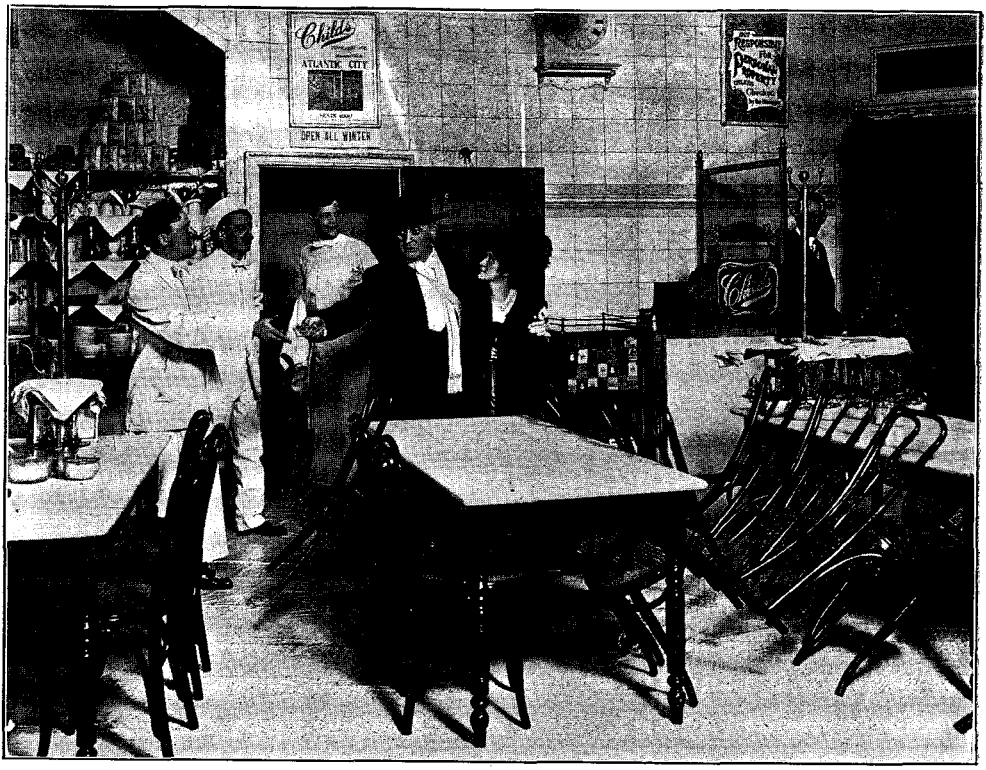

"THE GOVERNOR'S LADY"—ACT IV

"In order to exploit his talent for photographic exactitude in the handling of a stage-picture, Mr. Belasco has set this epilogue at midnight in a Childs restaurant in New York."

"THE CASE OF BECKY"—ACT I

"The heroine is normally a sweet and winsome girl; but every now and then she lapses into a sinister personality,—that of an impish hoyden known as 'Becky.'"

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the sympathy of the audience can be crystallised.

"Broadway Jones"

Mr. George M. Cohan's comedy entitled *Broadway Jones* brings us home from Scotland to that breezy and somewhat blatant aspect of America which this author is particularly fond of representing. The piece draws a contrast between life in New York and life in the little town of Jonesville, Connecticut, and supports the commonly accepted thesis that it is easier to lead a wholesome life in the country than it is in the metropolis. It might be maintained, upon the other hand, that the conduct of life depends more upon character than upon environment, and that the large city offers many more opportunities for the social virtue of being a serviceable citizen than are offered by the rural town. But Mr. Cohan has taken, as usual, the popular view, and has written a popular play.

The first act is laid in New York. The hero, who is nick-named Broadway Jones because of his love for the meretricious glitter of the Great White Way, has squandered a large fortune and is now so deep in debt that he is reduced to the desperate expedient of proposing marriage to a wealthy widow who is more than old enough to be his mother. At this juncture a telegram from Jonesville informs him that his uncle has died and has bequeathed to him the sole ownership of the chewing-gum factory from which the family fortune has been made. A representative of the chewing-gum trust offers him over a million dollars if he will sell out at once; but, before closing the deal, he decides to run down to Jonesville and look the property over.

The following three acts are passed in Jonesville, and constitute a *genre* study of contemporary American life in a rural town. The story is unnecessarily attenuated, and the movement of the plot would have been more rapid if the author had compressed this material into two acts instead of three. Broadway Jones discovers that his factory has been fighting the trust for several years, and that if he sells out at the present time the works will be shut down, seven hundred hands will be thrown out of employment, and the little city will be ruined. A young girl who serves as managing secretary of the concern persuades him that it is his duty to hold out against the trust; and, owing to her influence, he takes up the fight, settles down in Jonesville, and becomes a serviceable citizen. It is unnecessary to add that the hero marries the efficient secretary.

The dialogue of this comedy is written in that alert and bracing slang of which Mr. Cohan is easily a master; and a general atmosphere of American good-humour makes the piece a pleasant entertainment.

"The Attack"

A sharp contrast to these comedies of atmosphere is offered by M. Henry Bernstein's tensely plotted play entitled *The Attack*. This piece is built according to M. Bernstein's customary formula, and exhibits once again his mastery of suspense and of surprise; but the narrative material is unimportant, and the play is therefore less appealing than its predecessors. *The Attack* is an admirable example of the "well-made play"; but its subject-matter seems unworthy of the expenditure of so much technical dexterity.

A political leader who is running for reëlection and is about to be married for the second time is accused in the public press of having stolen a sum of money in his youth. He is driven to undertake a suit for libel; and, while the case is pending, the attack upon him grows so vehement that even his own children begin to wonder if he will be able to exonerate himself. His young fiancée, however, supports him with unfaltering fidelity. By vigorous measures he establishes his case and wins a recognition of his innocence that is public and complete.

The next moment he breaks down in the presence of the girl who loves him, and confesses that he really had been guilty of the youthful crime of which he had been accused.

Here we observe another instance of M. Bernstein's customary method of building up a second act. He carries the dramatic struggle to an apparent termination; and then, just as the cur-

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tain seems about to fall, he turns about and suddenly brings the act to a contrary and unexpected close.

In the third act of *The Attack* the hero narrates to the heroine the attendant circumstances that led up to his early error; and these circumstances are sufficiently extenuating to exonerate him not only in her eyes but also in the eyes of the audience, immediately before the final curtain falls.

"Within the Law"

Mr. Bayard Veiller's melodrama entitled *Within the Law* is a more appealing play than M. Bernstein's, despite the fact that it is not so neatly made. The reason is that its subject-matter possesses an immediate and timely interest.

A shop-girl is accused unjustly of stealing goods from the department-store in which she is employed. Desiring to make an example to terrorise his other employees, the head of the firm employs a clever lawyer to convict her of larceny, and has her sentenced to prison for three years. She denounces her employer for paying his shop-girls wages that are so small that the girls are continually tempted to steal, and assures him that she will be revenged for her unjust conviction after she has served her term. This first act is the most pathetic in the play; but the subsequent three acts furnish an interesting succession of thrills.

During her three years in prison the heroine meditates upon the fact that the rich, by cleverly keeping within the law, may commit with impunity crimes for which the poor are sent to jail; and she resolves to be revenged against that travesty of justice by which she herself and countless others have been victimised. After her release, she organises a gang of more or less reformed crooks; and, by cleverly teaching them never to violate the letter of the law, she engineers with their assistance many predatory attacks upon her former persecutors.

The only scheme by which the police may hope to thwart her is to lure one of her assistants into an injudicious overt violation of the law. They employ a "stool-pigeon" to "plant" a robbery in the house of the dry-goods merchant, and succeed in persuading one of the heroine's lieutenants to join in the projected crime. This man, when he discovers that he has been tricked, shoots the "stool-pigeon" dead; but the heroine, who meanwhile has secretly married the son of the dry-goods merchant, asserts that her husband did the shooting, and that, since the intruder was a burglar, the killing had been done "within the law."

There is a final act at police headquarters, in which the treacherous methods of the "third degree" are exhibited in operation, and a happy ending is deftly brought about for the heroine and her husband.

This play is deficient in the element of character; but the plot is very skilful and provides a continuous sequence of unexpected thrills. It is a very interesting melodrama, and deserves the emphatic success that it immediately attained.

"The Governor's Lady"

Both the merits and the defects of Mr. David Belasco's artistry in stage-direction are exhibited in his two productions of the autumn season. His main merit is an ability, by sedulous attention to details, to reproduce the very look of life; and his main defect is a tendency to employ this power to lend an air of actuality to situations that inherently are false.

The Governor's Lady, by Miss Alice Bradley, is admirably acted and very carefully produced; but it is a weak and straggling play. A self-made man, who is ambitious for political preferment, decides to set aside the simple, plodding wife who has toiled for him throughout his struggling years, in order that he may marry a younger and more attractive woman who may help him in his belated task of social climbing. The wife opposes his effort to divorce her, until she meets her younger rival; but a moving scene between the two women results in each of them resolving to renounce him. The young girl marries a man she really loves; and the wife, upon her own initiative, secures a divorce from her husband.

An epilogue is added in which the parted partners meet by accident two

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years later and experience a reconciliation that leads to a remarriage. In order to exploit his talent for photographic exactitude in the handling of a stage-picture, Mr. Belasco has set this epilogue at midnight in a Childs restaurant in New York. The reproduction of this familiar type of restaurant is precise in all details; but the truth remains that the heroine, who has been exhibited as a timid, shrinking woman whose life-long habit is to go to bed at 9 P. M., would never have gone alone to such a restaurant at midnight. The scene is inherently untrue, and therefore valueless as art; and, in this case, Mr. Belasco's elaborate realism has been expended on a lie.

"The Case of Becky"

The Case of Becky, by Mr. Edward Locke, is a more workmanlike and interesting play. In his production of this piece, as in *The Return of Peter Grimm,* Mr. Belasco ministers to that modern phase of the perennial mood of wonder which has been stimulated by recent scientific investigations of phenomena that in earlier periods were deemed occult.

The story deals with an instance of dual personality. The heroine, Dorothy Stone, is normally a sweet and winsome girl; but every now and then she lapses into a sinister personality,—that of an impish hoyden known as "Becky." Becky has a complete memory of Dorothy's experience; but Dorothy knows only by hearsay of her secondary self. Becky hates Dorothy, and is forever playing pranks upon her; and Dorothy is powerless to control the impulses of Becky.

The heroine is placed under the care of a famous specialist, who ultimately succeeds in hypnotising Becky and doing away with her forever by the power of suggestion. Meanwhile the specialist has been investigating the cause of the dis-association of the heroine's personality, and he discovers that the phenomenon has resulted from the fact that in her early childhood she had been employed continually as a subject for the theatrical exhibitions of a professional hypnotist. This dangerous charlatan is a very wicked man; but the kindly specialist succeeds in catching him off his guard and casting him into an hypnotic trance. The power of suggestion is then employed by the specialist to break the villain's hold over the heroine; and, completely cured of her obsession, she is handed over to a young man who long has loved her faithfully.

This somewhat artificial melodrama is performed with an astonishing air of verisimilitude and holds the interest of even a sceptical spectator from the outset to the end. Whatever doubt may be maintained of its pretension to be regarded as a scientific document, it would be futile to deny that *The Case of Becky* is a very interesting entertainment.

EARTH IMAGES

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

I walked within a city strange and far,
And saw a shadow through an alley fleeing;
I walked unseen amidst the never-seeing,
And there were many shadows that were calling
From lighted windows. O'er the roofs were falling
The reddened ashes of a perished star
And leaves from trees. And then I knew that all
That lives or sings or weeps aloud or stammers,—
The town that moans, the beggar-child that clamours,—
Is but as sculpture broken by the hammers
The years upon the hollow world let fall.

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"FANNY'S SECOND PLAY"

BY * * * * * * ?

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—*In Mr. George Bernard Shaw's latest and most talked-of theatrical dish, "Fanny's First Play," there are introduced in an epilogue four characters representing as many leading dramatic critics of London—A. B. Walkley, William Archer, etc. These four critics are made by Shaw's pen of delicious satire to discuss the play in their four typical and familiar critical ways. When the play was produced in America it was suggested to Shaw that he come to the United States, study the peculiarities of the local critics, and alter his epilogue so that the indelible attitudes toward everything dramatic of the general native criticerei might be lampooned for American audiences. Shaw was too busy. Being possessed of an hour's spare time and considerable presumption, the present writer essays the task in the Shavian behalf. "Fanny's Second Play" may be any anonymously written play, and the four American critics may hail from New York, or Portland, Oregon. It matters not.*

THE CRITICS

WILLIAM NOVEMDECEMBER
ALSTON HILL
ALVA DIXON
LAWRENCE FENEMY

THE EPILOGUE

FENEMY: You ask me if I like the play. How do I know! If it's by a foreigner, sure I like it; but if it's by an American (particularly a *young* American) you can bet I'll roast it. Why, it's got to the point where some of these young American playwrights are getting to be better known than *we* are, and I'll be darned if I'm going to do anything to help the thing along.

HILL: You're right, Fenemy. Besides, they know how to do these things so much better abroad than our writers do. Take this play. Pretty good, to be sure. But I'll wager it was written by some fellow who used to be a reporter—probably on my very paper. And *I'm* not going to be the one to give him the swelled head. No, sir!

DIXON: If Belasco had only produced this play it would have been a wonder. Belasco's a wizard. I know it, because he has repeatedly told me so himself.

NOVEMDECEMBER: Ah, gentlemen—gentlemen. Why indulge in this endless colloquy over this insignificant proscenium tidbit. Let us remember that howsoever good it may be it was still not written by Shakespeare and that however ably it may have been interpreted, Booth and Barrett and Charlotte Cushman, alas, are no longer with us.

HILL: Oh, you're a back-number, Novemdecember. You're no critic—you're a scholar! Why don't you put a punch in your stuff and get a good job?

FENEMY: I wonder if it's possible this play's meant to be satirical. I'll read what you say about it in the morning, Hill, and if you think it's a satire, I'll see it again and sort o' edit my opinion of it in the Sunday edition.

DIXON: I must say again that I'm so sorry Belasco didn't produce the play. He's a genius. Look what he did for *The Easiest Way*. If it hadn't been for his lighting effects the show wouldn't have stood a chance!

FENEMY: You're right, Dixon. Anyway, *The Easiest Way* was just like *Iris*. Our writers can't touch the English. Besides, Pinero's got a title and Eugene Walter, we must remember, once slept on a bench in Bryant Park.

HILL: I like the title of this piece though, fellows. *Fanny's Second Play*. It'll give me the chance to say in my review of it: *"Fanny's Second Play* won't go for a minute." Catch it? Second—minute. Great, isn't it? I like plays with titles you can crack jokes about.

NOVEMDECEMBER: Alack-a-day, things are not in criticism as they used to be. Dignity, my friends, is what I always

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aimed for—dignity and dulness. Poor Daly is dead and poor Wallack sleeps in his grave. Schoolboys, mere schoolboys and shopkeepers run the drama of to-day.

HILL: Oh, cut it out. Daly wasn't half as good a comedian as Eddie Foy! And Shakespeare—why the only time that any interest in Shakespeare has been aroused in the last ten years was when Julia Marlowe and Sothern got married. Give *me* Sutro.

DIXON: But as I was saying, Belasco's the man! Shakespeare in his palmiest moments never imagined a greater effect than that soft lamp-light that Belasco put over the chess table in the last act of *The Concert.*

FENEMY: Correct again, Dixon! Do you think Belasco would use German silver knives and forks on a dinner table in a play of his? Nix! The real stuff for him! *Sterling!* And you can say what you want, it's attention to details like that that makes a play. I suppose *Fanny's Second Play* may be pretty good drama, but *I* never had any experience like the hero in the show and by George, I don't believe it could have happened! Besides, *my* sister never acted that way and consequently I must put the whole thing down as rubbish. The author doesn't understand human nature. No, sir, he doesn't understand human nature!

HILL: The society atmosphere, too, is perfectly ridiculous. Why, I've been in the Knickerbocker Grill Room as many as five times and I never saw any society people act that way. Our American playwrights are not gentlemen, that's the rub.

NOVEMDECEMBER: Ah me, when Sarah Siddons and Clara Morris and Ada Rehan were in their prime—those were the days! What use longer, I ask you, gentlemen, to inscribe praise to actresses if one is no more invited to meals by them? Times have changed. This Mr. Cohan, paugh! This Miss Barrymore, fie!!

DIXON: Sure thing! Warfield's the only one left who can act and *Belasco* taught *him* all *he* knows. Belasco—there's the wizard! Did you notice the way he got that amber light effect in *The Woman?* Wonderful, I say, wonderful——

FENEMY (*interrupting*): But did you ever smoke one of *George Tyler's* cigars?

HILL: About this play we saw to-night. I kind of think I'll have to let it down a bit easy because the management's taken out a double-sized ad. in the Sunday edition. And besides, say it should turn out next week to be by an English dramatist instead of an American! Then wouldn't we feel foolish!

DIXON (*vehemently*): Well, we know who the producer is! Isn't that enough? If it's put on by Belasco, it's great; if it's put on by anybody else, it's a frost—and there you are. That is, anybody but Klaw and Erlanger. No use throwing the hooks into them too hard. They pull too much influence with our bosses.

HILL (*with a self-amused grin*): I wonder what the magazine er-um-um critics, as they choose to call themselves, will think of this play?

DIXON: Humph! Magazine critics? Why they're all *young* fellows. Impudent, too! They think that just because they're educated they know more about the game than we do—than *I* do—and I've had my opinions quoted on as many as two hundred garbage cans in *one* week!

NOVEMDECEMBER: Ah, dear me, gentlemen. In *my* time, a critic was a person with a taste for drama; to-day a critic is largely a person with a taste for quotation in the Hippodrome ads.

FENEMY (*to the others, tapping his temple significantly with his forefinger*): The poor chap actually thinks Molière knew more about playwrighting than Jules Eckert Goodman!

HILL and DIXON (*laughing uproariously*): Fine! Fine!! Better use that line in your review to-morrow. Of course it hasn't got anything to do with *Fanny's Second Play,* but that doesn't matter. It's too good to lose.

HILL: By the way, the *Theatrical Gazette* wrote me for my picture to-day. They're going to print it in the next number. Pretty good, eh?

FENEMY: I should say so! I wish I could get as much advertising as you get, Hill.

HILL (*suddenly*): By Jove! An idea! What if this play we saw to-night was written by Belasco, after all?

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NOVEMDECEMBER: Impossible, gentlemen. Had Mr. Belasco written it, we should have had an inkling of the fact through the recent lawsuit calendars.

FENEMY: Maybe it's by Augustus Thomas. It's got a lot of thought in it!

HILL: Yes, it certainly is full of thought!

DIXON: Sure, it's got a pile of thought in it all right enough!

NOVEMDECEMBER (*lifting his eyebrows*): What thought, gentlemen?

FENEMY: Didn't you catch that curious new word in the second act? What was it, Dixon?

DIXON: Psychothrapy.

HILL: No, you mean psychothrupy.

FENEMY: No, no, it was psychothripy.

NOVEMDECEMBER: Gentlemen, you mean psychotherapy.

ALL: Well, it doesn't matter. It's *thought,* anyway—something snappy and new. And Augustus Thomas is the only American playwright who thinks.

DIXON: Did you notice that reference to the "decadent millionaire"? *I* think Charlie Klein wrote it—and I don't like Klein. We've had a personal falling out. I think the play is punk.

HILL: But that third act assault climax sounds to me like Sheldon.

DIXON (*quickly*): Oh, *then* the play's all right!

HILL: But we must remember that Sheldon is a *young* man and that he is a college graduate. He needs taking down a little.

DIXON: But he's a good friend of my dear friend Mrs. Happydew. Anyway, if only Belasco——

FENEMY (*interrupting*): Well, I've got to get down to the office and write my review. (*Looking at watch.*) It's got to be in at twelve o'clock and it's ten minutes of twelve now, and I've got to fill a column. (*Exits.*)

HILL: Between us, Dixon, I personally enjoyed this play immensely; but professionally I think it's very bad.

DIXON: My idea exactly. Of course, if Belasco—— (*Exeunt.*)

NOVEMDECEMBER (*alone, in a tone of deep regret*): Ah me! If *Shaw* could only have been persuaded to write this epilogue!

MEREDITH'S LITERARY OPINIONS*

BY GEORGE MIDDLETON

AS George Meredith wrote so he lived: for, unlike many other posthumously published letters, these square the man's life with his own literary pretension. We have here revealed the same largeness and surety of spirit which hovers over all his writing. These are always literature, based as they fundamentally are, in even the most casual notes, upon a criticism of life; for the same philosophy which analyses the aims and struggles of his pen creatures is here flooded interpretatively on the experiences of his own life and his friends: it merely deepened with whitening hair, it scarcely changed. Though the collection is made by his son, William, the number of letters is too large to have concealed any occasional smallness of vision or pettiness of character. They speak of a great soul. To any lover of the man it would be tempting, indeed, to trace in detail the beautiful intimate picture these letters slowly build up: his early struggles and the calm spirit with which he faced his long lack of recognition; the wan, gentle acceptance of his fame in the twilight of his life; the fortitude with which he bore the slow stripping of his friends as the years passed, and the tender understanding he gave to those who were left behind as he was when wife and son were taken from him. And the

*The Letters of George Meredith. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1912.

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humour and lyric quality of his joy, the deep chord which friendship struck throughout, the excessive exuberance of feeling, amounting almost to buoyant boyishness, his charity, his love of children and dogs, his passion for the Alps, and his ardour for Nature in all forms would tempt one to like extravagances.

He had all the gifts of a superior letter writer: grace, variety and vision: devoid of self-consciousness and with no weather-eye cocked on posterity and the reviewer's table. Here are no obscurities; but clear flashing phrases which fill the depths with meaning. These letters reveal more than any commentary on his work; they disclose, too, the man of wide restless interests whose mind searched endlessly during his long life for the roots of art, literature, science and government.

These opinions—especially his literary opinions—show that Meredith had broad horizons: he liked what was beautiful where he found it. Though a lover of England he was a severe critic of many of its prevailing ideals; for in politics, as in art, he was a cosmopolite. This cosmopolitanism sprang partly from his early education and travels on the Continent, and was accentuated, without doubt, by his wide reading. His pen knew many brothers. Master of languages, these letters reveal a sustained interest in all foreign literature. The catholicity of his taste is remarkable, and hundreds of writers—famous or otherwise—are commented upon in passing. Readers of *Sandra Belloni* will recall in the character of Tracy Runningbrook the author's comment on literature, and here, too, we find more clearly stated his attitude toward style, which to him is "a noble manner in an easy manner." Toward the two schools of fiction, an early letter forecasts the famous opening chapter of *Diana of the Crossways:*

> Between realism and idealism there is no natural conflict. This completes that. Realism is the basis of good composition: it implies study, observation, artistic power, and (in those who can do more) humility. Little writers should be realistic. They would then at least do solid work. They afflict the world because they will attempt that it is given to none but noble workmen to achieve. A great genius must necessarily employ ideal means, for a vast conception cannot be placed bodily before the eye, and remains to be suggested. Idealism is as an atmosphere whose effects of grandeur are wrought out through a series of illusions, that are illusions to the sense within us only when divorced from the groundwork of the real. Need there be exclusion, the one of the other? The artist is incomplete who does this. Men to whom I bow my head (Shakespeare, Goethe; and in their way, Molière, Cervantes) are Realists *au fond.* But they have the broad arms of Idealism at command. They give us Earth; but it is earth with an atmosphere. One may find as much amusement in a Kaleidoscope as in a merely idealistic writer; and, just as sound prose is of more worth than pretentious poetry, I hold the man who gives a plain wall of fact higher in esteem than one who is constantly shuffling the clouds and dealing with airy, delicate sentimentalities, headless and tailless imaginings, despising our good, plain strength.
>
> Does not all science (the mammoth balloon, to wit) tell us that when we forsake earth, we reach up to a frosty, inimical Inane? For my part I love and cling to earth, as the one piece of God's handiwork which we possess. I admit that we can refashion; but of earth must be the material.

It is not surprising then to find no allegiance to any particular school or group, and his own productions are this variable blend of the two methods. His love for the ancient classics is very profound, and in one place, as an example of his acuteness, we find him blaming Tacitus for falsifying the character of Tiberius. He advises his son, Arthur, to study Cicero carefully: "He is a fine moralist, a friend of scholars, a splendid trainer for a public life of any serious and exalted ambition." In a later letter to his son, who throughout his life received the most encouraging and helpful advice, contains a keen analysis of the ancient spirit as contrasted with that of the early nineteenth century:

> As to Ossian and Homer, your choice represents a phase of thoughtful youth. Ossian's imagery is intangible. Homer's is all concrete. Homer's comes up from the heart of Nature. Ossian's is somewhat forced, and seems due to a sentimental habit and the imperiousness of

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sentiment in colouring all of its own hue. The Homeric battles, Councils and speeches are still as fresh as ever, owing to the naturalness of the imagery, the vigour of the flow, the manly music of the lines. . . . Of course you must make allowance for the ancient spirit; and the truth is, the modern tone [under the guise of a weird, primeval, mystical melody and system of verse] is what catches you. I am not at all sorry, and you have good examples—Napoleon was once in love with Ossian. It has the same effect on the young as ruins of castles and abbeys seen by moonlight. In fact, you are of an age to like the minor song, and not quite to appreciate the great organ notes.

Boccaccio is "always manly, always fresh," and he turns to Rabelais and Montaigne with relief "after reading the English notions of passion, virtue, and valour." These letters further accentuate Meredith's love of all things French; his intimate knowledge of French literature was both the cause and the effect of this, though, perhaps, one might not disloyally suggest that his second marriage to a lady of French extraction may have contributed to this excessive "passion for France." It was natural then that it should be he who, immediately after the Franco-Prussian war, in his *Ode*, first predicted that France would soon rise from her ruins. Tribute is paid in this poem to her literary greatness, and one anticipates in the volumes before us many comments on her writers. In response to an inquiry, for example, as to which ones he felt best expressed her genius, he gives this terse answer:

For human philosophy, Montaigne; for the comic appreciation of society, Molière; for the observation of life and condensed expression, La Bruyère; for a most delicate irony scarcely distinguishable from tenderness, Renan; for high pitch of impassioned sentiment, Racine. Add to these your innumerable writers of *Memoires* and *Pensées*, in which France has never had a rival.

To this may, not inappropriately, be supplemented his opinion of French criticism, which

is done (by the masters in the art) with so fine an irony that it instructs without wounding any but the vanitous person; and the eulogy confers green laurels instead of gilt. England has little criticism beyond the expression of likes or dislikes, the stout vindication of an old conservatism of taste. I have seen many reviews, not one criticism of my books in prose or verse.

He considers Renan's *Vie de Jesus* "one of the finest works of the generation," and adds with equal enthusiasm that *Les Misérables* "is conceived in pure black and white. It is nevertheless the master work of fiction of this century —as yet (1862). There are in it things quite wonderful." His comment on John Morley's article on *Travailleurs de la Mer* is a good example of Meredith's capacity for enthusiasm:

I scarcely think it does justice to the miraculous descriptive power. The Storm is amazing: I have never read anything like it. It is next to Nature in force and vividness. Hugo rolls the sea and sweeps the heavens; the elements are in his hands. He is the largest son of his mother earth in this time present. Magnificent in conception, unsurpassed—leagues beyond us all—in execution. Not (*nur Schade!*) a philosopher. There's the pity. With a philosophic brain, as well as his marvellous poetic energy, he would stand in the front rank of glorious men forever.

His occasional dirty speech is just a part of his grotesque greatness. It costs me nothing to overlook it—especially in this age of satin.

Contrast this with his excoriating criticism of Mendès:

I have gone through the horrible book of Mendès with the sensation of passing down the *ventre de Paris* and out—into the rat-rioting sewers, twisted, whirled, tumbled, amid the frothing filth, the deadly stench, the reek and roar of the damned. Nigh the end of it, Zola seemed to me a very haven, Maupassant a garden. Who reads must smell putrid for a month. It is the monsterisation of Zolaism. Oh, what a nocturient, cacaturient crew has issued of the lens of the Sun of the mind on the lower facts of life!—on sheer Realism, breeder at best of the dung-fly! Yet has that Realism been a corrective of the more corruptingly vaporous with its tickling hints at sensuality. It may serve ultimately in form of coprolite to fatten poor soil for better produce.

How close in thought is this to Ed-

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ward Carpenter's similar passage in *Angels' Wings.*

Meredith was on terms of friendship with Alphonse Daudet, to whom several letters are written. He likes *Numa Roumestan,* and adds (1882): "I do not care for the other novels of Daudet, but this is a consummate piece of work." This is supplemented by a later comment: "the picture of Provence, and the men and women of Southern blood, are astonishingly vivid. His *Contes Choisis* are exquisite. He has real poetic quality." The Provence and its group of rebel poets had long attracted the author of *The Reading of Earth,* and it was characteristic that in the *Mares of Camargue* he should have translated part of the *Mirèio* of Mistral, whom he thought a "really fine poet."

II

Meredith had no regrets at the greater success of his own English contemporaries. At times he was puzzled by the neglect the British public bestowed upon him, but after a few early attempts to woo it, he gave up, followed his star and found contentment in the slow recognition of his genius which came mainly, at first, from America. Even as late as 1887 we find him writing in a much quoted letter to Professor Baker, of Harvard: "In England I am encouraged but by a few enthusiasts." Yet his spirit is always generous to the authors who were plucking success about him, and his interest in their work was unflagging. Among the poets he speaks of in particular were Swinburne, Henley and Tennyson. The last continued throughout his life to be a source of mingled admiration and bewilderment, to one who, in his own phrase, was "inveterate of brain."

The *Holy Grail* is wonderful, isn't it? The lines are satin length, the figures Sèvres china. I have not the courage to offer to review it, I should say such things. To think!—it's in these days that the foremost poet of the country goes on fluting of creatures that have not a breath of vital humanity in them, and doles us out his regular five feet with the old trick of the vowel endings! The Euphuist's tongue, the Exquisite's leg, the Curate's moral sentiments, the British matron and her daughter's purity of tone—so he talks, so he walks, so he snuffles, so he appears divine. . . . Why, this stuff is not the Muse, it's Musery. The man has got hold of the Muses' clothes-line and hung it with jewelry. But the *Lucretius* is grand. I can't say how much I admire it and hate the Sir Pandarus public which has corrupted this fine (natural) singer. . . . Isn't there a scent of damned hypocrisy in all this lisping and vowelled purity of the Idylls? . . . It's fashionable; it pleases the rose-pink ladies, it sells.

And there is this later letter to Morley:

. . . I have looked I forgot to tell you, at Tennyson's *Queen Mary,* and I had great pleasure of my reading. I saw no trace of power, but the stateliness, the fine tone, the high tone, of some passages, hit me hard. Curiously, too, in him, the prose is crisp, salient, excellent. The Songs, if we had not Shakespeare's to show what are not literary forcings to catch a theme to point a comparison, would do. As it is, "Milking the cow" smells of milking the brain. Mary's "Low-low" is an instance of public consciousness—before Victoria's people. But the work seems to me to be good, and how glad I am to have it of him!

Meredith's relations with Swinburne were more personal and extended over a period of nearly fifty years; in fact, once a week, in the early times, he had a room in Sir Thomas More's house in Chelsea with Swinburne and Gabriel Rossetti, whose verse he felt "rich, refined and royal-robed." Very soon he, also, discerned Swinburne's powers, and we find him, in 1861, pointing out what many feel is that poet's fundamental weakness: "I don't see any internal centre from which springs anything he does." Some years later he writes to Frederick Greenwood, originator and publisher of the *Pall Mall Gazette,* "I hope when Swinburne publishes his *Tristam* you will review him. Take him at his best he is by far the best—finest poet; truest artist—of the young lot—when he refrains from pointing a hand at the—" Swinburne and his intimate friend, Theodore Watts-Dunton, on whose poem, *The Coming of Love,* there is a striking comment, exchanged visits with Meredith, though we find mutual regrets that they could not see one another more often. It was a

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strange chance that the last letter Meredith wrote should have been sent to Swinburne's friend on hearing of the poet's death:

The end has come! That brain of the vivid illumination is extinct. I can hardly realise it when I revolve the many times when at the starting of an idea the whole town was instantly ablaze with electric light. Song was his natural voice. He was the greatest of our lyrical poets—of the world, I could say, considering what a language he had to wield.

Throughout life Meredith considered himself first of all a poet: he began with verse, and in the last years found consolation in its expression. He was watchful for all true singers, and was ever full of joy when a new voice was lifted above the materialism of the day. We see him frequently warning poets against the danger of public approval, as, for example, his fear that Watson may not survive the "trumpting" of public praise. There are words of regret for the tragic unfulfillment of the author of *The City of Dreadful Night,* a like comment on John Davidson, and a very unusual tribute to Henley, equally revelatory of Meredith's own spirit:

He had the poet's passion for nature, and by reason of it the poet's fervent devotion to humanity. Light of the skies playing upon smoky vapour, city scenery, city crowds, stirred in him these raptures which are the founts of spirited verse. He rejoiced in the smell of the streets. There we have the lover of life rising from the depths. As critic he had the rare combination of enthusiasm and wakeful judgment. Pretentiousness felt his whip smartly. The accepted imbecile had to bear the weight of his epigram. But merit under the cloud or just emerging he sparkled on or lifted to public view.

III

As reader for Chapman, the publisher, as frequent contributor of reviews to *The Fortnightly, Pall Mall Gazette,* and other periodicals, intimate friend of Leslie Stephen, Sidney Colvin, John Morley and such literary figures of the day, it was normal, too, that he should have an intimate interest in the passing and permanent prose writers of his time. One is apt to forget that George Eliot, whom he considered "the greatest of female writers," reviewed his own *Shaving of Shagpat,* and that *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* was written at about the some time as *Adam Bede.* Some sense of his background may be suggested in this little cameo summary of the examples of style in English literature:

Few Englishmen can write a resonant prose dialogue that is not blatant; and when avoiding those alarms, they drop to flabbiness. It is merely to say that Style is rarely achieved here. Your literary hero, lecturing on Style, may have a different opinion. The prose in Shakespeare and in Congreve is perfect. They have always the right accent on their terminations. Apart from Drama, Swift is a great exemplar; Bolingbroke, and in his mild tea-table way, Addison, follow. Johnson and Macaulay wielded bludgeons; they had not the strength that can be supple. Gibbon could take a long stride with the leg of a dancing-master; he could not take a short one. Matthew Arnold was born from the pulpit and occupied it, and might have sermonised for all time, but that he conceived the head of the clerk below to be the sconce of the British public, and that he must drum on it with an iterated phrase perpetually to awaken understanding.

The author of *Diana of the Crossways* was not an admirer of his great contemporary, Dickens, nor do we find any criticism of Thackeray in these letters. Ruskin he felt good stimulus, but slyly comments on "his monstrous assumption of wisdom." John Stuart Mill's *Liberty* is "very noble and brave," and Meredith makes this contrast with Carlyle:

Tennyson has many spiritual indications, but no philosophy, and philosophy is the palace of thought. Mill is essentially a critic: it is his heart, not his mind, which sends him feeling ahead. But he really does not touch the soul and springs of the Universe as Carlyle does. Only, when the latter attempts practical dealings he is irritable as a woman, impetuous as a tyrant. He seeks the short road to his ends; and the short road is, we know, a bloody one. He is not wise; Mill is; but Carlyle has most light when he burns calmly. Much of Ruskin's Political Economy will, I suspect, be stamped as good by posterity. He brings humanity into it. . . . I hold that he [Carlyle]

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is the nearest to being an inspired writer of any man in our times; he does proclaim inviolable law: he speaks from the deep springs of life. All this. But when he descends to our common pavement, when he would apply his eminent spiritual wisdom to the course of legislation, he is no more sagacious nor useful nor temperate than a flash of lightning in a grocer's shop. . . . Philosophy, while rendering his dues to a man like Carlyle and acknowledging itself inferior in activity, despises his hideous blustering impatience in the presence of progressive facts.

Meredith was brought to Goethe—whom he always revered—by Carlyle who, no doubt, also somewhat affected his style. The best criticism of the great Scotchman's manner of writing is that to be found in *Beauchamp's Career*, and Meredith makes a real contribution, too, in a letter which will, no doubt, be most widely quoted, because of the intimate picture it gives of the two Carlyles:

Your article on Th. Carlyle's "Reminiscences" was prompted, I think, rather by enthusiasm for the lady who stands close and in contrast with him than by an accurate knowledge of his works, nature and teaching. Our people over here have been equally unjust, with less excuse. You speak of vanity, as a charge against him. He has little, though he certainly does not err on the side of modesty—he knew his powers. The harsh judgment he passed on the greater number of his contemporaries came from a very accurate perception of them, as they were perused by the intense light of the man's personal sincereness. He was one who stood constantly in the presence of those "Eternal verities" of which he speaks. For the shallow men of mere literary aptitude he had perforce contempt. The spirit of the prophet was in him. Between him and his wife the case is quite simple. She was a woman of peculiar conversational sprightliness, and such a woman longs for society. To him, bearing that fire of sincereness, as I have said, society was unendurable. All coming near him, except those who could bear the trial, were scorched, and he was as much hurt as they by the action rousing the flames in him. Moreover, like all truthful souls, he was an artist in his work. The efforts after verification of matters of fact, and to present things distinctly in language, were incessant; they cost him his health, swallowed up his leisure. Such a man could hardly be an agreeable husband for a woman of the liveliest vivacity. But that is not a reason for your passing condemnation on him. Study well his writings. I knew them both. She did me the honour to read my books, and make him listen to extracts, and he was good enough to repeat that "the writer thereof was no fool"—high praise from him. They snapped at one another, and yet the basis of affection was mutually firm. She admired, he respected, and each knew the other to be honest. Only she needed for her mate one who was more a citizen of the world, and a woman of the placid disposition of Milton's Eve, trained by her master to be an honest labourer's cook and housekeeper, with a nervous system resembling a dumpling, would have been enough for him. He was the greatest of the Britons of his time—and after the British fashion of not coming near perfection; Titanic, not Olympian; a heaver of rocks, not a shaper. But if he did no perfect work, he had lightning's power to strike out marvellous pictures and reach to the inmost of men with a phrase.

Even at the risk of repeating Homer's Catalogue of Ships—which we understand is never read—we must not, in conclusion, overlook a few of Meredith's other darting criticisms of more recent or still surviving contemporaries. The promised letters from Stevenson to Meredith will no doubt supplement those to the author of *Treasure Island* in these volumes. Meredith had the greatest affection for the gifted author of "the best of boy's books and a book to make one a boy again, without critical reserve as to the quality of the composition. The Buccanneers are real bloody rascals, no sham in it." The creator of the charming Princess Ottilia was among the first to detect Barrie's gift, and he sighs regretfully over *The Little Minister*.

And how I envy you!—not the deserved success of the book, but your pleasure in writing it. The conjuration of Babbie must have been an hour of enchantment. She carries us—criticism can't grow at her heels. Thrums, too, is as hot alive as ever.

It is no surprise to discover him praising and admiring the courage contained in Edward Carpenter's *Sex Love*. *The Shropshire Lad* is a "revelry of

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naturalness," and there are, in addition, kindly comments on the poetry of Robert Bridges, Alice Meynell and Francis Thompson. Thomas Hardy he read faithfully, but was oppressed by his philosophy of life, contrasting as it does with Meredith's faith and optimism soaring above the ironies he, too, saw so clearly. He felt *The Dynasts* would have been more effective in prose, "where he is more at home than in verse, though here and there he produces good stuff." His opinion of *Tess of the D'Urbevilles* is interesting:

The work is open to criticism, but excellent and very interesting. All of the Dairy Farm held me fast. But from the moment of the meeting again of Tess and Alec, I grew cold, and should say that there is a depression of power, up to the end, save for the short scene on the plain of Stonehenge. If the author's minute method had been sustained, we should have had a finer book. It is marred by the sudden hurry to round the story. And Tess, out of the arms of Alec, into (I suppose) those of the lily-necked Clare, and on to the Black Flag waving over her poor body, is a smudge in vapour—she at one time so real to me.

Whatever ultimate place George Meredith will hold in English literature, even his most carping critics will admit that much supreme literature came from his pen. Consequently, it would be within the scope of this paper to add his analyses and criticisms of his own work in which these volumes of letters abound. But space will permit of only one extract:

In origin I am what is here called a nobody, and my pretensions to that rank have always received due encouragement, by which, added to a turn of my mind, I am inclined to Democracy, even in Letters, and tend to think of the claims of others when I find myself exalted. This is the advantage I have gained from sharp schooling. Good work is the main object. Mine I know to be faulty. I can only say generally that I have done my best to make it worthy. Some one accuses me of cynicism. Against that I do protest. None of my writings can be said to show a want of faith in humanity, or of sympathy with the weaker, or that I do not read the right meaning of strength. And it is not only women of the flesh, but also women in the soul, whom I esteem, believe in, and would aid to development. There has been a confounding of the tone of irony (or satire in despair) with cynicism. I must have overcharged the dose, to have produced such an impression.

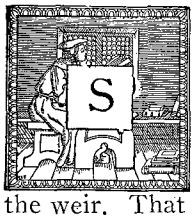
He says somewhere "our books contain the best of us." To those who have not been able to penetrate beyond them to the man, it will not be surprising if these letters, unusual as they are in their broad humanity, will incite attention to the novels and poems. It is good that such gateways have been opened to a personality so stimulating and inspiriting.

THE ANTAGONISTS

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON

Book II

Chapter XVI (*Continued*)



SLOWLY and incessantly the water trickled through the closed lock gates. The sound of it purred in his ears, a gentle accompaniment to the roaring of the water over the weir. That sense of the Sabbath was over everything. The mill wheel was still; the sparrows perched on its arms were pecking at the drying slime they had collected. The rich scent of almonds came from the may-trees. The creeping wall plants filling the niches of the empty lock were burst in bloom. It was still the day of summer dropped in the lap of spring.

But to Dicky, as he struggled between the needs of soul and body, these things were meaningless and had no voice to tempt him from his thoughts. When Mr.

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Hollom and Anne returned, they found him still seated on the arm of the lock gates, his legs curled up on the great black beam, his head in his hands staring down into the water.

They had looked for him first in the house; then saw him across the other side of the weir as they came out again into the garden.

"They haven't made it up," Mr. Hollom declared on the first moment as he saw him. Anne felt a twinge of pain in her heart as she heard the note of relief in his voice. She knew then that she wanted them to make it up; that she did not want Dicky to go away at all.

"Where's the pater?" was Dicky's first question.

"He stayed behind," said Mr. Hollom, "to speak to a farmer—Mr. Lipscombe —why?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Dicky; "I only wondered where he was."

At the mid-day meal his attention to his father was conspicuous, but conspicuous only to Anne. Mr. Hollom was a stranger; he would not have noticed it. Mr. Furlong always, and quite rightly, expected attention from his children. He had often said that it was due from youth to age. When, therefore, he received it, it did not particularly arrest his attention. He said "thank you," and smiled at him when Dicky went out of his way to pass him the salt and pepper. He made a jest about the thickness of the bread which Dicky had cut for him; but beyond this and the slight rising of his spirits, he did not show that he was aware of any difference in Dicky's manner. Mr. Furlong's spirits were high, in any case. Lipscombe, the farmer, had chatted to him in a most affable frame of mind. He had even mentioned business, but Mr. Furlong had held up his hand.

"Let's leave it till to-morrow," he had said. "I put business as far from me as possible on Sundays. It won't hurt waiting."

As this had somewhat conveyed to Mr. Lipscombe that he was not so terribly anxious to do business, it had served a double purpose. In his own mind Mr. Furlong felt it had been a just reward for the observance of his principles. When, therefore, after dinner Dicky asked him if they could have a talk together, he looked his surprise, no doubt, but turning it to a smile, he took Dicky's arm and led him out into the garden.

It was with no little curiosity that he waited to hear what Dicky had to say, for this was the first time in all his experience of his son that he had ever taken him into his confidence. Despite all his maintaining that there should be mutual confidence between children and parents, he felt an unexpected thrill of pride at the thought that he was about to hear his secret thoughts from Dicky's own lips. He tightened his hand on Dicky's arm; he looked back over his shoulder to see if Anne had noticed.

But Dicky did not find it so easy as he had supposed. They passed through the open wicket gate; they walked down the hill beneath the flowering apple trees, across the weir to the towing path on the other side of the river, and still he said nothing.

"Well, old chap," said his father at last, "what is it you've got to say?"

With increasing nervousness, Dicky drew his arm away. The certainty of justice in the request he was going to make had grievously diminished in his mind. While still in the heat of his passion that morning, he had known it to be the only true solution to the almost insurmountable difficulty which Nature had thrown so suddenly in his way. But now, in the cold and dispassionate presence of his father, it seemed to have lost the greater weight of its importance. Yet he knew that if it were to be said at all, if it were to be said, moreover, in complete justice to himself, it must be said at once, directly, firmly, with no beating about the bush. He drew a breath and fixed his eyes steadily before him.

"Would it be possible," he began uncertainly, "I mean, is there any reason why I shouldn't be married in a year or two?"

He had never intended to suggest that it should be so long as two years, but so cold was the blood running in him now, that it seemed a year would sound ridiculous to his father's ears. Anyhow, it was said, the words were irrevocably spoken. In the silence that followed them, Dicky heard the reverberating echoes as though

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a thousand voices were crying them back with ironical insistence. He dared not look at his father. Even with his eyes set directly in front of him, he could see nothing. The black line of the towing path, losing itself in the long grass at either side, the belt of trees upon the other bank hanging upon the river's edge, the far line of Bredon Hill rising and falling in the brilliant sky, all these things were confused in a shapeless mist before his eyes.

"Married?" said Mr. Furlong at last. He said it in all kindness, meaning most earnestly that now, when his son had come to him of his own accord, he would give every consideration, make every allowance for a nature which possibly he did not too thoroughly understand. The note, therefore, which Dicky had heard in his voice was not that of defiance; but it was the note of despondency, of disappointment. For at the outset Mr. Furlong knew that this was beyond his comprehension. He was not conscious of that knowledge. What came most prominently to his mind was the feeling that Dicky could not be serious, or if he were, then that he did not really know what he was talking about. Still, he held his judgment back until he had heard more. With a conscious effort, he forced the note of kindness on the word; yet to one as sensitive as Dicky, he had not struck it true.

"Married?" he repeated. "Well—tell me, old chap—what do you mean?"

Dicky faltered. He knew he had come to a door that would never open to all his knocking. It was impossible to explain what he had felt while he was in Dorothy's arms that morning. Indeed he scarcely knew the full meaning of it himself. All women were pure. He had said that over and over again. All women like Dorothy were pure. He had heard of others when he was at school. But all women like Dorothy were pure. Therefore, he did not know what he meant, or what he had felt, except that marriage would save him from some terrible catastrophe. Yet to make it clear to his father, this must be explained, and unless it were understood of him without the necessity of words, he knew that he could never explain it himself.

The modesty of a boy with such a training as Dicky is a frail and fragile thing, as brittle as the brittlest glass. Even to the gentle understanding of a woman, he is stilted and ill-at-ease. To one of his own sex he is dumb. When, therefore, Mr. Furlong asked him what he meant, he faltered with a word, only to resume his silence.

"Well, who is it?" his father inquired presently.

"Dorothy."

"Dorothy Leggatt?"

"Yes."

Mr. Furlong smiled beneath his moustache. Of course, it was a boy and girl love affair; not serious in any way, but very amusing, even interesting. He smiled, partly because it called back to his memory an incident in his life when he was younger even than Dicky. He recalled her name. It was Elsie. She had light hair and was two years older than he. He smiled because he thought of what she would be like now. The phrase, fair, fat, and forty crossed his mind. He remembered kissing her at a party; writing her letters from school. But he had never wished to marry her. The question of the possibility of marriage had never entered their heads. There came a time when all was over between them. He had shown the photograph she had given him to a companion. Her dignity was hurt to think that others should know how she had bestowed her affection upon a boy two years younger than herself. And all this was very amusing as it came back in snatches like a long-forgotten tune. Dicky's little love affair no doubt had the same amusing incidents, but he was taking it in all seriousness. Mr. Furlong knew that he must take it seriously, too. But marry within a year or two!

"Well, I'm sure she's a very nice girl," he said presently. "I'm very glad to hear that you're fond of her. I've no doubt it'll steady you a good deal, and I hope it'll last. How long have you known your own mind about it?"

"Since last autumn."

Dicky had not seen his father's smile, but he could read all that was in his mind from those first few opening sentences. Before ever judgment had been given, the spirit of combat had already begun to rise in him. His mind was preparing for

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the inevitable clash of their natures. He had a far clearer foresight than his father for the danger which lay ahead.

"That's quite a long time, isn't it?" said Mr. Furlong. He was indeed surprised himself, having imagined that he would hear it was but a few weeks.

Dicky drew a long breath. His cheeks felt hot, that had been as cold as ice.

"And what do you propose to marry on?" Mr. Furlong asked him then and, with the kindest expression in his eyes, he looked into the face of his son.

Dicky's cheeks grew hotter still. It was the gentleness of voice, the kindness of expression accompanying those particular words which rasped against his mind. His father knew that on this point he was disarmed. He had nothing to marry on, nothing but Mr. Furlong's bounty, rewarding him perhaps out of proportion for a time for his work in the mill.

"Well, you know I've nothing," said he at last. "Unless you pay me as you pay Will'um for his work in the mill. I work in the mill, too."

"And what do you think your work is worth?"

There was not the faintest thought of cruelty in his mind as he put these questions. In his own reckoning it would have been cruel to deny Dicky a hearing from the first moment he had spoken; but by these measures which he was adopting, he was showing gently to his son the simple folly of his request. Yet to Dicky, knowing the ultimate issue, assured already in his mind of what his father thought, this cross-examination was the refinement of torture. For some moments he could not trust himself to reply.

"What do you think it's worth?" repeated Mr. Furlong.

"I don't know," said Dicky slowly.

"Well, what do you think you'd require to live on if you were married?"

"We could live on a pound a week," said Dicky. "I don't mean that we could be married now—at once—but in about a year's time or so—I should be just twenty—we could live on a pound a week then."

"Where? Where could you live on a pound a week?"

"Well—if—if we had those two rooms you're not using upstairs in the house—we could pay you ten shillings or even more for our food, and—and if you gave me a small wedding present, I'm sure Mr. Leggatt would give Dorothy a present, too, then we could furnish the rooms—and—and—"

That was all. He had never thought how it could be done until that moment. In that moment invention had come swiftly to his aid. It was all very simple. What could possibly be said against it? Those two rooms were never used. With ten pounds—with less, they could be furnished. They would be transcendently happy in those two little rooms. In one of them, which could be their sitting-room, they would often entertain Anne. He would paint pictures, after all, to hang upon their walls. It was suddenly now becoming so real that he did not even feel the pang of regret at the thought that he would never do better with his painting than that. In the prospect that his invention had raised, hope lifted again in his heart. He really thought that on those lines the thing were feasible enough. Then he looked up into his father's face and all hope withered within him.

Neither of them saw the humour of it; the pathetic comedy of a son paying his father ten shillings a week for two attic rooms in that father's house, of taking there to his heart a girl bride and living with her there like two mice beneath the rafters.

Yet it was a scheme, a scheme to save him from the coarser measures and lessons of life, a scheme which many a father might adopt rather than that his son should seek the harsh teachings of the world in the learning of his manhood. But neither humorously nor seriously did the suggestion appeal to Mr. Furlong's mind. It had just enough of rationality in it to make him realise that his position of kindly disagreement was not so unassailable as he had imagined. It was this very discovery which had so often annoyed him in his discussions with Dicky before. He felt annoyance now.

"Do you realise," he said at length, "that you're only a boy—a boy of seventeen or eighteen—which is it?"

"Just eighteen," said Dicky.

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"Well, just eighteen. When I was that age I hadn't dreamed of marriage."

"No, you didn't perhaps, but I have."

"Yes, but, my dear boy, you're not old enough to know your own mind. When you go out into the world, it's quite possible that your mind'll change. You think Dorothy Leggatt lovely and all that sort of thing now, and I've no doubt she is a charming girl, and I'm very glad, as I said, that you're fond of her; but when you get out into the world, it's quite possible that all that may change."

"How can I get out into the world if I have to stay on here in the mill?" asked Dicky. "Supposing all that's true what you say—and that I should change—I've got to stay on here working at the mill. I never shall get out into the world; I never shall see anybody else to make me change my mind."

"Well, when I say out into the world, I'm speaking figuratively. I mean when you get experience."

"But I've said I don't ask that we should be married at once. We'll wait a year. If I care for her still by then, shan't I know my own mind?"

"My dear boy," Mr. Furlong tried to smile, he forced a kindly expression into his eyes; "no man really knows his own mind till he's nearly thirty."

"Do you mean I oughtn't to marry till then?"

"Well, not quite so long as that perhaps."

"But you married soon after you were twenty-one."

"Who told you that?"

"Well, you're forty-four now, aren't you?"

"How do you know I'm forty-four?"

"I know you are—Anne's twenty—nearly twenty-one. You must be something like that."

The expression which Dicky knew so well then settled on his father's lips. It meant that he had passed a certain limit of endurance and would listen to reason no more.

"I didn't come out here to discuss my age," said he.

Dicky turned on his heel, and Mr. Furlong sat down on a stile that led into the meadows. He never looked in Dicky's direction again; but as his mind wandered back into the past, he remembered the sight of Christina as she sometimes sat at dinner in the great dining-room at Wittingham. He remembered the sight of her graceful shoulders and the thoughts which had passed across his mind then. He recalled the struggle through which he had suffered when he had known that to marry her would mean the sacrifice of his father's support in his old age. He remembered how he had given in.

These memories irritated him. He rose with annoyance to his feet.

"But my goodness!" he exclaimed aloud, "I was what? I was twenty then!"

Chapter XVII

As Dicky walked through the fields to keep his meeting with Dorothy in the oak tree, a wild flood of incoherent ideas was racing through his mind. Bitterly he accused his father of all those vices which the want of understanding seems to prove. He was brutal; he was cruel. There was a trait of hypocrisy in him which Dicky had never seen before. How dare he speak of such things as abominable when he himself had married! What right had he to decree that any boy should wait until he was thirty before he took a wife?

These things he said aloud as he walked. In the heat of the injustice which he felt he was suffering, he could see no other aspect of the case than his own. The misunderstanding which Mr. Furlong had shown seemed only intentional to him. There was only one way in which he could meet it. That way, without hesitation, he determined then to take. Mr. Hollom had told him that on Monday he would have the ten pounds ready for him. On Tuesday morning, therefore, he would go; on Tuesday morning when the day was early and no one was astir in the mill.

"I won't stay! I won't stay!" he kept muttering to himself, and in his haste to reach Dorothy, he stumbled over a tree trunk, swearing loudly as he recovered himself from falling.

"I'm changing," he said aloud, "I'm becoming a different person. I don't care what I become—I'll get away."

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Dorothy was there already. His talk with his father had made him late. He flung himself into the explanation of everything at once. The difficulty of telling Dorothy that he was going away so soon had become quite easy now. The words tumbled over each other as he informed her of all that had happened in the last few hours.

"So I shall go," he concluded; "I shall go on Tuesday from Pershore. I shall go early in the morning before anybody's up. He'll never see me in that house again. I hate it now. I've hated it really ever since the mater died. It's never been the same without her."

Dorothy's lips were trembling as she heard him. The tears were filling in her eyes. She knew now, even if she had wished it, she had no power to hold him then. He was going right away from her, and he was going in two days. She hid her face on his shoulder. The tears tumbled down upon his coat.

"You said not till June, Dicky," she faltered. "I marked it up on the calendar in my bedroom. It looked terribly short even then—just five weeks—and now—it's only two days."

He patted her shoulder gently. He knew he was a man now, now that he was taking alone the responsibility of life.

"The sooner I go," he whispered, "the sooner I shall be making enough for us both. If I have to wait till I'm thirty, what is the good of staying on at the mill. I'd never have gone at all if he'd have let me marry in a year or two. I'd have chucked it all up for you. But you do believe, don't you, that I'm going to succeed? I know the things I do now are not a bit of good. But I've got it in me. Mr. Hollom thinks I have. He believes that I'm going to succeed. He'd never have given me that frightful lot of money if he didn't think so. You do believe, don't you—little child—little child?"

He stood there with Dorothy crying on his shoulder, and he felt so much a man.

She looked up at him with wet cheeks.

"I do believe," she whispered. And then he pressed her wildly to him. No words a woman can say to a man sound really more wonderful than these. Love he expects—love he means to win; but when she says that she believes in him, it is such tribute as no cries of praise from all the world can equal.

As he heard her say it, his heart swelled once more with the strength and virtue of those hundred men. He felt that the whole world was for his conquering. Within himself, he made a fervent oath she should not believe in vain.

All that afternoon they sat there in the oak tree. On the threshold of that house of love there are a thousand things to say. They talked until the sun began to slant down to the west.

"And where can we meet to-morrow?" he begged of her when she made ready to go.

"Nowhere to-morrow," she replied disconsolately. "I've got to drive into pershore with mother. We shall be there all day."

"But I must see you again," he exclaimed. "I must see you to-morrow, because I shall be going early on Tuesday morning. Dorrie, I must see you. I—we couldn't say good-bye now. Come out to-morrow evening."

"How could I? They wouldn't let me. Father's fearfully strict."

"But you could when they've gone to bed—they wouldn't know then. Dorrie! We couldn't say good-bye here."

"No—but how could I—when they've gone to bed?"

"You could get out by the back door."

"When they're asleep?"

"Yes."

He said it so easily, so readily, that it seemed not so impossible after all. There was no reason why they should find out. And could she bear to let him go now, not to see him again for perhaps a year, or even more? She knew that was impossible. She was clinging to him then as they stood on the hill-side beneath the oak-tree. It would be beyond her endurance if, when they reached the mill, they were just to shake hands and say good-bye upon the road.

"Very well," she said at last, "I'll come—I'll try. They go to bed at half-past ten. I expect in an hour from that they'll be asleep. My bedroom's over the kitchen, they won't hear me getting up. I'll try, Dicky. Be on the bridge at half-past eleven. I'll try and be there then."

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Chapter XVIII

For the rest of that evening and all the next day no word passed between Dicky and his father. No doubt it was this smarting under the sense of injustice which made his going the easier. Had he realised the bitter wound which would be inflicted on his father's heart by his departure, Dicky might have hesitated; with the need of Dorothy he might almost have stayed even then. But in his ignorance of the blow about to fall on him, Mr. Furlong seriously imagined that his silence expressed in him the spirit of authority.

"I shall not speak to him again," he told himself, "until he first approaches me in a contrite manner."

So the Monday came and went. Dicky worked in the mill as though nothing were about to happen. At meals, Anne and Mr. Hollom watched the set line of his lips, observed every little expression by which they might see if there were the signs of any deviation from his purpose. There was yet hope in Anne that his courage might fail him at the last; for the same reason there was yet fear in Mr. Hollom. But they saw none. Doggedly and in silence he went through that day. Early in the evening he rose from his chair in the sitting-room, declaring that he was going to bed.

"Good-night," said Mr. Furlong, and, in his voice, he tried to convey the sense of power. The note of it to Dicky was but that of anger. For the last time he endeavoured to quell the spirit in his son with the expression in his eyes; but Dicky would not look at him. When his hand was free, he turned and left room.

In half an hour, Anne was knocking timidly at his door. A distant voice bid her come in. When she entered, she found Dicky leaning out of the window, his face in his hands. Over the willows beyond the weir, a pale yellow moon was rising out into the wide space of heaven. Gently she closed the door and crossed the room to his side.

"Dicky," she whispered, "are you really going?"

"Yes," he replied.

She sat down by the window at his side.

"You'll write, won't you?"

"If you don't let the pater know where I am."

"I promise I won't. And you'll let me know, if there's ever anything you want. You won't starve, will you? If you can't make any money, you'll come back."

"People don't starve," said Dicky, and proved his ignorance of the world.

"And—Dicky—"

"What?"

"I want you to take this." She held out a little packet that jingled as it passed from her hands to his.

"Anne!" he exclaimed in wonder.

"There's only two pounds," she whispered. "I'd give you much, much more if I had it."

"Anne!" He threw his arms round her neck. A thousand things were drawn into his memory by that generous gift—the times she had emptied the contents of her money-box to buy him a sketch-book in Pershore, the numberless times her generosity had saved him from difficulty. "I can't take it," he said, and it lay in the palm of his hand and he looked at it.

"Do!" she begged. "You're sure to want it. Ten pounds will never be enough."

"But it's all your savings for ever so long."

"That doesn't matter—I don't want it. It's no good to me."

"But you could buy things with it," he protested. He could not persuade himself that money could be useless to any one—even to a girl. And all the time it lay there temptingly in the palm of his hand.

"I'm as good as buying things now," said she, "when I give it to you. Please ——please take it!"

She made him accept it at last; for when a woman offers, she means in her heart to give; no excuse in the world will ever make her relent. She persisted with her persuasions, finally closing his fingers over it as it still lay in his palm, then once his fingers had shut it out of sight, he gave way. It is the temperament of every artist in the world. He will take money from a woman as a child takes the milk from its mother's breast.

Once she knew there was no fear of its being returned, Anne set to work to pack up the clothes he would need.

"I don't want much," said he. "Put

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them in a brown paper parcel. I couldn't sweat to carry a trunk all that way into Pershore."

So the brown paper parcel was made. When all was ready, Anne put her arms around his neck. The tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"Good-bye, Dicky," she said brokenly. "Don't forget me."

He was crying, too. He knew now how much she had been to him since his mother died. They pressed their wet cheeks together and no word was said of what had happened in the sitting-room downstairs.

"God bless you, old girl," he muttered. Without turning back, she left the room.

Aimlessly he returned to the window, almost wishing now that he had never said he would go. What would the world be like without Dorothy, without Anne? In this frame of mind he might ultimately have yielded, but there was yet his pride. When the thought came definitely that he would stay after all, the remembrance of what his father had said, the thousand hopes he cherished of showing them all the things he could do, thrust the suggestion back. He must go! He would go! It was the first wrench, but once that was over and he had begun, he knew in his heart he would be glad of it then.

Soon there came another knock upon his door. Without moving or looking round, he said, "Come in." He knew who it was.

Mr. Hollom closed the door after him.

"Aren't you going to bed at all?" he asked as he came to Dicky's side.

"No," said Dicky. "The train goes at five to six, and it'll take me a good while to walk into Pershore. I mightn't wake in time, and if I don't go to-night I'll never go."

"Beginning to regret it?"

"No, just beginning to find it's difficult, that's all—difficult to leave Anne."

"You needn't worry about Anne," said Mr. Hollom.

"Why not?"

"I'm going to look after Anne, if she'll let me."

Dicky stood up from the window-sill.

"Oh—I'm jolly glad!" he said. "I am jolly glad!" and they shook hands. "Fancy, old Anne—by Jove—I'm glad!"

"Yes—and it's not Anne you're worrying about, young man. But we'll both look after her. When you come back here next year with the money for your first little picture in your pocket, you'll find her all right. I've heard old Leggatt has got a vacancy for a second master. I'm going to apply for it. I'm afraid it won't be any more than I've been getting up in the North, but it'll be enough. I can live cheaper here."

"That'll be ripping," said Dicky, "if you do. Has the pater gone to bed yet?"

"He was just going when I came up. I'd better not let him find me in your room. Good-night, old chap. Take that letter I gave you to Marlowe. He'll be able to help you get a start somewhere. And hoard that money as long as you can. It's all the capital you've got. I'm not going to say anything else—except work like the devil. It'll make you forget you're hungry sometimes.

Dicky took a breath and gripped his hand.

"Thanks—frightfully," he said, It was simple enough. It conveyed all he meant.

Once more, when the door closed then, he turned to the window. Leaning out again, he could hear the signs of his father's approaching departure to his room. A great while seemed to pass before he heard the key turn in the lock of the hall door, before he saw the light through the landing window as his father carried his candle up to bed.

When the light had passed, he stood up in the room and listened. To reach his bedroom, Mr. Furlong must pass his son's door. Dicky heard the soft noise of the footsteps approaching. He could see the faint glimmer of the nearing light through the space at the bottom of the door. The footsteps stopped and he held his breath.

There fell then a gentle knock on the panel. He heard his father speak his name, tentatively, as though to discover if he were asleep. He made no reply. Had he answered, what might not have altered in the life of Dicky Furlong then? For had he answered, Mr. Furlong was weighing it in his mind to say that he had not meant to be unsympathetic in his judgment of Dicky's nature.

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As soon as Mr. Hollom had left him downstairs, he had laid aside his book and, dropping on his knees by the arm-chair, he had prayed to be given that understanding of his son which he had already gathered from the memories of his own experience. It was always the habit of his mind to pray for those things which he had already received. When he had come fully to realise that such passions, though certainly premature in Dicky, were natural and human enough, he then prayed that God would give him such realisation. So he kept burning, as many another does, the light of his faith in the efficacy of prayer.

He determined then that, if he were awake, he would speak to Dicky that very night. He could not allow in his mind that Dicky should be married in a year or two. That would make too much a man of him too soon. But he wished that his son should know how broad was his mind in impartial understanding.

Therefore he knocked; therefore he said Dicky's name. But there was no reply. Dicky stood there in the room, silent, scarcely breathing. At last Mr. Furlong moved on down the passage. The yellow glimmer died away from the space under the door and Dicky sat down to his little table.

"DEAR FATHER," he wrote,—"I'm going away to London to work at my painting. I could never live and work in the mill. It's no good trying to find me, because I shall never come back. I want the experience you say I ought to get. Good-bye, DICKY."

Folding it and placing it in an envelope, he addressed it to his father. Then he took up the bundle of his clothes, softly opened the door, listened, then silently crept downstairs.

As he laid his head on his pillow, Mr. Furlong thought he heard a catch snapping on a door. He sat up and listened. Everything was silent.

"If I were a nervous man," he thought, "I shouldn't be contented until I'd found out whether there were burglars in the house."

Then, glad that he was not a nervous man, he laid his head back on his pillow and fell asleep.

CHAPTER XIX

The moon was riding fast in a fair heaven as Dicky reached Eckington Bridge. She was lighting the fleet of clouds, burnishing their sails with silver as they passed her by. Up there a fresh wind must have been blowing, but closer to earth it was almost still. The young leaves of the willows were just rustling, the rustle of silk as when a woman passes through a quiet corridor. Beneath the arches the river murmured, swirling around the old stone pillars, hurrying on to sing its song amongst the reeds. Just these sounds, and but for them the night was silent and still.

Dicky laid his bundle on the ground and stood in the niche where first he had kissed Dorothy. It was not yet the hour of their meeting. Anxiety for her coming had not begun to stir in him. He felt content to lean over the well-worn parapet, to stare into the water below. Whenever the moon rode out into the full open of a cloudless space, he could see deep down below the surface where the trailing weeds swung from side to side, lashed by the passing current. He looked up into the heavens, forcing himself to believe that that same moon was riding over the countless roofs of London. To the right, above him, were the seven stars, which for so many years he had counted from his bedroom window. He fixed these as landmarks which he would know again. The contemplation of all the work he was going to do, the fame he was going to win were secondary matters just then. The thought that he was leaving the known for the unknown almost completely occupied his mind.

Only when Anne had been making up his parcel had he considered it first; then he had discarded garments in order to make place for his sketches and box of water-colours. With this equipment, with a few pounds in his pocket, Dicky began the great career which lay before him. Many a man has had less.

But his thoughts were little of his career in those moments as he stood alone upon the Bridge at Eckington. In a short while he would be leaving Dorothy. He wondered what would happen if his father came after all to his room, found

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the note which he had left there and followed him to Pershore to prevent his going. Would he be so sorry if he were brought back; if, with the knowledge o how real his feelings were, his father gave him permission to marry Dorothy in a year or so?

He was in just that unbalanced state of mind as when a man has fixed his resolve and must wait with growing impatience to carry out his determination. That half hour while he waited for Dorothy upon the bridge was the severest test through which he passed. There came the most trying moment of all when, as the silence deepened for the want of those footsteps he so desired to hear, Dicky began at last to believe she was not coming. His heart grew sick. Again the strength of the hundred men dwindled and fell away. He had then but the strength of a boy standing upon the edge of that whirling struggle for life, telling himself, feebly yet persistently against the counsel of his heart, that still he must take the plunge, must loose himself from all those things he held the dearest in order that he might be saved.

This, the first, is the greatest struggle that a man can endure. And the nearer he comes to failure, the greater the victory he wins. When he had listened and listened for the tapping of those footsteps in vain, slowly Dicky leaned down and took his parcel in his hand. She was not coming, and he could not bear to go without seeing her again. However clearly he saw that what he had said to Mr. Hollom was true, however much he realised that if he did not go that night he would never go, yet he was prepared to return. Without seeing her again it was impossible to go.

He knew now that a life in the mill was his portion. His lips trembled at the thought of it. The consciousness of all he was losing in life came strongly to him then. But even at that moment there was something in him more exacting than his liberty. Nature was torturing him in her hands as God had tortured him on the hillside with the fear of death.

Slowly his feet began to move toward Eckington again. He was no good. He knew he was no good. The world was not for his conquering after all.

And then he stopped. A sound in the distance on the road had just come to his ears. Tap—tap—tap—tap it came. He swallowed the rising in his throat. Tap—tap—tap—tap—he made certain of it now. Almost with stealthiness, ashamed of those few steps he had taken, he crept back again to the bridge and laid his bundle down once more upon the ground. Another moment and the moon shot out behind a cloud. The road was light as day, and far off he could see the figure of Dorothy. It was not until that instant did he realise how much they were alone.

Chapter XX

Dicky walked down the road to meet her. Now he left his bundle on the ground. Nervously she put out her hand to greet him. He took it, drawing her close to him and kissing her lips that were quite cold. Nature was sure of her then. She had called and Dorothy had answered. In those first few moments of their meeting, Nature was content to stand aside, to let her be shy and be timid. It was enough for the present that she had come. Dorothy herself but a few days before would never have believed that she could ever have done such a thing as this. Even having done it and escaped all chance of discovery, she still was frightened when she found the darkness all round them and they so much alone.

She may have wished to turn back. The sense of apprehension was vivid in her mind. She did not think that things would happen; but there was that nameless expectation in her thoughts that they might. She did not name those things to herself. They had no name to her. But the mysterious possibility of them was there.

So her lips were cold and her hands were trembling. She had cried that night when first she went up to her room; but no tears were near her eyes now.

"I can only stay a very little while, Dicky," she began.

"Is there any fear they'll find out?" he asked.

"Oh, no. I couldn't have come if

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there were. But I mustn't stay long. Besides, it's cold—isn't it?"

"Cold?" he put his arm round her shoulder. "I don't feel a bit cold, and I've been out here nearly an hour."

"Well, I'm shaking," she said; "perhaps it isn't the cold."

He drew her into the niche on the bridge and put both his arms about her.

"Do you remember that night when we stood here?" he whispered, "last autumn when the moon was rising—when I first kissed you?"

She looked up into his face and her eyes answered.

"You wanted me to kiss you, didn't you?"

The falling of her eyes answered him that.

"Do you want me to kiss you again?"

The nameless apprehension filled her mind once more. She trembled.

"Do you?"

Her lips were still cold, but warmer when his had left them. Just then her foot touched his bundle on the ground. She looked down.

"What's that on the ground?" she asked.

"My things."

"What things? Your clothes? Aren't you going back to the mill again tonight?"

He shook his head.

"I've left the mill for good now," said he; "I shan't go back there any more."

The nameless apprehension fled from her. The glaring truth of the present took its place. This was the last time she would see him. He had begun his journey already; soon he would be out of sight. The tears came back into her eyes. She wound her arm through his and held him tightly.

"Oh, Dicky," she whispered, "now I know how true it is. I've hardly really believed it till now. I don't know what I shall do!"

He tried his best to comfort her.

"But are you sure you won't forget me?" she went on pitifully. "You'll find other people to care for—other people'll care for you, but never, never, never so much as I do."

Why should he not forget her? What would there be to bind him to her when once he was gone? Oh, if she could only stop him now! What had she gained by giving way that morning when they had been reconciled? How had it helped her that she had said she would let him go? In a few hours her arms could no longer hold him. She might call a thousand times his name and he would not be there to reply.

In a fit of passionate despair, she threw her arms around his neck and covered his face with kisses. He should remember her by these. The thought of them should steal across his mind whenever some other woman sought to make him kiss her. She knew well that they would do their best. Her bitter hatred of them entered into the fierceness of her kisses. He was breathless beneath that flood of passion and thought it only was the pang of saying good-bye.

"You'll never forget me, will you?" she muttered, as she ceased and looked into his eyes.

"How could I, Dorrie?" he whispered, but she felt as he said it how many a man had said that, too.

No, there was nothing with which to hold him! Even those kisses would grow cold on his lips. Her cheeks burned hot in a bitter anger that life could be so cruel.

Then as they stood there, with her hands still bound about his neck, they became aware of the rumbling of a wagon's wheels coming out of Eckington.

"Listen!" she whispered.

Their lips were parted as they held their breath. Their eyes strained out into the semi-darkness.

"I don't think——" he began.

"Oh, listen!" she muttered nervously.

The sounds grew plainer, more distinct. To her intense hearing, the rumbling came through the silence like thunder drawing overhead.

"It's coming this way," she said at last. "Dicky, what shall I do? If they see me, they'll tell father! Dicky, what shall I do?"

"Why, we can hide behind those willows until it's gone. They wouldn't see us."

"They might," she objected nervously. "Oh, I knew somebody would come by! I knew I should be found out!"

"Well, then, come along to the old

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tithe barn," he suggested. "Come on—in the field over here. There's a board out on the other side—I know where we can get through. Come on—over this stile—it's only across this field. Dorrie, not a soul'll see us then."

He picked up his bundle and took her arm. In another moment they were hurrying across the damp grass of the meadow by the river's edge. The cattle stared at them as they passed, turning their heads in heavy curiosity to watch them out of sight.

The old tithe barn stood alone in the meadow. Some parts of it were crumbling in decay. At one end, where it had withstood the passing of the years, a few cows were tethered in a stall. They turned their sleepy eyes on the intruders, as Dicky and then Dorothy crept through the open space.

Her heart was beating in wildest nervousness now, and when an owl with a clatter of wings left its perch on the rafters, flying through one of the crevices into the night, a cry of fear escaped from her lips. She clung fiercely to Dicky's arm.

"Only an owl," said he reassuringly, "I knew she built here. You're not afraid, are you? Dorrie, there's nothing to be afraid about."

"But it's so dark," she said.

"It is at first, but you'll get used to it. At any rate, no one'ud ever know we were here."

"Listen!" she whispered. Her fingers tightened convulsively again. They stood motionless. It was a cow in the far end of the lofty barn, grinding the cud, that dull, measured, satisfying sound which, in the daylight, is so pleasant to the ear, yet at night, in one's ignorance of its making, can chill the blood with terror in the veins.

Many a time had she passed the tithe barn when she was going through the meadows; but never had been inside it until now. She looked fearfully above her. The old oak beams and rafters, arched and curved, were like the vaulted roof of a cathedral. The scent of hay, cooled by the night, rose almost pungently to their nostrils. It was an awesome place in the darkness, but the thought that they were out of sight of any passers-by on the road brought her a sense of security. She clung closely to Dicky still, but she was glad they were there.

He led her across the barn to where the hay was stacked loosely in one corner. Whenever a mouse scampered away before them, Dicky coughed to drown the sound of it in her ears.

"Let's sit down on this hay," said he, "and talk. I've got so many things to say." And when they had sat down, he took her hand and gazed at in silence.

In time the sound of that cow chewing her cud lulled the fears in her. She began once more to think of his going, of what the world would be to her with him gone.

"Have you ever read Browning, Dicky?" she asked presently.

He shook his head.

"Mother gave me a book of his poems. She told me I ought to read them, but I can't understand them very well."

"Why did you ask me?" he inquired.

"'Cos there's one—'Night and Morning'—that reminded me of now—this old barn—your going—everything. The last two lines are wonderful, Dicky."

"What are they? Do you remember them?"

"I can't remember them properly," she replied. But this was not the truth. Word for word they were ringing in her head—

> And straight was a path of gold for him
> And the need of a world of men for me.

She said them over to herself, repeating the last line, lingering over the words that brought her pain and pleasure too.

> And the need of a world of men for me.

They seemed to mean all the long nights that were to come; all the desolation and hunger in her heart. It was so cruel that he must go. For the time being this prospect monopolised her thoughts. She forgot her fear of being discovered, forgot the need of going back.

And Dicky, as he looked about him in the darkness, which to their accus-

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tomed eyes was dark no longer, wondered how many men could so be trusted with the woman whom they loved. He knew she was safe from him.

He leaned back upon the loosened hay. The scent of it was strong in his nostrils. It seemed in his mind that he wished to prove the greatness of his virtue, the strength and beauty of the love he had for her.

"Dorrie," he said gently. She bent down to his side. Slowly he drew his arm around her, slowly lest she should have forbidden him. They lay close together now. Her cheeks were touching his. The scent of her hair was like the hay. He drew in his breath as it touched his face. No man, surely, had ever been so much alone with a woman before. The thought of their loneliness suddenly unnerved him. He began to tremble.

"Dicky, you're cold," she whispered.

"No, I'm not," he replied. "Only so soon and I shall be gone."

She lay quite still. So still she lay, she seemed like one who had been hypnotised, and far off in the corner of the great barn the old cow monotonously chewed her cud. Dicky felt the stillness of her body close to him and his own trembled the more. How absolutely they were alone.

"Do you feel sleepy, Dorrie?" he asked presently, when she had not moved.

"No," she replied, and in her voice he heard suffering, but dared not ask what suffering it was.

After a long silence, she asked him in a whisper when he must go.

"As soon as the sun rises," he replied. "It's up at about a quarter-past five. That'll give me just time to catch the train at Pershore."

"When the sun rises," she repeated brokenly after him and, quivering, she drew closer into his arms. There they lay then in silence on their soft bed of hay in the corner of the tithe barn. Sometimes, as the moon rode clear, a white light that was almost day flooded in through the countless chinks and spaces. At such moments, Dicky looked in Dorothy's face. Her eyes were closed, her lips parted, her breath came quick and broken on his cheeks. He tried to understand what it all meant. Was this, in his life, such a moment as he knew must come to every man? He felt that he was groping in the dark. Amazement was coming over him.

In trembling bewilderment, he took her face in his hands.

"Dorrie," he said hoarsely, "Dorrie, say you love me, say it, say it. I feel such a brute—such an awful brute. Say you do love me."

In her breath he heard her say it. The words never reached her lips.

The church clock of Eckington then began to strike the hour. He kissed her wildly lest she should hear and chose to go. But through all his kisses she heard the chime. It came to her thoughts that she must go; but she could not move. Light might end there. It had grown so dark. She loved him so much and in a few hours he would be gone, leaving the need of a world of men to her.

"I love you, Dicky," she breathed again.

Then fell the silence once more, and in the far-off corner of the barn rose that same monotonous note, the old cow grinding the cud between her teeth.

All that night she sat beside him while he slept. Even wonder, even remorse could not keep him awake. His eyes had closed despite himself. In the struggle between his conscience and the overwhelming knowledge of his love, sleep had crept stealthily to his eyes; his head, then resting on her shoulder, had slipped into the hollow of her arm. She knew by his breathing that he would say no more to her until the sunrise, and she smiled.

She sat there then beside him, holding him gently in her arms through all the hours of the night. It was such a moment as when a man sleeps and a woman, with wide eyes, sits thinking till the dawn. Slowly one after another the thoughts passed through Dorothy's mind.

A new courage had come to her. She felt no regret. She looked down at Dicky, and it seemed he was only a child in her arms. He could never forget her now; not with all the countless women in the world could he ever forget her now. There was no bitterness in her heart that he was going to leave her, only the uplift-

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ing hope that he would soon return. And he would return, and he would return triumphant!

Now the sense of antagonism had vanished. The victory was to them both. He was going out into the world, and she had won such hold upon his life as he could never put aside. And all these things she vaguely knew; for all these things there was a dim rejoicing in her heart. It rose sufficiently to her consciousness as to drive away all fear of the present, to obscure all fear of what the future might bring to pass.

As the time went by, she thought, too, of her mother, knowing and understanding now all that had seemed inexplicable before. Even she realised the likeness between them, and in a prayer, half spoken aloud, thanked God she was to wed a man she loved. And because they loved, who would say a word against them now? She realised no possibility of suffering or sorrow for herself then. However many the miles which might divide them, inevitably and eternally they belonged. Nothing could separate them now.

So in the darkness, now in the unbroken silence too, Dorothy sat thinking of their lives until, through the open space through which they had come, she saw the first grey light of dawn. Only then did her lips begin to tremble.

With tears gathering in her eyes she sat motionless, watching the kindling of that mighty furnace of the dawn. Slowly the dark grey smoke of it rose out of the east. It rent the darkness of the night and in broad bands crept slowly up the heavens. At the first sign of the gathering fire below the horizon, when the deep grey turned to purple and a strip of palest yellow lay across the line of the hills, she knew that it was nearing the end. Swiftly from that moment then it changed before her eyes.

It was a furnace no tears of hers could quench. Steadily it kindled below that line of hills, as though a city were bursting into flames the other side. Steadily the grey smoke drifted to the west, turning to rosy purple as it caught the reflection of the fire. Steadily the east lit up with the rising flames, burning with red and then with orange, then with gold. And so at last, with leaping tongues of light, it burst above the hills. The furnace of the day was lit, the flames were curling into heaven. The sun was up.

She brushed away the tears that were falling from her eyes.

"Dicky," she whispered, "the sun has risen," and leaning down she kissed his lips.

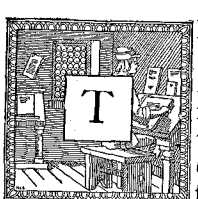
Then Dicky awoke, and in the hedge that ran beside the barn he heard a blackbird juggling with its notes.

The world had wakened for his conquering.

THE END

THE SPONTANEITY OF YOUTH AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



THERE are many things which the technique of fiction may give the faithful craftsman, through the patient discipline of years; but there is one precious gift which it not only cannot bestow, but which it tends slowly and remorselessly to rob him of, and that is the spontaneity of youth. The conventional attitude toward a new writer is that, according to the familiar metaphor, he must "find his path." But the great and exclusive privilege of youth is that it is not precisely aware that there is a path; it is so much simpler and shorter and altogether more joyous to go across lots, and through field and meadow and woodland, with a free, untrammelled sense that the whole open lies there to choose from. The time must come all too soon, in literature as well as in life, when we are forced to know the meaning of the

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word trespass, when the climbing of fences becomes unseemly, and we must learn to travel along the public highways, not rompingly, but subdued to the uniform decorum of our elders. And it is this that tends all the time to reduce literature to the dull dignity of a Sunday church parade.

Not that discipline is in itself a bad thing, or academic standards a mistake. There is no intention in these paragraphs to minimise the quiet joy that comes from the finished art of mature talent, the sheer delight in the matchless technique of Henry James, let us say, in his later years, of Daudet and Maupassant, of Joseph Conrad and Maurice Hewlett. Yet the assured touch is bought at the expense of enthusiasm; artistic symmetry means self-control; there is no place for the audacities of youth in Mr. James's *Golden Bowl,* nor any of the flippancy of *Soldiers Three* in Mr. Kipling's *They* or *Mrs. Bathurst.* And we must all feel that there is a certain irrepressible spirit in *Boule de Suif* that is lost forever to the author of *Notre Cœur* and *Fort comme la Mort.*

Let us assume that a young author has succeeded in attracting a degree of public attention. His book may be built on stereotyped lines and win recognition simply by sheer merit of execution; but this is the rare and exceptional case. Practically every young author who is destined to achieve a name has in him a pent-up energy, a riotous ambition, an assurance that his work has something distinctive, something radically different from the work of other writers. He is the boy in the open, eager to explore unbeaten paths, and confident that rich reward lies at the end of them. This is how it happens that most of the really unusual, eccentric, spectacular experiments in fiction come from the pen of the young writer: Mr. H. G. Wells first caught the ear of the public with extravaganzas like the *Time Machine* and the *Invisible Man,* Robert Hichens by the unsavoury audacities of the *Green Carnation,* Anthony Hope by the light flippancy of the *Dolly Dialogues* and the deft romanticism of the *Prisoner of Zenda,* and E. F. Benson by the clever frothiness of *Dodo,*—and all of these writers, and a goodly number like them are now confining themselves to the conventional novel of manners, of more or less serious sociological import. And still more striking examples may be found in French fiction, as in Maurice Barrès's ultra-symbolic *Jardin de Bérénice,* and Edouard Rod's *Course à la Mort,* with its almost total absence of personal names.

Now what actually seems to happen to the young author is something like this: the world, if it notices him at all, has the air of saying, You have shown what you can do, and it is quite creditable for a beginner; but you lack respect for precedent; you really must curb your originality and write more as other people do; what you need is discipline. And slowly but surely, in a majority of cases, the young author finds himself broken to harness and taught to pace decorously in line with the procession. It is only the exceptional spirit who retains, well into maturity, the spontaneity of youth. Mark Twain did so, through a long succession of years; and Mr. Kipling is another and more recent example. He is losing it now; but of all contemporary writers, he has shown the greatest resistance to the deadening pressure of outside influence, the insistence of critical opinion in prescribing definite limits to his talents and his methods.

Now there are two principal factors that largely control the trend and development of fiction: one is its methods and the other is its material. And, while it is true that the best methods are slowly evolved by the experience and example of the old, the materials are renewed and expanded largely by the venturesome independence of the young. In the eyes of youth, the fact that a certain thing has never before been done in fiction, is not only no obstacle, but the very best of reasons for doing it that way. And fortunate is the young writer who actually does happen upon something really new, and not merely an old idea in modern guise. One very marked change in current fiction in the past twenty years, and one which has come so gradually that it is scarcely noticed

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until some one points it out, is the intrusion of business affairs, the down-town office, the world of commerce and finance into the warp and woof of the modern plot. A quarter of a century ago, when the door closed behind the husband after breakfast, and the wife waved good-bye from the window, he vanished from the scene until office hours were over, and his latch-key once more admitted him, in time for dinner. Read Mr. Howells's earlier novels, and those of Mr. James as well, and you will notice that they very largely elude this difficulty caused by the disappearance of the male characters throughout the daytime by making their heroes artists, writers, or men of leisure,—social types that are available for croquet and afternoon tea and general love-making at all convenient hours of the day. In the modern novel, all this has been changed; and the invasion of the novel by business has gone hand in hand with the actual invasion of the business world by the modern woman. But the pioneers of the new fiction were not the veteran writers, but the younger generation, men like Frank Norris, David Graham Phillips, Edwin LeFevre, Harry Leon Wilson, Brand Whitlock, to mention only a few of the names that elbow their way forward in memory,—men who, for the most part, served their apprenticeship in journalism, and who, with the spontaneity of youth, defied precedent, and, when they wrote their first novels, drew upon the resources of the side of life that they knew best.

And it is because the new writer is the one who must be looked to for fresh life in fiction, that he deserves to receive special attention, and in a measure, special indulgence, at the hands of the professional critic. The new writer is important, less for his achievements than for his potentialities; and one of the privileges of criticism is to discern the brilliant promise that often underlies early crudities of execution, and by a timely word of encouragement help a groping talent toward fulfilment. Unfortunately, the critic, as well as the novelist, tends year by year to lose the spontaneity of youth; the eye becomes keener to discern faults of structure, errors in technique, but less alert, less sympathetic toward innovations; and that is a great pity; because technique tends to improve by experience, but the spirit of innovation if once killed is hard to resurrect.

Consequently, it is easy to understand why a reviewer may find a special pleasure in discussing the first really promising work of a new writer. It is idle to pretend that Stephen Crane's *Red Badge of Courage* had the literary importance of Zola's *La Debacle,* or Frank Norris's *McTeague* the finished quality of Hardy's *Jude the Obscure;* but the important difference was this: that Crane and Norris offered the chance of saying something absolutely new, of pointing out the big possibilities of two nascent talents of a high magnitude; while Zola and Hardy had long since been weighed in the balance and their plus and minus quantities determined a score of times, until nothing of importance remained to say. And the same is true about any novelist who has been before the public for a number of years and whose next novel can raise no more important issue than whether it is a shade better or a shade worse than its predecessor. And on the contrary, as the present writer glances backward through a score of years, some of the hours of keenest pleasure are those that have welcomed a talent of new promise: D'Annunzio, with *Piacere,* Marcel Prévost with *Les Demi-Vierges,* Norris with *McTeague,* Frank Danby with *Pigs in Clover,* Mrs. Dudeney with *Folly Corner,*—the opportunities have been growing scarcer in more recent years, yet the old thrill was unexpectedly renewed the other day by Richard Dehan's *Between Two Thieves,* replete with the spirit of innovation and the promise of bigger things.

"The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol"

It is interesting, with these thoughts in mind, to take up a varied assortment of the novels of the month, some by veteran writers, others bearing the imprint of names well-night unknown, and to consider to what extent the greater skill in the one case is offset by the greater spontaneity, the fresher conception of life, in the other. And by way of contrast it may be well

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to begin with a marked exception, that may help to prove the rule,—*The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol,* by William John Locke. Mr. Locke's literary career has always been something of an anomaly,—perhaps because for so many years he treated it as a relaxation, rather than a serious profession. Spontaneity was precisely the quality in which his earlier novels were deficient; the situations were overstrained, melodramatic, unconvincing; the tone was cynical and a bit depressing; his heroines were women who awoke to a bitter consciousness that they had worshipped idols instead of gods, his heroes knew themselves as derelicts, and stoically made the best of it;—in short, the blithe inconsequence of mood, the jesting paradox, the devil-may-care improvidence that has come to be the hallmark of his later style was a tardy acquisition, the philosophy of the fortieth year. And when he did achieve it in his masterpiece, *The Belovèd Vagabond,* it looked for a few years as though with that one effort he had exhausted that particular vein, and that the best that we might expect henceforth was a series of diluted imitations, in which the humour, instead of being spontaneous and irrepressible, was visibly a conscious effort. But last season, with *The Glory of Clementina Wing,*—which in the American edition has suffered an unkind curtailment of title,—he proved that there still remains an abundance of the old originality. And now, with *The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol,* he has given us a character worthy to claim near kinship with Berzélius Nibbidard Paragot. Not that the volume, considered as a literary unity, appeals to such deep sympathies or sounds as serious a note. Pujol is under no shadow of secret grief, or if he is, the author keeps his secret well; and, in the sequence of Joyous Adventures, there is not even a pretence at logical sequence of time or place. In fact the whole structure is blithely picaresque; and whether the adventures stretched themselves out to the number of a score, or stopped at the first half dozen rested with the caprice of the author. Pujol is best described as an incarnate paradox, the personified joy of living; he is perennially happy, but happiest when he is penniless; he never lets slide an opportunity,—and he finds opportunities, or creates them, where no one else could discover a glimmer of hope. Being a Provençal, he has the riotous imagination, the unbounded eloquence of the true *Meridionale;* and his colossal and unblushing falsehoods are invariably believed, and set him on the road to success,—a road which he is constitutionally unable to follow for any distance. Thus, when his glibness of speech has hypnotised an American millionaire into backing an enterprise for turning a half dead little town into a fashionable winter resort, he becomes so intently interested in straightening out the matrimonal difficulties of a pretty inn-keeper's wife, that he misses his appointment with the millionaire, who withdraws in disgust. And again, when a lucky week at the gaming tables has netted him several thousands of francs,—enough of a working capital to start in an honest business for himself,—his sympathy for a simple and attractive English girl, who has engaged herself to a bogus Count, leads him to offer his services in securing the girl her freedom, and incidentally to cash a cheque which proves to be as bogus as the Count's title, thus proving that the girl and her mother were clever confederates in the game. But it is impossible to give any fair idea of the sparkle, the exuberance, the constant unexpectedness of these stories; there is no situation too impossible for Aristide to face and conquer, none so ridiculous that he cannot meet it with dignity, none so desperate that he does not welcome it with a new outburst of his inexhaustible cheerfulness. As is true of all of Mr. Locke's best pages, what Aristide Pujol does is of minor importance as compared with what he is; his adventures are a tissue of delicious absurdity, but his personality is a perennial delight.

"The Streets of Ascalon"

Mr. Robert Chambers, on the other hand, is an author whose manner has for some years been crystallised. We may not foretell the quality of each new book; but there is no room for surprise in regard to environment and subject matter. His

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latest volume, *The Streets of Ascalon*, shows a deliberate effort at more careful work, an intention to draw certain types of New York smart society that shall be a little nearer to flesh-and-blood men and women, and a little less like the tailors' dummies and fashion-plate ladies that serve as illustrations to the average magazine story. The workmanship is undeniably good, in a number of ways: the student of American manners and customs, a hundred years later, might find it a valuable source-book of the inanity of contemporary polite conversation, the current cheap, meaningless slang, the flippancy of repartee, the ephemeral vulgarisms of speech that fashion dictates for the passing hour. And the same is true of actions, as well as speech. The people who play the leading rôles in *The Streets of Ascalon* are not vastly different from the types that played their brief parts in *The Firing Line* and *The Younger Set;* but on the whole, they convey the impression that the author was more than usually in sympathy with them; the suspicion sometimes suggested by his other books, that in his women there is an element of caricature, and in his men an element of libel, is lacking in these latest creations. But the gulf that separates this volume from his early work,—even from the frank romanticism of his historical novels, is that he has nothing of importance to say,—or if he has, he fails to make it apparent. Strelsa Leeds is a young widow, whom a final scandal and tragedy has set free from an unspeakable martyrdom of two years. She has brought away from her first venture an unconquerable aversion, not to men, but to the physical element which makes up, as she imagines, man's whole idea of love; and she is determined to go through life on a basis of friendship, but nothing nearer or dearer. But presently two things happen: she meets Richard Quarren, considered in fashionable circles as hopelessly ineligible, because of his lack of money, his indiscretions, and his inability to be of use in the world; and, secondly, just as she is beginning to be afraid of herself, and to avoid Quarren, for fear she will yield to him, she loses her whole fortune in a bank failure, and faces the alternative of abject poverty or a marriage for money. Now, Quarren is a most engaging prodigal, with a truly Irish audacity of compliment and an abruptness of speech that might well take a fair lady by storm. Moreover, the influence of Strelsa Leeds has wrought a startling reform in his character, and turned him from a penniless ne'er-do-well into a prosperous, hard-working man of business. Of course, Mr. Chambers could not afford to make Quarren win his victory too easily, so he first betrothes Strelsa to a hopeless "bounder," to borrow his own characterisation of him,—a man who is further defined as "one of the richest men in America,"—and, after showing him in a series of situations that prove him a cad, a bully and a seducer of women, metes out a lingering and gory punishment by having him gored and trampled to death by an enraged bull. And, of course, Strelsa finally relents, and falls into Quarren's eager arms, murmuring "Teach me not to be afraid!" and Quarren, to all appearances, is quite ready for the first lesson.

"The Flaw in the Crystal"

With each new volume from Miss May Sinclair, the fact is emphasised that she belongs to that not unnumerous class of writers to whom it is granted to write just one book of real importance. She has a rare mastery over what we may call the tools of her craft; language is, in her hands, a subtle and wonderful instrument, adapted to express to a nicety the most delicate inflections of mood. But, with the single exception of *The Divine Fire,* she lacks amplitude of theme, and in place of it strives after the eccentric. Her new volume, *The Flaw in the Crystal,* is not wholly allegory and not wholly a study in insanity, but an uncomfortable blending of both. A young woman, in love with a married man, makes her home in a remote country village, where he can come for week-end visits, and escape from matrimonial wretchedness that is slowly but surely preparing him for a complete mental break-down. The young woman suddenly realises that she has a mysterious gift of sending out from herself certain curative properties; the man whom she loves, and who is not her lover, becomes well again,

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because, day by day, in absence as well as when he is with her, she sends out her healing influence. But she realises that if anything should destroy the perfect purity of their love, her precious gift would fail her. So, in order to remove the chance of temptation, she extends her ministrations to the man's wife, changes her nature, brings back her roving affections from another man, and anchors them securely to the husband. At this point, a friend of the girl, a married woman, bowed down by the weight of a great affliction, comes to the remote village, bringing with her a pitiful wreck of a husband, an abject, cowering creature, already crossing the border-line of madness. The girl is sorry for him, and still more sorry for his wife; so she decides to give forth secretly the same blessed curative power that has worked so well in the other cases. But this time she is combatting influences, the strength of which she does not realise. She does, it is true, effect a temporary cure, but at the cost of losing her control over the man who loves her. And because she loses control, he for the first time attempts to spoil the perfect innocence of their love, and almost wins her consent to defy conventions and elope with him. And because she has harboured wrongful, impure thoughts, even for a brief hour, the potency of her gift of healing is impaired, and she realises, through a succession of nightmare days and nights, that the madman she has almost cured must be left to his fate, or else his madness will be transferred to her. So the friend's husband goes to an asylum, and the would-be lover returns to his wife, and the lady of the healing mind is left alone in virginal purity, to comfort herself as best she may with her power of effecting long-distance cures. Of course, the story may be interpreted symbolically; but even so it is rather futile, because, from the tragedy of *Iphigenia* to the frivolity of a French comic opera like *The Mascot,* there is nothing new in the idea of the potency of female purity, as a spell to conjure with.

"Mrs. Ames"

It is nearly two decades since Mr. Benson sprang into popularity with a "best seller" bearing the flippant title of *Dodo,* the heroine of which, so it was whispered, might easily be identified by those familiar with the inner circles of Mayfair. It would seem as though he was now content to have that enjoyable flash of early spontaneity forgotten, for his later volumes make no mention of it among his published works. And this is a pity, because it was a volume that we mentally shelved somewhere near its contemporary, Anthony Hope's *Dolly Dialogues.* His annual volumes, nowadays, are quite decorous, quite serious, and just a little bit dull. *Mrs. Ames* is typical of this later manner. It is full of the social small talk of a small English town; the gossip, the rivalries, the dinners and card parties, and rarer diversion of a masquerade; an abortive attempt at a suffragette demonstration, and a still more abortive attempt at an elopement. The Mrs. Ames of the title has for years held undisputed sway as social leader; her brilliancy in conversation, her faultless table with its memorable menus, her whole impeccable code of social usage make her the pride and envy of the neighbourhood. To be sure, what we are allowed to see and hear of Mrs. Ames's sayings and doings does not quite live up to the author's assurances of her rare gifts,—but that is so common a failing of would-be clever books that it ceases to be a distinction. Well, the time comes when Mrs. Ames's prestige is threatened by the advent of a slightly younger and prettier woman, a Mrs. Evans, whose husband, a physician, has bought the local practice. Mrs. Evans is a vain, shallow little woman, who chooses to think that her husband does not understand her, and that his only interest in life is wrapped up in his drugs and lotions. So she amuses herself by flirting with middle-aged but still inflammable Major Ames, and actually leading him to the brink of an open and scandalous elopement,—when Mrs. Ames, learning in the nick of time what they are proposing to do, treats the pair like a couple of naughty children, brings them to their senses and once more resumes her sway as local *arbiter elegantiarum.* An eminently tranquil book, full of shrewd observance and mild satire.

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"The Golden Rose"

The Golden Rose, by Mrs. Hugh Fraser and J. I. Stahlmann, is a story of an imaginary kingdom which in spirit belongs to the class represented by Stevenson's *Prince Otto,* because of the seriousness with which it treats the problems that it raises. The theme is the morganatic marriage of Rose Aurore, daughter of the proud old house of Karolai, to Ferdinand, second son of the reigning prince of Lusatia. And, because the court etiquette, the governmental machinery, the whole social and political atmosphere of this imaginary little country is a miniature replica of the iron-clad code of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs, the story inevitably ends in tragedy. It would be idle to try to recapitulate the crowded happenings of this carefully and minutely built story: chamberlains, cabinet officers, ladies-in-waiting, high dignitaries of the church, throng its pages, each and every one of them a distinct and memorable personality. And always, in the centre of the picture is the pitiful figure of Rose Aurore, tricked into a mere semblance of marriage, to satisfy the petty spite of a discredited maid of honour. Yet for a time there is hope of the union being regulated; Ferdinand is only the younger son, and his brother, the heir apparent, is married and has a son of his own. A wife, not of princely blood, would apparently not affect the succession. But first the brother, and then the nephew dies; and all the pressure of the court circle is brought to bear upon the young prince to repudiate his Golden Rose, and contract a marriage within his own rank. The scene in which the final duel of wits is fought out between the veteran statesman, Aschenbrenner, and the Prince Bishop, Alexis Czarda, and in which honour and elemental justice are sacrificed to diplomacy and precedent, is a memorable one, and in its final moment attains a real and impressive dignity. The book is distinctly an unusual and worthy example of the type it represents.

"Heritage"

Whether Valentina Hawtrey has many books to her credit, there is nothing on the title-page of *Heritage* to indicate, but it has every appearance of having been written a long time in advance of that period when ideas tend to crystallise, and style takes on a stereotyped form. In other words, it comes from an author who eminently deserves to be watched, because she strikes certain new notes, and gives promise of better things to come. Yet this does not alter the fact that *Heritage* is a rather cruel book, gloomy and cynical, with a strength similar in kind, even though not in degree, to *The House with the Green Shutters* and *Broke of Covenden.* The volume opens with the death of Nathaniel Pimblett and the entrance of his son, Martin, into his inheritance. Like his father before him, Martin is a hard, merciless, relentless man. His mother, a young and joyous nature, bore the strain of her husband's iron rule for barely a year when she fled from him, leaving her child behind her. Martin's whole training from babyhood up has been based on his father's determination to make him a woman-hater,—and in this the method has proved perfectly successful. But Martin's first thought, after his father's death, is of his duty to provide an heir to the estate. Two ways are open to him: to marry,—an idea against which his whole nature revolts,—or to adopt and train his young cousin, Cyril Pimblett, instilling into him, if not too late, the family traditions, the reverence for the Pimblett acres and Pimblett heirlooms, and last but by no means least, the Pimblett hatred of women in general, and of one woman, Martin's mother, in particular. Before Cyril has been installed a week as Martin's prospective heir, the latent antagonism breaks out between them. A neighbouring, well-to-do farmer, by the name of Barker, wishes to lease a part of the Pimblett land on which to erect a free public library; and since the farmer has a pretty daughter, Josephine, who is enthusiastic about the scheme, she soon persuades Cyril to use his influence with Martin. But the latter, hating farmer Barker, and hating still more any scheme for raising the people, curtly sends word that he and his library can "go to the devil," and on finding that the daughter had a hand in the matter, tells Cyril that

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he may keep the farmer company. This is the first of a series of breaks, each successively more bitter,—until finally Cyril does the one unpardonable deed of going to London to see Martin's mother, now a famous actress, perform her latest rôle. Martin's deadly implacability is powerfully set forth in the unforgettable pages that follow: Cyril is absent on a three weeks' walking tour. During those three weeks, Martin absents himself from home, discovers in a neighbouring town a young woman whom he sizes up with the same frank brutality as though he were judging the points of a horse, and not the future mother of his heir. Then follows a whirlwind wooing, a ruthless bearing down of all opposition,—of the girl herself, who scarcely yet knows her own mind; of the girl's family, who look with troubled eyes on the rash impetuosity of this strange lover; and, strongest of all, of the family priest, since Martin is a Protestant and the girl a Catholic. But Martin comes of a race that will not brook denial; consequently, when Cyril returns three weeks later, hoping that the little quarrel with his cousin has blown over, he finds that he has been supplanted, that his hope of some day being heir to a fortune is over, and he must make a belated effort to earn his own living. It has seemed necessary to give these facts somewhat in detail, although they form merely the prelude to a long story of a woman's martyrdom; but an understanding of them is essential in order to form even a vague impression of the sardonic, immovable, vengeful nature of Martin Pimblett. It is a grim story, told with the pervading greyness of atmosphere that we are apt to think of as the special prerogative of Arnold Bennett's *Tales of the Five Towns.*

"Roddles"

Another pleasant literary discovery of the current month is *Roddles,* by B. Paul Neuman. The present reviewer pleads guilty to complete ignorance regarding the identity of the author, and whether or not this is a first book. But at all events, an emphatic mental note has been registered that no future volume bearing the name B. Paul Neuman, must be allowed inadvertently to slip by. Mr. Roddles, of the title, is a "General Jobbing and Repairing Tailor," a cockney born and bred, vulgar and uneducated. But he has a native shrewdness above his kind. He determines that his two sons, Dick and Jim, shall have the chances in life that he has missed, and if sparing the rod is going to jeopardise those chances, the rod is not to be spared. Part of his plan is that his boys shall go to separate schools. Because, if he lets them have their way and go together, only one at a time can be at the head of his class and win prizes, while in separate schools they can both be at the head of their class all the time,—parental discipline, in the shape of a heavy strap, black and shiny, sees to that. Even so slight an error as the casual dropping of an aitch is cause for speedy retribution: "I does it 'cause I choose to and can afford it; you can't," is his brief and convincing argument. The thing that makes the book a delight is its flavour, which cannot be conveyed at second hand. The wonder of it is that so much of deep human interest could be wrought out of a simple journeyman tailor struggling to raise a couple of boys upward in the social scale to a point where he foresees that they will surely become ashamed of him, while he, in his turn, will have a dogged pride that would choose to starve rather than stoop to ask a single favour. It is rather pitiful, the latter part of the book. The reader cannot share the father's secret pride in the growing fame and prosperity of the successful young surgeon and equally successful young statesman. What the reader sees, overshadowing their success, is their monumental selfishness that prevents them from realising, excepting in an occasional transient flash of enlightenment, that the old tailor, with all his ignorance, his vulgarism, his overfondness for the neighbouring bar, is a finer specimen of manhood than the two of them taken together can ever hope to be. This book, in spite of its unpretentiousness, is a rather big book, because it has something to say and emphatically succeeds in saying it.

Mr. Achilles, by Jeanette Lee, is a blithe little fantasy, done with so deft a touch that it compels indulgence in spite of its obvious improbabilities. Mr. Achil-

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les, of the title, is a dreamy-souled Greek who has come to America full of vague aspirations, fantastic notions that he is bringing to a people thirsting for poetry and art a first-hand knowledge of the great treasures of his native land. But an unkind fate, failing to understand the purpose for which he has come, insists on burying him alive as proprietor of a tiny fruit shop in a gloomy Chicago street, where nobody even cares to ask from what corner of the world he came. But one day something rather surprising happens: a certain little girl, a human hothouse plant, daughter of one of Chicago's richest millionaires, has been left by the chauffeur at the house of her music teacher, only to find that the teacher is too ill to meet her. So, for the first time in her life, the child starts to walk home alone, happily unaware of the fact that scarcely a week passes without her father receiving threats that she will be kidnapped. Now this little girl has the born instinct of a scholar and an artist; and of all her lessons that she loves most are her Greek history and her Greek grammar. So, when she runs across the little fruit shop of Mr. Achilles, and notes the Greek letters on the sign, she stops, and, child-like, wanders in. The conversation which ensues is really delightful; it was a venturesome thing to attempt, and the writer has achieved it flawlessly. The great opportunity for which Mr. Achilles has been dumbly waiting has at last come. Here is an American, even if only a child, who is asking what Athens, what the Acropolis, what the Parthenon are like,—and with all the fervour of his poet's soul, and in all the inadequacy of his scanty English, he weaves a dream picture of the noble ruins of his birthplace such as might well take a place side by side with far more pretentious descriptions of that matchless site. As for the rest of the book, it achieves pleasantly what it attempts to do. As any reader of moderate discernment foresees, the little heiress of Chicago millions is destined to be kidnapped, and Mr. Achilles is cast for the rôle of rescuer without police or detective serving as understudy. It suffices for a brief hour's entertainment; but Mr. Achilles's inspired description is worth all the rest of the book taken together.

"Mr. Achilles"

As Cæsar's Wife, by Margarita Spalding Gerry, is frankly a sort of Much Ado About Nothing, in which politics, muckraking, and marital infelicity are hysterically interwoven. Because Ken Ward's wife chooses to devote herself heart and soul to aiding him in his work as district attorney, and happens to run across some facts which it is imperative he should know immediately, it does not occur to her that it is indiscreet to allow a former suitor, Cowperthwaite, to accompany her on a thirty-mile dash late at night into the country. Now an automobile, when it wants to play the mischief, is unrivalled in its effectiveness; and the consequence is that morning has dawned before Cowperthwaite and Mrs. Ward put in an appearance. Ken Ward acts not merely like a jealous man but like a raving lunatic; and in the course of a conversation that is obviously built up to create an artificial situation, her confession that Cowperthwaite had once kissed her is construed by his excited mind into an admission that he has statutory grounds for divorce. Now in real life people simply do not make such blunders; a few plain Anglo-Saxon words are sure before long to clear the atmosphere. But here we have a man who for months tortures himself with groundless suspicions, loses his grip on life, neglects his profession, and even sinks to the ignominy of preparing to sell out to the ring that he is fighting. He has not had the strength of his conviction, to the point of leaving his wife; but when at last she discovers the cruel wrong he has done her in thought, she deliberately and apparently quite definitely leaves him. But the man's overstrained condition automatically saves the situation. A hemorrhage of the brain brings him very near to death, the wife rushes back to his bedside, and the story closes with the man still weak as a little child and the wife indulging in the maternal joy of nursing him back to health. On the whole, an overwrought and rather purposeless book.

"As Cæsar's Wife"

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TEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I. "The Crime of 1812"*
II. "The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley"
III. "A Polish Exile with Napoleon"

The three volumes under consideration are widely different in design and execution, yet sufficiently homogeneous to be considered together. Singularly enough they all deal with the last period of Napoleon's career. Whether Russia or Spain did more damage to the prestige and contributed more effectually to the ruin of Napoleon is an open question. Public opinion gives the preponderant influence to Russia. The reviewer is inclined to the other side. Here in some senses both sides are presented. The Russian disaster is identified with no single enemy of Napoleon, the Emperor Alexander, old Kutusoff, Prince Begratian, Count Rostopchin and others played their little parts. The dominant factor was the snow. How appropriately can the Russians sing that portion of the Song of the Three Children which runs, "Oh, ye ice and snow, bless ye the Lord."

Consequently in Colonel Labaune's tremendous narrative of the advance to and the retreat from Moscow, the cold stands pre-eminent. Probably that was the greatest retreat and the most terrible in history. We do not know the particulars of the retreat of the millions of Xerxes from the Attic peninsula. Perhaps if we did know, the horrors would rival those experienced by the Grand Army on its return to the Neiman. Yet probably nothing can challenge the immensity of that disaster. The hunger, the nakedness, the weariness, the shame, the awful cold, the mad fight for food, for clothes, the desperate battles with the pursuing Russians, the Cossacks ever encircling the blind, broken, retiring mob that was once the proudest army the sun had ever shone upon, the wolves and savage dogs baying and howling on the flanks, the ravens and vultures sailing overhead, the extinction in human hearts of almost every feeling that makes them human, the absolute, complete, entire annihilation of the army, are unmatched in history. Upon the greatest of all great captains was visited the greatest of all great disasters. Even in defeat he surpassed the world.

All this is set forth in plain and simple terms by one who was there. A staff officer attached to the headquarters of Eugene Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy, who distinguished himself more in that retreat than at any other time during his life, Colonel Labaume had abundant opportunity to see and hear everything from two points of view, that of the officer and that of the soldier. He made some of the notes which he reproduces immediately after the events he discusses. He describes the carnage of Borodino on the field and he relates what happened at the crossing of the Beresina as he stood on the banks and watched the disaster.

The book is an interesting and valuable contribution to the not too extensive literature in English on the retreat. The officer blames Napoleon. He cannot forget the feelings with which the soldiers regarded the Emperor on that retreat, especially when he was not in their presence, but he loves him, too. Strange mastery over human hearts which that man possessed, a mastery which did not cease with his death.

What the admirable translator calls "The Napoleonic Legend," which causes this modern Attila to become for many the embodiment of human greatness and because of which in this Christian era people are found to worship the memory of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien and the wholesale violator of the moral law," becomes more and more established in the minds of the unthinking majority this very day. People forget the last

*The Crime of 1812. Labaume's Personal Narrative of the Russian Campaign. Done into English by T. Dundas-Phillans, with an Introduction by W. T. Stead. New York: McBride, Nast and Company.

The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley, 1787-1817. Edited by Richard Edgcumbe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Polish Exile with Napoleon. By G. L. de St. M. Watson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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two words of the epigram of the witty Frenchman who said that "Napoleon had every attribute of honour and glory except virtue!" Indeed, the chances are that that remark is more epigrammatic than truthful. While the Emperor can be sweepingly condemned he cannot be entirely condemned, and while he is often sweepingly approved, he must not be nearly so much approved as condemned.

The book is provided with a pleasant introduction, in which her meed of glory and honour is awarded to Russia by the late W. T. Stead. The book would be much improved by the addition of the maps and battle plans which the Colonel says in his preface he made at the front. There is only one very indifferent map in the book.

So much for the cold and the snow. Let us turn southward to a warmer clime. The Spanish priest, Spanish peasant and Spanish patriotism were things Napoleon did not count upon. By the way, the Russians confessed and were shriven before the battle of Borodino! In all his Napoleonic reading the reviewer has never seen mention of a chaplain in any of Napoleon's armies. There may have been chaplains, but there is little reference to them. The exhortations of the Spanish priest added the devotion of religion to the fire of patriotism. It was this that undid Napoleon and his marshals in Spain; but neither religion nor patriotism would have won the day had not the Lord raised up a leader, whose military genius, whose persistence and whose devotion were not unworthy to be contrasted with the same qualities in the Emperor himself; and who was the moral standpoint far surpassed the great Corsican.

Naturally Wellington. *The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley* has its chief, and one might almost say its only use, in the light she throws upon the great Duke. The book is not intended to discuss campaigns, although there are a great many interesting side lights thrown upon the war with Spain and the battle of Waterloo is discussed at some length; and many original contributions to its history, mostly of an episodical character, are made by the diarist. She seems not to have met the Duke until after she visited Paris, after the banishment of Napoleon to St. Helena. Once having been brought in contact with Wellington, Lady Frances, in a purely Platonic way, became the most devoted and faithful of his admirers. Her pages abound with anecdotal episodes in which the great man is set forth. As no man is a hero to his valet, few remain heroes to their biographers. Yet the more Lady Frances observed the Duke, the more she liked him. Incidentally, the more we like him, too, for she shows us the almost unknown human side of the great captain.

After death the Washington legend began to grow. Men made out of the great Virginian something God-like in which his human lineaments became obscured. We took the graven image in time and shattered it, and now we are beginning to see Washington as a man. The Duke of Wellington lived and died a long time after Washington, but even before his death the Wellington legend had begun. Lady Frances shatters it. The Iron Duke—perhaps that very phrase was the origin of the legend—is shown as the kindest, most genial, most humorous man, utterly, entirely different from the popular conception. We stare and rub our eyes and read again and find it so.

She tells us how he took a ragged little French girl who had wandered up to him on his knee and shared her apple, for he loved children. She shows him riding with other men and women on a merry-go-round in a public garden, tilting for rings! She says that he was the soul of every company in which he was present. Sometimes things were dull and stupid until he arrived, when his genial flow of spirits soon put everybody at ease and got them laughing. It is almost impossible to credit these things and yet it is equally impossible to discredit them.

Incidentally, one sometimes wonders what Shelley, the complaisant husband, thought of all this admiration, which though harmless might have a tendency to irritate a devoted spouse. Probably he and all the rest considered the Duke so far removed from the ordinary level that it was natural for the English femininity to worship at the foot of Olympus upon which he had reared himself and

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upon which he stood—the beginning of the legend there!—and yet the picture that is given of the Duke is simple and genial, not at all Olympic.

The book abounds in delightful anecdotes. For instance, Lady Shelley stood by the Duke at a review. She heard him say to an aide-de-camp as a particularly awkward horseman manœuvred in front of him, "Go tell that damned adjutant he can't ride. Tell him to get off his horse."

Again on one occasion the Duke was cheered by his soldiers, whereupon he said to Lady Frances, "I hate that cheering. If you once allow soldiers to express an opinion, they may, on some other occasion, hiss instead of cheer. However," he added, "I cannot always help my fellows giving me a Hurrah! As I rode along the line, after the last battle, they gave me a cheer. But the cheering then was spontaneous, this is, evidently, by word of command." That seems more in accord with the "iron" side of his character.

And here is Lady Frances's report of the Duke's oft-quoted opinion on war and fighting:

> "I hope to God," he said one day, "that I have fought my last battle. It is a bad thing to be always fighting. While in the thick of it I am too much occupied to feel anything; but it is wretched just after. It is quite impossible to think of glory. Both mind and feelings are exhausted. I am wretched even at the moment of victory, and I always say that next to a battle lost, the greatest misery is a battle gained. Not only do you lose those dear friends with whom you have been living, but you are forced to leave the wounded behind you. To be sure, one tries to do the best for them, but how little that is! At such moments every feeling in your breast is deadened. I am now just beginning to regain my natural spirits, but I never wish for any more fighting."

There are other interesting portions of the book, travels in Switzerland and Italy are described, the gay, reckless, extravagant society of Paris after the restoration is admirably pictured. Lady Shelley knew everybody worth knowing in her time, and the book is full of pleasant gossip about them all. But the dominant interest and value of the book is in the presentation of Wellington.

When Alexander H. Stephens met Abraham Lincoln with the other peace commissioners in 1864, Lincoln observed with great interest the process by which Stephens, who was very small and dried up, not to say withered, divested himself of an enormous overcoat and other outer wraps which he had worn. When the process was completed he remarked, not to Stephens, of course, that "that was the biggest shuck for the smallest nubbin that he had ever seen."

One is tempted to use the same illustration about the third book under discussion, for there are sixty-four pages of letters embedded in three hundred and four pages of introduction, biography, criticism, explanation, appendix and foot-notes. Indeed almost half of the sixty-four pages devoted to the letters is used up with foot-notes. The letters are of little interest. Piontkowski would never distinguish himself as a letter writer. There is little in them that is striking or that in any way contributes anything very important or interesting to our knowledge of Napoleon, except perhaps certain descriptions of the appearance of the great man in the island of St. Helena. Piontkowski himself was not a person of any great importance, neither striking nor interesting, and only the fact that he did manage to get himself sent to attend the Emperor at St. Helena, where he stayed for a short time, afterward being deported, rescues him from oblivion. So much for the letters.

However, there is nothing but praise for the admirable introduction, the careful biography, the critical data, the remarkable appendices and the voluminous notes. Mr. Watson has simply taken advantage of the letters to present us with a vast mass of interesting detail, not otherwise available, upon the last period of Napoleon's life. It is true that a certain amount of knowledge of the St. Helena period is necessary to understand what would otherwise be incomplete, yet no one in the future is likely to write upon the subject without taking advantage of the material in this book, material frequently set forth *in extenso*, although at other times merely indicated

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by reference. Every student of that period, in which so much was done by the folly of England to start that Napoleonic legend, is laid under an everlasting obligation by this discriminating book. It is impossible that with such a mass of material, apparently so well digested, at his hand, Mr. Watson should not give us further studies of that period, which like this will be of immense value and which we shall await with deep interest, even if there are no other vagrom Poles about which to entwine his reflections.

Cyrus Townsend Brady.

IV

FitzRoy Carrington's "Prints and Their Makers"*

Dedicated to the late Frederick Keppel by its editor, his business associate, "in memory of a friendship of twenty years," this book, the work of many hands, appearing so soon after his death, and dealing with phases of a subject to which he devoted his life, seems almost to constitute for him such a memorial as the members of a college faculty sometimes issue in honour of a distinguished elder colleague who has passed away. *Prints and Their Makers* also serves in a sense as a companion to the volume which he himself published only last year, *The Golden Age of Engraving,* and into which he put all the wealth of his own knowledge of the history of the engraving arts. Those who read that book, and particularly the charming prefatory chapter of personal reminiscence, will, we think, turn at once, on opening the present volume, to his one contribution, drawn like the other articles here included, from the pages of *The Print-Collector's Quarterly,* a delightful intimate account of some "Personal Characteristics of Sir Seymour Haden, P.R.E."

There was no one concerning whom Mr. Keppel, the friend of so many great French and English artists of the last century, had such a store of entertaining anecdotes, as the President of the Royal Etchers. Haden died in 1910 at the advanced age of ninety-three, and Mr. Keppel, as he tells us, met him often every year for thirty years. The etcher was a wealthy man, an eminent physician, and a conservative Tory aristocrat, set in his opinions, very proud, and exceedingly irascible. Most of Mr. Keppel's anecdotes turn upon these traits, which, doubtless because they were accompanied by downright honesty of character and a certain distorted kindliness of disposition, seem not to have alienated the affections of his friends, though doubtless they helped to widen the breach between him and his brother-in-law, James A. McNeill Whistler.

"The feud between Seymour Haden and Whistler was known throughout Europe," writes Mr. Keppel. "Whistler loathed Haden and Haden detested Whistler. But Sir Seymour drew a distinction between the man whom he abominated and the artist whom he greatly admired. This admiration led him to make a notable collection of Whistler's prints. On one occasion Sir Seymour said to me that if he were forced to part with his Rembrandt etchings or with his Whistlers he would find it hard to determine which master's works he must let go. Later on I repeated this saying to Whistler and that modest gentleman calmly remarked: 'Why, Haden should first part with his Rembrandts, of course.'"

This was not the course that was pursued by the late King Edward VII, it will be remembered, who, on coming to the throne, disposed of the splendid Whistler collection, including those which the artist himself had presented to Queen Victoria, "for the good of the Royal collections at Windsor."

"Among the historic questions which can never be definitely determined," continues Mr. Keppel, "is this one—whether Seymour Haden was the man who kicked Whistler downstairs or whether it was Whistler who administered this violent treatment to Haden. I have heard the story from both, and each of these eminent men stoutly maintained that *he* had been the kicker and his adversary the kicked one."

Perhaps it was their common enmity toward Whistler—for Mr. Keppel also had his feud with the famous "Jimmie"—that made a special tie or bond be-

*Prints and Their Makers. Edited by FitzRoy Carrington. New York: The Century Company.

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tween Haden and the American art dealer. Not that they too did not have their quarrels, but these were rather in the nature of sudden explosions of wrath on the part of Haden, and were soon over with, as he himself had the grace to be ashamed of his fits of peevish irritability, and as his friend harboured no resentment because of them. Mr. Keppel has left a record of two such incidents in their intercourse. Once when he was dining at the etcher's table, at the time of the attempt to pass the Irish Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons, he infuriated his host by his praises of Charles Stewart Parnell:

> Sir Seymour got very angry, and so made all the company uncomfortable. Thus far I did not blame myself; but a year later I certainly was ashamed of my own indiscretion. I had quite forgotten about the outbreak of the former year and I again expressed my warm sympathy with the cause of Irish Home Rule. It was just at the beginning of dinner at Sir Seymour's hospitable table, but no sooner had I mentioned the subject than he flung down knife and fork, marched out of the dining-room, banged the door behind him, and tramped upstairs to his bedroom. That sweet woman, Lady Haden, said to me very quietly, "We shall see no more of Sir Seymour to-night," and next morning, before my host appeared at breakfast, his very tactful wife, laying her hand gently on my arm, said to me, "Mr. Keppel, in conversing with my husband, pray avoid the subject of Home Rule in Ireland." Most readers would think that the little incident ended here; but it didn't. Presently Sir Seymour came down to breakfast, and carried in his hand a large and handsome book, which he presented to me. On the fly-leaf I read a long and most kindly dedication by himself; and so *that* was the end of the incident. I remember that when I received this *amende honorable* my first impulse was to recall a characteristic Irish adage, which says: "First cut my head, an' then bring me a plasther."

Lady Haden, whose Christian names were Deborah Delano, was the elder half-sister of Whistler. She was a great lover of music, and organised, among the rustics of the village of Bramdean, near which their beautiful Elizabethan home, Woodcote Manor, in Hampshire, was situated, an orchestra which she herself conducted after she had taught the swains to play the various instruments of which they were wholly ignorant when she took them in hand. Woodcote Manor had lovely gardens, and Haden delighted in the flowers which they contained. It was over some sweet peas there that the second outburst which Mr. Keppel records occurred. Haden, who regarded himself somewhat in the light of a botanist, thought he had discovered a fact of great interest based upon his observation on these sweet peas, and was preparing to address a memorial to the Royal Society on the subject. He first stated his theory, however, to Mr. Keppel, who at once pointed out to him an error in his reasoning and even got the old gardener of the place, who stood in great awe of his master, to substantiate him. Calling the two "a pair of fools," the old gentleman was about to move angrily away, when Mr. Keppel called him back and insisted upon making a practical demonstration to settle the matter. This proved incontrovertibly that Mr. Keppel was right and Haden was wrong: "but his anger against me lasted till bedtime, and it was only next morning that he said to me: 'Keppel, you made me angry yesterday about those sweet peas,—but all the same, I am glad you saved me from making a damned fool of myself before the Royal Society.'"

Some of the most amusing of Mr. Keppel's reminiscences belong to the period of the great etcher's American visit. There is, in particular, an excellent story of Haden's visit to an American family at Yonkers, wholly unknown to him. Though he was greatly surprised at the invitation, he accepted it on Mr. Keppel's recommendation, and enjoyed his week greatly. He was, however, much disconcerted when, at dinner the first night, he was offered, instead of the wine to which he was accustomed, and that he could not do without,—a glass of milk! The next night, after hearing the etcher's tale of woe, Mr. Keppel, who explained to him that his host was a pillar of the temperance cause in this country, managed to smuggle into the house a little excellent sherry by means of an innocent deceit which actu-

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ally made the head of the household, who was a veritable fanatic on the subject, an accomplice of his crime! Thus the life of the eminent etcher was saved, or at least he was assured of a good night's sleep, which comes to much the same thing at his age.

In conclusion, the following brief incident, to be set side by side with some of the stories that are told of Matthew Arnold on the occasion of his American visit, as illustrating what Lowell wrote of as "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners!" It occurred while Haden and Mr. Keppel were going up to Yonkers for the above-mentioned visit:

> I remember that from the train we saw the gorgeous sight of the sun setting behind the Palisades, and mirrored in the Hudson River, and Mr. Haden—he was not knighted until after this visit to America—said to me, with something like reproach in his voice: "Now, why have I never been told of the beauty of all this?" Later on he said to me, looking about in the crowded train: "Now, isn't it melancholy to think that nobody among all these people, except myself (and perhaps you), has the slightest sense of the beauty of this magnificent sunset?"

From Haden, another unfamiliar phase of whose genius and personality is presented by Mr. H. Nazeby Harrington in the following article on "The Water-Colors and Drawings of Sir Seymour Haden, P.R.E.," the reader will do well to turn to the account of an interesting and eccentric figure of an earlier age, in Mr. Louis R. Metcalfe's article entitled "A Prince of Print-Collectors: Michel de Marolles, Abbé de Villeloin." It was the collection of this great conoisseur of prints which, as he himself tells us in his catalogue, conisted of 123,400 original drawings and prints, comprising the work of over 6,000 artists, and contained in 400 large, and 141 small, volumes, that Louis XIV purchased in 1666 on the advice of Colbert for the royal library. It constitutes to-day the basis of the great print collection of the Bibliothèque Nationale. Marolles received for his collection the sum of twenty-five thousand five hundred dollars, a price which seems derisory when we consider the treasures it contained. Mr. Metcalfe gives us an inventory of some of its wealth, and it would have been interesting to make a rough calculation of the value of these to-day on the basis of modern prices.

Hardly had Marolles sold this great collection, which it had taken him twenty-two years to bring together, than the indefatigable abbé began a second collection. Little is known of this "except that when it was catalogued in 1672 it was contained in two hundred and thirty-seven folios. What became of it has never been ascertained; in all probability it found its way into the print-cabinets of the many *amateurs* of the end of the century. It is evident that he wished to dispose of it, probably for the purpose of starting a third collection, for we have a letter on the subject addressed to M. Brisacier, *secrétaire des commandements de la Reine*. . . . In it de Marolles describes his second collection as being hardly less important than the one he had previously sold to the King, and as containing a great number of masterpieces which were unique."

Beside such gigantic operations, the efforts of even our greatest private collectors of to-day grow pale, and this Abbé de Marolles may well be taken as their patron saint by all such collectors. In addition to his active work in this field, he compiled a vast history and catalogue of artists and artisans in all mediums, with a description of their works. This was never published and the manuscript is lost. "All that remains of it is the summary, written in bad verse and published under the title of *Le Livre des Peintres et des Graveurs*. It is a curious little book, containing little more than the names of thousands of artists who were obscure in their day and who are now completely forgotten." Thwarted of his fame as a French Vasari of the seventeenth century, Marolles, outside of his collecting mania, is principally remembered as a bad poet and translator of the classics, and for "the rather monotonous self-sufficiency of his Memoirs," in which he details with great gusto his relations with the rich and great and the gifts he received from them. Mr. Metcalfe sees in him the probable original of the "collector" described by La Bruyère in his

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Caractères, which is as pertinent to-day as it ever was:

"You wish to see my prints," says Democenes, and he forthwith brings them out and sets them before you. You see one which is neither dark nor clear nor completely drawn, and better fit to decorate on a holiday the walls of the Petit Pont or the Rue Neuve than to be treasured in a famous collection. He admits that it is engraved badly and drawn worse, but hastens to inform you that it is the work of an Italian artist who produced very little, and that the plate had hardly any printing; that, moreover, it is the only one of its kind in France; that he paid much for it, and would not exchange it for something far better. "I am," he adds, "in such a serious trouble that it will prevent any further collecting. I have all of Callot but one print, which is not only not one of his best plates, but actually one of his worst; nevertheless, it would complete my Callot. I have been looking for it for twenty years, and, despairing of success, I find life very hard indeed."

This article by Mr. Metcalfe forms one of three on related subjects by the same writer, the others being excellent studies of the two great portrait engravers of the seventeenth century, "Jean Morin," and "Robert Nanteuil." Together these form perhaps the most striking single feature of the book, though scarcely second to them stands the exhaustive study of "Giovanni Battista Piranesi," the famous Italian etcher of architectural subjects in the eighteenth century, by Mr. Benjamin Burges Moore. This is particularly suggestive in the third part where Mr. Moore traces the influence of Piranesi upon contemporary styles of architecture and decoration, and down to the present, much of which, so far as we know, represents pioneer research. Three articles by as many members of the British Museum staff—"Dürer's Woodcuts," by Mr. Campbell Dodgson; "Some Early Italian Engravers before the Time of Marcantonio," by Mr. Arthur M. Hind, and "Rembrandt's Landscape Etchings," by Mr. Laurence Binyon,—are admirable brief monographs, and are models of what such work should be in method of treatment and style of expression. They are comprehensive yet compact, serious yet not solemn in tone, and reveal at every turn evidence of love of their subject, special study, and independence of judgment. In addition they, and particularly that by Mr. Binyon, a poet well known in England and America, are clearly and charmingly written, and show the stamp of literary culture in men more or less immersed in the subtle problems of modern æsthetic science.

In addition to the articles already mentioned, there is a brisk paper on "Francisco Goya y Lucientes," by Mr. Charles H. Caffin, followed by a sincere and sympathetic brief note on the same artist by Mr. William M. Ivins, Jr.; a pleasant account of a personal enthusiasm by Mr. Royal Cortissoz, in his appreciation of "The Etchings of Fortuny"; a study of Félix Bracquemond as "An Etcher of Birds," by Mr. Frank Weitenkampf, Curator of Prints in the New York Public Library, an institution rich in the work of modern French etchers; an article on the comparatively little known "August Lepère," among these "moderns," by Elisabeth Luther Cary; a vigorous characterisation of the genius of "Anders Zorn—Painter-Etcher," by J. Nilsen Laurvik; a cordial estimate from the angle of personal friendship—though unvitiated in its critical aspect by this fact—of the brilliant young American etcher, "Herman A. Webster," by Mr. Martin Hardie; and an account of the personal relations between "Meryon and Baudelaire" based upon their correspondence recently published in full in France, by the present writer.

In the first paragraph of his article, which opens the volume, Mr. Dodgson makes the following observation: "The first decade of the twentieth century lies not very far behind us, but perhaps it is not too soon to assert that one of its marked features, in the retrospect of a print-lover, is a great revival or extension of interest in every form of engraving among cultivated people who are not specialists." If it were necessary to adduce any evidence in support of this statement, the appearance of such a volume as the present would in itself be sufficient. Here is a book the appeal of which is precisely to such "cultivated readers who are not specialists," and which is even written in part by them.

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Nothing perhaps in its pages is more suggestive than the articles which are contributed by the few who are not even professional men of letters, and who testify to the deepening interest of American amateurs in art criticism and scholarship, to the increasing tendency on their part to follow up lines of investigation and inquiry for themselves, and to their growing ability to give reasoned expression to their passions and preferences. Moreover, it is gratifying to note the publication of a book on one of the arts which is not merely a "story" of that art, an elementary primer, or a summary historical survey, bristling with names and dates—an *ouvrage de vulgarisation*—but which clearly presupposes some sort of general historical and technical knowledge on the part of a considerable body of readers who will thus be able to fill up themselves the gaps between widely differing and widely separated subjects, treated without any pretence of unity other than that afforded by the one dominant note of which the editor speaks in his Preface: "A sincere love of Prints and an interest in their Makers."

William Aspenwall Bradley.

V

PROFESSOR SEARS'S "JOHN HANCOCK—THE PICTURESQUE PATRIOT"*

The subject of this human and pleasantly discursive biography is set against a background amply filled in with many interesting details which show wide reading of Colonial literature and documents. The details are selected in a fashion which testifies, also, to a genial and appreciative eye for the fine humours of things. Nor is the appreciation without its roguishness. For not only does the author fail to take up the cudgel for Hancock—preferring to present the picture as mellowly as is consistent with truth to the facts as he sees them—but he does an unheard-of thing for a New Englander. He takes a sly dig (or at the least permits you to do so) at an institution rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun itself.

*John Hancock. By Lorenzo Sears. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

It was inevitable of course that a Boston Latin schoolboy in those days should go to Harvard—if he goes anywhere to college, it is almost as inevitable now. In that day Harvard woke up at five o'clock in the morning and began work at six. Furthermore, the president himself administered the necessary corporal punishment, with a prayer before and after. In these respects things have changed, but then as now Commencement Day remained the queen of New England festivities. Indeed, the habitual hilarity had reached such an extreme that the year before young Hancock entered three strait-laced gentlemen had offered the college a thousand pounds to hold Commencement "in a more private manner." The Corporation—true to the college ideal to let no gift escape—promptly put it up to the Overseers, but they feared to discontinue suddenly so general a holiday. Thereupon the Corporation strategically suggested that any unfavourable comment could be forestalled by appointing the day as a fast-day. But the Overseers, though not scandalised, doubted if the consolations of religion would be sufficient in so peculiar a case; and that year, as always, the entire population of the town and the strangers within its gates—says Professor Sears—attained to the various degrees of their annual exaltation of spirit.

But the author is by no means content with this exhibition of an irreverent temper. It is remarkable, he suggests meaningly, that so conspicuous and striking a figure as Hancock has hitherto been without a genuine biography. He mentions that a Boston newspaper clipping of a quarter century ago states that materials for such a biography were once collected but later purchased for one thousand dollars and destroyed. Who suppressed these materials? The author never directly answers the piquant idea he has started, but certain details of his narrative cause the reader to speculate on the identity of the interested parties.

Before the outbreak of the war Hancock had been a generous benefactor to Harvard. Liberal and wealthy and of undoubted integrity, he had been considered a most desirable treasurer for the institution; but after he had taken

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that office, it was found that his cares first as President of the Continental Congress and afterward as Governor of Massachusetts had diverted his attention from its financial matters. Disconcerted with so divided an allegiance, the college threw out hints and diplomatic requests for either more attention or resignation. Hancock appears not to have considered the possibility of either, and finally there came a peremptory demand to deliver moneys, bonds, and other papers belonging to the Treasury. Hancock claimed much surprise and some serious resentment at this action; and for almost a year the silenced Corporation drew in its horns discreetly. They then tried a more humble tack and appealed to his pity for a college obliged to worry along without interest on its money, but this extracted no answer whatever. After several more equally unavailing letters, they mustered up courage to elect another treasurer, although they had not yet received his resignation. This Hancock regarded as a personal affront and never forgave the Corporation. To conciliate him, they entreated his portrait "to be drawn at the expense of the Corporation." But keeping in his pocket his vanity and their cash-balance, both very sizable, he made no reply. Finally they voted to enter suit, but rescinded their action, having a prudent sense of his popularity and influence. When he became Governor and took his seat as *ex-officio* chairman of the Board of Overseers, the position became one of increased embarrassment for them. But he made no remark when they mentioned that their accounts still remained unsettled. In his last term as Governor when giving notice of his intention to resign he finally made a statement of his accounts, eleven years after their first request. But he made no payment. When he finally promised to pay, he postponed the day so repeatedly that death intervened; and the account was settled by his heirs.

It seems uncharitable, goes on Professor Sears, to insist that fraud was intended; besides he not only gave his long services to the Congress for nothing, but actually omitted to keep a list of his expenses—and so little did he care about money that he voluntarily took a third off his salary as Governor. Furthermore, not even his bitterest detractors in the public press ever tried to make any capital out of his certainly not unknown delinquency. Perhaps wounded vanity inspired his strange behaviour, for he was so great a stickler for etiquette that he once caused a public storm in Boston by refusing to attend General Washington at dinner until the president of a mere feeble Federation should pay his respects to the Governor of the oldest and richest of the Commonwealth. But whatever the cause, Boston never forgave him for humiliating her pride and joy; and the existing prejudice against him there can be attributed to this. The man who held up Harvard College for fifteen years was not a person for a Boston biography. It remains to be seen whether the present Boston publishers will suffer dire consequences for their foolhardy act. *Graham Berry.*

VI

"The Poetical Works of William Henry Drummond"*

A complete collection of the poems of the late Dr. Drummond, attractively printed on Bible paper and bound like the Oxford Book of English Verse in blue cloth, will be welcome to the many admirers of this poet. Few are accorded a more immediate recognition than was his on the publication of his first volume, *The Habitant, and Other French-Canadian Poems,* in 1897—his fugitive verses in the patois he has made famous as a literary vehicle had already attracted some attention to him even in the United States—and the successive volumes published during his own lifetime, *The Voyageur, and Other Poems*, and *Johnnie Courteau,* served to swell a reputation that may now be regarded as firmly established. Since his death, his wife has published still a fourth volume, *The Great Fight,* the contents of which have been added to those of the three others in the present edition, which is definitive.

*The Poetical Works of William Henry Drummond. With an Introduction by Louis Fréchette and an Appreciation by Neil Munro. Frontispiece Portrait. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1912.

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It is a delightful book, even if it is not without its defects as a representation of the poet's genius. One could wish that some friend with the requisite critical judgment had exercised a discriminating supervision over the making of the volume, and had been given the right to exclude such poems as added nothing to its weight and interest. Dr. Drummond had a single vein. But like so many other poets of a *genre,* he was ambitious to develop his gift in other directions. Hence the very ordinary Irish dialect poems, and the quite conventional pieces in literary English, which should have been ruthlessly sacrificed, even had they been very much better than they are, if only for the sake of unity. Drummond is one thing, and one thing only: the interpreter of the life and character of the French Canadian people in a dialect which, just because it is crude and composite, the result of a perpetual creative effort, becomes an admirable vehicle for the expression of primitive sentiments and emotions. For the rest, Dr. Drummond was merely a very mediocre provincial poet whose thin celebrations of the Empire and of Canadian nationality strike a false and artificial note in a book so rich in the qualities of universality.

Even in his own field, however, he did not by any means invariably attain the highest level he was capable of reaching. He was not proof against the temptation to make a merely journalistic use of his gift and of his medium; and many of his verses in the French-Canadian dialect are nothing more than an attempt to put his comments on contemporary events in a piquant dress. If he had had the idea of creating a French-Canadian Mr. Dooley, he might have made his fortune from the newspapers; or if he had had the talent and perspicacity to conceive a series of French-Canadian *Bigelow Papers,* he might have left an exceedingly valuable political and historical document. As it is, his verses which contain the germs of such ideas are too trivial and desultory to be worthy of serious consideration, though it is but fair to add that there are few that do not contain at least some traces of his best manner in touches of tender pathos, and quaint humour, in brief, true, and effective traits of characterisation, and in that mingling of an unfailing sense of the picturesque with a kindly and affectionate understanding of the life and the people portrayed, which is all his own.

It is, however, only when, going straight to the heart of these people in what is the very substance of their lives —their joys and sorrows, their pastimes and vocations—whether as farmers along the shores of the broad St. Lawrence, as lumbermen working their rafts down the swift current of many a tributary stream, or as dwellers in the fastnesses of the great forests, that he becomes inspired with a real poem. Such a poem, one that remains among the very best, as it was one of the first, before its author began, to a certain extent, to manufacture subjects, is "The Habitant." To appreciate thoroughly this little masterpiece, which, in a few simple stanzas and through the idyllic method, sums up the cycle of the farmer's life as it has revolved through generation after generation for more than two centuries in a land of brief, ardent, laborious, summers, and long secluded patient winters, one must have seen for himself something of this life, and of the conditions climatic, economic, and moral, under which it is lived. Organised by the French seigneurs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries on a strictly feudal basis, it retains to-day marked traces of mediæval structure and sentiment. Its essence is the element of piety and respect for the past which, strengthened by the clerical domination, scarcely undermined as yet by modern influences, causes these people, more perhaps than any other, to cling fast to their customs and traditions:

De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,
Ma gran'fader, too, an' hees fader also—

In these lines one gets close to the real religion of the people which makes them go on doing what their ancestors have always done before them, regardless of whether or not it is the best way. Thus, even to-day, they go on building their fences of wood, though wood is now comparatively scarce, while stones litter their fields or are built up in secular cairns in the midst of them. And akin

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to this traditionalism of the people, this regionalism, as we call it to-day, this sense of being rooted in the soil, and of growing there as a race, is a quality of gentle resignation — of contentedness rather, we might better call it, since there is little consciousness of any effort connected with it. The *habitant* is calm, quiet, and equable, taking life as he finds it without serious complaining and, indeed, with a good deal of blithe buoyancy, of simple spontaneous pleasure in the few unexciting incidents of his social life. Vain indulgences are frowned upon by the clergy—there is little or no dancing—and the family is itself the centre of rest and recreation, as it is of work. To "veiller," as they call it—that is, to visit from house to house and to sit in a large circle of men and women in the dimly lighted kitchen at night—this is the principal amusement, the only excuse for conviviality, when the bottle of "whiskey blanc" or Holland gin is brought from the cupboard and dispensed to the guests.

And tobacco is passed around, too, *tabac* (pronounced "tawbawc") *canayen* which, grown by every farmer for his own consumption and cured over the cowstalls in the *bâtisse,* will never be forgotten by any one who has ever tried to smoke it. Such tobacco gives the point to a story told in verse farther on in the book—a story that reads like a French-Canadian version of a legend once poetised by Rossetti in a Dutch setting. The Devil comes to get Louis Desjardins, who treats him to a smoke:

Wan pipe is all I want for me—
  We'll finish our smoke downstair',
De devil say, an' it was enough,
For w'en he tak' de very first puff
He holler out, "Maudit, w'at stuff!
  Fresh air! fresh air!! fresh air!!!"

And the upshot was that as long as Louis kept on smoking, the devil could not get near him, and, pipe in mouth, he remains safe till this day.

Glimpses of this interior life are contained in "The Habitant," which thus becomes, though on a slighter scale, the French-Canadian equivalent of such poems as "Snowbound" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Here, too, enters that courting element, so important a feature of all popular poetry. Lovemaking is carried on largely *coram publico.* Otherwise it presents few novel or unfamiliar features, and of course, as in all rustic communities where the women are heavily burdened with domestic work and childbearing, love seems like a cruel lure of nature to lead the young girl almost without transition into haggard middle age. Still the process is accompanied here with less seeming cynicism than in many places elsewhere, and there is much truth in those scenes of domestic sentiment pictured by Dr. Drummond where a faithful and active affection survives the passionate explosions of youth.

The brevity of youth in this Canadian land has its symbol and correspondence in the pathetic brevity of the spring under northern latitudes. The coming of spring, the breaking up of the long death of the winter, is the recurrent theme of all these poems, the point where they best attain rapture and ecstasy and where the poet accordingly reaches his highest poetic level:

Oh! dat was de place w'en de spring tam she's
  comin',
  W'en snow go away, an' de sky is all blue—
W'en ice lef' de water, an' sun is get hotter,
  An' back on de medder is sing de gouglou—

W'en small sheep is firs' comin' out on de
  pasture,
  Deir nice leetle tail stickin' up on deir back,
Dey ronne wit' deir moder, an' play wit' each
  oder,
  An' jomp all de tam jus' de sam' dey was
  crack—

An' ole cow also, she's glad winter is over,
  So she kick herse'f up, an' start off on de
  race
Wit' de two-year-ole heifer, dat's pretty soon
  lef' her,
W'y ev'ryt'ing's crazee all over de place!

An' down on de reever de wil' duck is quackin',
  Along by de shore leetle san' piper ronne—
De bullfrog he's gr-rompin' an' doré is
  jompin',
  Dey all got deir own way for mak' it de
  fonne.

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There is actually something Chaucerian in the simple joyousness (as well as occasionally in the language) of these animal pictures. But, as the poet continues:

But spring's in beeg hurry, an' don't stay long wit' us,
An firs' t'ing we know, she go off till nex' year,
Den bee commence hummin', for summer is comin',
An' purty soon corn's gettin' ripe on de ear.

And summer is the season of hard work, how hard only he can know who has seen the *habitant* farmer rushing to get through in two or three months what the New England farmer has four or five in which to accomplish it. The season is one long race. "For," as Drummond writes in another poem:

For de mos' fine summer season don't las' too long, an' we know it,
So we're workin' ev'rybody, w'ile de sun is warm and clear,
Dat's de tam for plant de barley, an' de injun corn we sow it,
W'en de leaf upon de maple's jus' de size of squirrel's ear.
* * * * *
Yass, de farmer's offen worry, an' it sometam mak heem snappy,
For no sooner wan job's finish, dan he got two t'ousand more.

So, although Drummond makes his *habitant* farmer welcome the summer and glory in it, we suspect that most of these farmers themselves are rather glad when it is over and they can take life more easily by their kitchen fires.

Such, in its broad outlines, is the life that Drummond pictures in his poems. He embroiders his presentation with a thousand little details, all of them suggestive and all of them true, so far as one can judge who has seen the *habitants* only in towns, villages, and the farming sections. The poet has seen them everywhere, and that is what makes the value of his work as a social document. The book, which has its historical and legendary background and its dramatic incidents, like that of the Rebellion of 1837, in "The Papineau Gun," is really an epic of the French-Canadian people, told in ballad and lyric. A word should perhaps be said of its language. This is by no means universal. Indeed, it is met with only in those towns and camps and parishes where the *habitant* has come into close contact with the Yankee. In the townships east of Quebec on the north side of the river, French, and French only, is spoken. Even the infiltration of the thousands who return annually from the States—the theme of such returning is a common one in these verses, usually with a comic turn—has no effect upon the large body of the people in these outlying districts. But this question of tongue is not a vital one, and the *patois,* as it is employed by Drummond, is one of those felicitous literary inventions by which one language may be made faithfully to suggest the very idiom of another. It seems a pity that such French words as are actually embodied in this *lingua franca* of the frontier could not have been more carefully edited as to accents, and that the three glaring typographical errors in M. Louis Fréchette's graceful French note of introduction could not have been caught and rectified—something that would have seemed simple enough, since this note was originally contributed to the 1897 edition of "The Habitant" fifteen years ago.

Horatio Hart.

VII

Ida Tarbell's "The Business of Being a Woman"*

The Business of Being a Woman is a book of unexplained blame. The author blames the out-in-the-world women because they do not stay at home. But she blames the stay-at-home women because they lack the qualities which come from going out into the world.

One can but admire the courage with which Miss Tarbell hurls herself against evolution. But one marvels at her method of attack. It is so wobbly. She makes a statement, withdraws it a little way, reasserts it, withdraws it some more, and then lays it down as a law.

*The Business of Being a Woman. By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1912.

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The method is confusing. It is like the old lady who spoke in prayer-meeting, "I feel, O friends, I feel! I feel—that I feel." But you never find out what she feels nor why she feels it.

But one thing remains unmodified in Miss Tarbell's argument, women are to blame. There is no other underlying principle in this new-old-fashioned book of ancient platitudes arrayed in new phrases. The real trouble seems to be a lack of that fundamental philosophy which enables one to relate facts with principle, cause with effect, and fit the part to its whole. In consequence we have contradictions linked with accusations and retractions.

As a first accusation we are told that "women are uneasy." Of course it is conceded that men are uneasy also, but they have a right to be since they are not sacred. The author's point of view is explained as follows:

> Society distrusts uneasiness in sacred quarters; that is, in her established and privileged works. . . . We would like to pride ourselves that they were permanent, that we had settled some things. And hence society resents a restless woman. And this is logical enough.

Logical enough for what? For dogma or for life?

Then follows a second accusation called "Making a man of herself." Here the argument cross-roughs. All human activities are classified as male. Home-making alone is feminine. Therefore it is easy to prove that every female person pressed by necessity or natural energy into any line of human activity is merely trying to imitate man. And the conclusion is that woman is to blame.

Miss Tarbell condemns the economic independence of women, but says, "The heaviest burden to-day in productive America aside from the burden imposed by a vicious industrial system is that of its non-productive women."

She extols the home, but admits, "The woman's position at its head is hard. . . . There is nothing done that does not mean self-denial, routine, disillusionment and half realisation." This seems sympathetic, but on the same page we read, "It is not the woman's business that is at fault; it is the faulty handling of it."

There is also a sad chapter on "The Homeless Daughter," in which it is admitted that modern invention has deprived the home of many activities. Therefore the daughter returning from college often finds she is not needed. For this mother, and not modern invention, is to blame.

Then follows the author's opinion of the effect of the women movement on the young woman:

> Man and marriage are a trap—that is the essence the young woman draws from the campaign for woman's rights.

Once more we have a dogma which does not fit the facts of life. Young women of to-day are crazier about men and marriage than old-fashioned women ever were. The old-fashioned woman waited to be wooed, the new woman often does the wooing. Perhaps that is the real essence the young woman draws from the campaign for woman's rights.

Miss Tarbell avoids the use of hackneyed phrases like "woman's sphere." Instead she substitutes the following:

> Human society may be likened to two great circles, one revolving within the other. In the inner circle rules the woman. Here she breeds and trains the material for the outer circle, which exists only by and for her. That accident may throw her into this outer circle is of course true, but it is not her natural habitat. Nor is she fitted by nature to live and circulate freely there.

The efforts of women who reach outside of the circle she repeatedly condemns, but let it not be imagined that the docile women who obediently remain within the prescribed circle are thus justified. On the contrary, they are found guilty of futile, feverish activity, excessive self-adornment, pettiness and personalities.

According to Miss Tarbell woman's narrow and restricted environment is not the cause of her narrow and restricted achievement. Sex alone seems to be the culpable cause of all limitations. But neither sex disability nor domestic environment excuse women from responsibility. On the contrary, Miss Tarbell holds them largely responsible for public corruption, the failure of de-

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mocracy, the meat trust, the high cost of living and impure food.

The following paragraphs illustrate the author's view of woman's responsibility:

It is not too much to say that the success of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution depended in the minds of certain early Democrats upon the woman.

It is not too much to say that the revelations of corruption in our American cities, the use of town councils, State legislatures, and even of the Federal Government in the interests of private business have discredited the democratic system throughout the world. . . . And *this has come about under the régime of the emancipated woman.* Is she in no way responsible for it?

In reference to woman's function of spending, Miss Tarbell says:

So poorly have women discharged these obligations that dealers for years have been able to manipulate prices. . . . We have the scandal of American woollen goods, of food adulteration, of false weights and measures. Not one of these things could have come about in this country if woman had taken her business as a consumer with anything like the seriousness with which man takes his as a producer. . . . Her ignorance in handling the products of industry has helped the monopolistically inclined trust enormously.

After asking whether the woman's task calls for the vote, Miss Tarbell answers, "I do not myself see this."

However, lack of citizenship does not lessen woman's responsibility. Within the sacred inner Tarbell circle, where faint echoes of civic and political life may sometimes penetrate, "her great task is to prepare the citizen" and give him "the understanding of the principles of democracy and of the society in which we live." This applies not only to children but also to servants. Miss Tarbell says: "Not one woman in a thousand has recognised that she has an obligation to make a fit citizen of the girl who comes into her home." It is not enough that a woman should make citizens of her servants, she should also see to it that they are happily married.

Is it not part of her business to help settle her servants in matrimony? Certainly any large and serious conception of her business must include this obligation. It is the failure to recognise opportunities for public service of this kind that makes the woman say her life is narrow.

Miss Tarbell refers with considerable sympathy to the loneliness of servants who are restricted to the narrow sphere of home. But she has no sympathy for the home restrained housewife, who should be bright, cheerful and full of stimulating conversation when her tired husband returns at night.

After persuading us through several chapters that home-making is woman's business and the "inner circle" is woman's sphere, Miss Tarbell utters her opinion of the women who reach toward the large circle of broad human activities. She does not praise them. On the contrary she says, "In every profession we have scores of successful women—almost never a *great* woman." Again she says, "Let a woman make success in a trade or profession her exclusive and sufficient ambition, and the result, though it may be brilliant, is repellent." After expressing herself thus critically about the professional woman Miss Tarbell looks about her for an example of the ideal home, and choses as the type of what all homes should pattern after, Hull House, the professional work of a professional woman, whom all the world reveres as great. Women are then urged to emulate the mind and spirit of Jane Addams. The reader is rather dazed by this contradiction. How did Jane Addams develop her spirit and mind? By social, civic and political activities which can only be denominated as non-domestic, by civic work, social work, political work, in short, everything excepting housework. If a woman must stay at home and shut her mind to all large human activities one wonders how she will develop the soul and mind of a Jane Addams?

Miss Tarbell's treatment of the woman question is not sympathetic. It is like the labour movement handled by an employer or free trade discussed by a protectionist. The woman movement is not viewed by Miss Tarbell as by a philosophical outsider. Nor is it regarded

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from the inside as by a woman with sympathy for the struggle. Rather is it seen from the point of view of an irritated male resentful of intrusion. This masculine view is not unusual among superior and successful women, who seem bent on preventing other women from following in their footsteps.

Marie Jenney Howe.

VIII

Edwin W. Morse's "Causes and Effects in American History"*

In his preface the author says, "Few things are drier or duller than the bare facts of history. Few things are more interesting than the reasons why great events happened as they did, and why the consequences of these happenings were what they were."

Which is undoubtedly true. But then, is it always, or even usually, easy to discover the whys and to estimate correctly the consequences of great events? History, after all, is a resultant of the exceedingly complex desires, motives and impulses of human nature. The reasons why things happened are seldom those that seem to lie upon the surface.

But this interesting history book is by no means unsuccessful. The author does not indeed always make the reasons why as clear as might be wished; but he has given a very attractive outline of American history, and one that touches the vital points—which in more ambitious works are too often the neglected points—of the history. Certain parts of the book are enlightening and useful in their bearing upon present-day questions. The chapters upon the making of the Constitution and that upon American Commerce and Shipping may be instanced.

Nations are like individuals. They are unwilling learners from experience; and they pay dearly for this concerted obstinacy.

Or rather, is it not a sort of mental and moral laziness? For the average citizen it seems easier to decide questions which the exigency of the hour thrust upon us, according to the impulses and preferences of the moment. We do not want to take the trouble to think: still less are we willing to take the trouble to study. The lessons of history, which are the lessons of experience, are regarded as disagreeable tasks dealing with affairs which we airily dismiss as "back numbers." And truly the lessons of history are none too easy to come at.

A book like this ought to fill an important place. Whether or not the author has succeeded in the wider, philosophic sense in his purpose, he has provided a most attractive outline history, and he has succeeded in catching the vital moments of the history in a way that should prove of real service.

Ira Seymour.

*Causes and Effects in American History. By Edwin W. Morse. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

IX

H. G. Wells's "Marriage"†

There can be no doubt that the evisceration of a novel by Mr. Wells for serial publication is bound to do an injustice to his scheme. The earlier novels, perhaps, with their abundance of situations, as such, might not feel this so much as *Marriage,* which, now that the complete work is before us, shows the author to be the same man only with a different illumination. In fact, this novel—bound to attract wide comment—is not one of episodes which can be nicely cut from the context to sustain interest from month to month; here is a picture whose main effect and persuasion is gained by the countless accumulation of petty details, which add significance as they colour and shade into the broad canvas. There is, too, a difference it seems in style and a closer approach to the leisurely method of Arnold Bennett, to whom the book is dedicated. Mr. Wells generally chooses a thesis and rigidly externalises it; in the present novel the new method makes it a more casual picture of a condition in which two very vivid persons are thrown trying the experiment of marriage. It is essentially a study of adjustment not only each with the other, but, further, toward their relation as man and wife to the society

†Marriage. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield and Company.

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which made their problem more than individual. Minutely analytical, touching restlessly all the social problems about us, the book seems almost "drunk with thought."

The Popes, if somewhat overelaborated at times, serve to show the chaotic family conditions from which Marjorie escapes, though carrying through life the punishments of such a heritage. The father apparently amused the author, for there is a certain savage delight in revealing a typical middle-class Englishman, lord of his house, egoist, scribbler to the *Times,* and fatuous protestor against the progress which has depleted his conservative purse. His wife, first from protection and then from habit, is always found at the end of a prevarication. It is as easy for one to lie as for the other to domineer, though both are scrupulously and admittedly "moral." They consequently look with approval upon their daughter's engagement to Mr. Magnet, who is comfortably settled, clever, and incidentally over forty. The engagement just happened,—Marjorie doesn't quite understand it, thinking "it was the thing to do"—and it was as quickly broken when Trafford, scientist and thirty, descends unavoidably from a wounded aeroplane. Mr. Wells, as ever, is thoroughly up-to-date, and in a series of delightfully healthy episodes Marjorie loses her heart, violates her family feeling, and marries Trafford. She brings him no dowry but her health, vivacity, devotion, variable moods, unplumbed depths, and a tendency to debts and luxurious indulgences. Trafford, on the other hand, has a future in his research work, no experience to speak of with women, an unsullied uncommercial ambition, a small professorship, which, with an inheritance, nets him about six hundred pounds a year. Having sketched this background for two hundred pages, the remainder of the book becomes in reality a duologue, though, of course, as the story proceeds, Mr. Wells cannot refrain from satirising the "culture-tablet" people, those who lead "uplift" movements, with added illuminating discussions of science, politics, woman suffrage, and the host of kaleidoscopic subjects which one is bound to find so characteristically analysed in any novel by this social surgeon. To some readers these episodes, tangential and dragged in as they seem at times, will be of greater interest than the more intimate intricate problem of husband and wife; and most of them serve, no doubt, to make the warp of the gradual change which comes to Marjorie and Trafford, after they have begun to settle down and their first child has come.

Trafford soon begins to feel the call of his work and the need for the old uninterrupted concentration: Marjorie has time on her hands.

> And now, indeed, the Traffords were coming to the most difficult and fatal phase in marriage. They had had that taste of defiant adventure which is the crown of a spiritual love affair, they had known the sweetness of a maiden passion for a maid, and they had felt all those rich and solemn emotions, those splendid fears and terrible hopes that weave themselves about the great partnership of parentage. And now, so far as sex was concerned, there might be much joy and delight still, but no more wonder, no fresh discoveries of incredible new worlds and unsuspected stars. Love, which had been a new garden, an unknown land, a sunlit sea to launch upon, was now a rich treasure-house of memories. And memories, although they afford a perpetually increasing enrichment to emotion, are not sufficient in themselves for the daily needs of life. With them, as with thousands of young couples in London to-day, the bread winner was overworked, and the spending partner's duty was chiefly the negative one of not spending.

Debts, dawning disillusion and the necessity of sacrificing research for money grubbing, forces them to realise they must halt and take spiritual stock. They go off on a walking trip to Switzerland, and just as they are beginning to find what they think will be the panacea, they are met by wealthy friends who invite the Traffords to their château. Here the husband feels for the first time the lure of luxurious surroundings and sees the opulence of his wife's beauty dressed as she is in borrowed plumage. He follows the instinct of the male and succumbs to the call of money-making, secretly resolving to give but a few years of his life to a proffered commercial part-

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nership, and then, when free of financial necessity, to resume the great unselfish work of his life. In seven years his secret process of synthesising rubber brings him a fortune, but with it, however, a growing divergence from his wife. He begins to resent "the sacrifice" he has made for her, though it has not been without advantages to him; and she, too, senses a vague unreality in the situation. They seek to conceal the facts from each other in externals, each groping silently to understand the other. Finally to Trafford comes a resolve to leave it all; but his mother makes him see that if he does not take Marjorie along they will never come together again. In one of the most moving scenes in the novel husband and wife talk it all out, and Marjorie resolves to go with him to Labrador.

It's just the good, the exquisite things in life, that make me rebel against the life we are living. It's because I've seen the streaks of gold that I know the rest for dirt. When I go cheating and scheming to my office, and come back to find you squandering yourself upon a horde of chattering, overdressed women, when I think that that is our substance —then I remember most the deep and beautiful things. . . . Has it been love? Love is a thing that grows. But we took it—as people take flowers out of a garden, cut them off, put them in water. How much of our daily life has been love? How much of it mere consequences of the love we've left behind us? I love a thousand things about you, but do I love *you?* Haven't I lost you? Haven't we both lost something, the very heart of it all? Oh, why should the life of every day conquer us? Why should generation after generation of men have these fine beginnings, these splendid dreams of youth, attempt so much, achieve so much and then, then become—*this?*

It is, consequently, a psychological motivation caused by the pressure of an unhealthy social scheme which prompts them to the desperate extremity of leaving their children and the old life temporarily behind, and drives them to the bareness of an isolated winter in the wilds of Labrador. They had failed to find adjustment once before when they had chosen Switzerland, because civilisation was near to tempt them: there was no such escape in Labrador. The final hundred pages deal with their physical and spiritual experiences there. Trafford is wounded in an exciting battle with a lynx, and upon Marjorie falls the care of him during his helplessness and delirium. Sharp conflict with nature proves the restorative, and brings spiritual recovery, as they suppose; for out of the struggle with necessities they find themselves and more—an answer to "what to do with life." It is difficult at times to trace the logic of this slow readjustment, since the author has covered much of the groping after the truth in Trafford's delirious talk. It is clear, however, that he would have us see the terrific waste of energy in the world through the mere lack of its direction. The whole race needs "understanding," and Trafford resolves to express himself in the future to the utmost limits of his power.

That is the work now that is before all mankind, to attempt understanding—by the perpetual finding of thought and means of expression, by perpetual extension and refinement of science, by the research that every artist makes for beauty and significance in his art, by the perpetual testing and destruction and rebirth under criticism of all these things, and by a perpetual extension of this intensifying wisdom to more minds and more and more, till all men share in it, and share in the making of it. There you have my creed, Marjorie; there you have the very marrow of me.

He rails against the importance of results as contrasted with the lesson of life which lies in patience. He cannot go back to the old work—he has lost that—but he can go back to men. He thus spiritualises his chemistry of research, as it were. He wants to become a part of "this stuttering attempt to express." Marjorie sees his vision, but with more practicality, reminds him that they are after all merely human beings—man and woman. He knows, too, they are full of irreconcilable differences because the male and the female mixed as each element is in each physical structure we call man and woman causes confusion and struggle: the big problem between the two is merely a difference in the in-

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ternal struggle that goes on in each. What Wells would have us see seems to be that marriage can be most successful when the life together is sustained by faith and controlled throughout by an aim. It is with this in their hearts that they return home—mutually dependent. But the man goes to his work and the woman—to what? So whether they really solve their problem is artistically left unanswered, for the test of any attitude of mind depends upon its capacity to face the facts of life. And the life of the Traffords was to be lived in the city and not on the wide sweeps of a snow-bound shore. *Griffin Mace.*

X

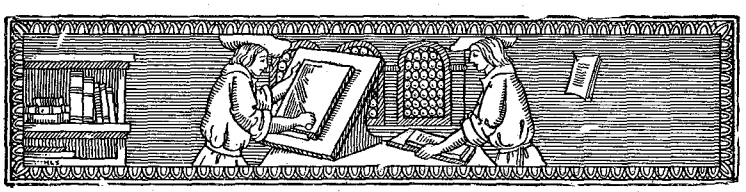
Kathleen Norris's "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne"*

This little story has a charm which one might expect from the author of *Mother.* There is the same appealing simplicity of characterisation, touched with an amiable optimism, and a quiet power bred of accurate if somewhat idealistic observation. One finds, however, less originality in the plot of this second novel, for the device is only saved from commonplaceness by the author's easy, flowing style, which eddies prettily about all the little details of daily life. Mrs. Burgoyne herself has a strong family likeness to Mrs. Paget, and their mutual love of children seems also to be the most dominant interest of the author's present mood. The earlier novel revealed her as an unusually skilful special pleader for large families, and *The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne,* too, seems teeming with little children. The child *motif* now, however, is somewhat subordinated to a study of the effect of a personality upon an environment.

The scene is laid in a small Californian town, where the women seem to be leading aimless lives, though loaded with good intentions and automobiles. Mrs. Norris gives a kindly, satirical picture of such a community and cleverly hits off the usual types with their clubs and their "movements." Into this comes the fascinating heroine, widowed, with children and supposedly rich. Instead of doing the expected and entering into a social existence she becomes a worker and successful reformer. She lives simply and the town naturally thinks "it is only the very rich who can afford to be poor." The course of the story leads her to fall in love with an old childish sweetheart, who had apparently made a failure of his life until her coming gave it a meaning. Gradually, too, her influence spreads and the entire place seems changed. The story ends happily in the discovery that Mrs. Burgoyne is not rich and the man she loves finds his long deserted wife has been dead for years. The complications, as one may see, are at no time impregnable; it is the charm of the telling, not the situations, which keeps the reader's attention. Frequently it all seems too good to be true, but we suppose there is a host of readers who will prefer this gentle tale to the more strenuous sociological-economic fiction of the moment. At any rate, it serves to show there are tremulous and sensitive writers like Mrs. Norris who see good in everything and make it plausible because they make it charming.

Geoffrey Monmouth.

*The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Company.



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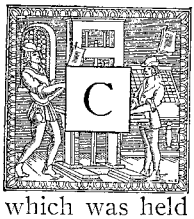
THE TATTLER

LIVING TREASURE



COOPER and the mathematical philanthropist first met at the Congress for the Adoption of a Universal Standard of Destitution for the Use of Charity Workers which was held last summer in Philadelphia. It was during a pause in the debate on the question whether the metric system could be utilised in determining an International Poverty Index that their friendship began. The stranger, whose name was Smith, must have assumed from Cooper's meek and slightly bewildered air that he was an amateur millionaire philanthropist with an imperfect knowledge of charity technique. At any rate, he lost no time in telling Cooper that he was anxious to obtain the sum of ten thousand dollars as the nucleus of a fund for the study and conservation of infant life. Had it ever come to Cooper's knowledge that every infant life saved meant a gain of $5746 to the community? This was calculating on the basis of the life insurance tables and the prevailing rate of wages in twenty selected industries during the period 1898-1910.

Cooper thought that the capitalised value of our children must form a very important share of the national wealth.

Smith said that was the idea exactly. The value of the annual infant crop in the United States exceeded the value of the agricultural output for the entire country. He warmed to his subject. He pointed out that unlike the corn or cotton crop, which varies greatly from year to year, the annual human harvest was scarcely subject to fluctuation. It was independent of rain, heat and other climatic conditions. Such slight variations in quantity as did occur could be discounted in advance. As for a total crop failure, that was an unheard of thing.

Cooper asked what need there was for worry, seeing that Nature looked so well after her own.

Smith showed that just there was the rub. Nature was generous only up to a certain point. She put forth the young plant and then lost all interest in the matter. The annual infant crop was immune against meteorological and soil disturbances, but it was not immune against the diseases and pests that assail all growing things. The San José scale and the boll weevil were no more inimical to the prosperity of the nation than diphtheria, scarlet fever, and underfeeding. Every year vast numbers of children died from these causes. Put this annual loss at fifty thousand lives, multiply this number by $5746, the ascertained value of every new-born American, and you have a fair idea of what our annual destruction of child life means. It was a wastage of capital that would not be tolerated for a moment in any well-managed business corporation. It amounted to nearly $300,000,000 a year, or enough to build a dozen Dreadnoughts. Smith was sure that if Cooper took it as a simple business proposition, he could not henceforth read the statistics of infant mortality with an indifferent eye.

Cooper subsequently told Harding that he found the idea fascinating at first. It made the world an infinitely richer place than he had ever imagined it to be. Viewed from this standpoint, there really was no such thing as poverty. The wealthy classes had their wealth and the poor had their large families. The mean street in which Cooper has his habitation took on a new aspect. It did not swarm with ill-kept children at play, but, as he saw it now, with riches untold. The street was the channel of golden Pactolus. Wealth surged and eddied about him. It overflowed from the sidewalk into the gutter. It swirled under the very horses' hoofs and the wheels of automobiles. It inundated the dark hallways and the backyards. It trickled down the fire-escapes. Wealth to the amount of nearly $60,000 was represented in a single game of All Around the Mulberry Bush, which was always in active swing under Cooper's windows on warm summer nights.

Cooper thought of his janitor. Seen

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in this new light, the tall, blond Scandinavian, who dwelt in a mysterious recess somewhere behind the coal bin, was worth exactly $45,968, calculating at the rate of $5746 per infant capita. They were not quick assets, to be sure. The janitor's legal position was that of trustee for the benefit of society, rather than that of direct ownership. But, after all, to be in active control of other people's money nowadays is pretty nearly the same thing as owning it one's self. Cooper had often observed the janitor's eldest child, a little girl of twelve, possibly. She might be seen any fine afternoon on the avenue carrying a fortune of $5746 in her arms and propelling a baby carriage loaded with wealth to twice that amount. It is doubtful whether even in the most well-to-do circles children of twelve are entrusted with the care of such considerable sums.

At this point in his reflections Cooper grew aware that Smith was speaking to him. "To ensure the success of every movement," Smith was saying, "you must touch the popular imagination. Things must be put so that they will hit the public between the eyes. I leave it to you, which headline in your morning paper would stick faster in the memory —'Thousand Children Cared For' or 'Six Million Dollars Saved.'?"

But here Cooper began to have his qualms. Smith had evidently overshot the mark. Cooper told him that "Six Million Dollars Saved" might not be a very good headline after all. People would think it was a story about an improved method of making automobile frames and would yawn and turn to the baseball page. And besides there was the case of the French people.

Smith said of course there were the French; but it was apparent that he did not quite see what the French people had to do with it.

Cooper reminded him of the fact that France was the richest nation in the world and that in France they had no children; that is, no children to speak of. The annual crop, to use Smith's figure, was a very meagre one. If you multiplied the number of children in a country by $5746 France ought to be at the bottom of the list instead of at the top, whereas the Hindus would be rolling in wealth. If the case of France had any meaning at all, there must be more profitable occupations than the conservation of infant life; wine growing, for instance, or intensive truck gardening.

To this Smith replied that the Latin temperament must be taken into account. Cooper admitted that there was of course the Latin temperament; but as neither man was quite clear as to just how the Latin temperament came into the problem they allowed the subject of French population to drop.

But when it came to the United States, Smith felt himself on firm ground. He was convinced that what we needed most to-day was to put the entire question of infant salvage on a mathematical basis. Parents must be imbued with the spirit of responsibility that goes with the management of great amounts of capital. Every family stood in need of a system of book-keeping for its young, with something like an annual trial balance. There might even be a law providing for the compulsory publicity of such family budgets. The matter was one of considerable detail, but there was no apparent reason why some form of printed schedule could not be devised to be filled in by parents once a year.

Cooper by this time was frankly hostile and he sneered as he asked for a more explicit statement.

Smith reminded him that his scheme was as yet unperfected. But the basis of it would be an annual examination by a corps of competent physicians of every child in the community. Placing the ascertained original value of the child at $5746, it would be for the physicians to determine whether this original capital showed any depreciation at the end of the fiscal year. For every backward feature in the child's development there would be a debit charge against the original capital. Thus, in the case of an exceptionally neglected child the budget account would run somewhat as follows:

DEBIT

Subnormal chest expansion	$475
Adenoids	300
Trachomic infection of eyes	1,000

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Defective teeth	200
Biting finger nails	100
Total	$2,075

CREDIT

Original Capital—one child	$5,746
	2,075
Present value of child	$3,671

Thus at the end of the fiscal year it would be shown that careless business management had effected a depreciation of no less than thirty-six per cent. in the value of the child. In most cases the mere publication of such a damning budget would shame parents into doing better. Where parents were exceptionally obdurate or ignorant and incapable the State might step in and apply to the courts for a referee in bankruptcy. "That is what I mean," said Smith, "when I speak of putting the conservation of child life on a business basis."

Cooper was now doing his best to keep his temper. He succeeded; and borrowing a pencil and a sheet of paper from Smith he proceeded to draw up a budget of his own. When Smith estimated the value of every child to the community at $5746 he had of course taken into account the cost of nurture, housing and clothes, but had he taken into account any other forms of expense involved in the raising of children?

Smith said there was nothing else to take into account.

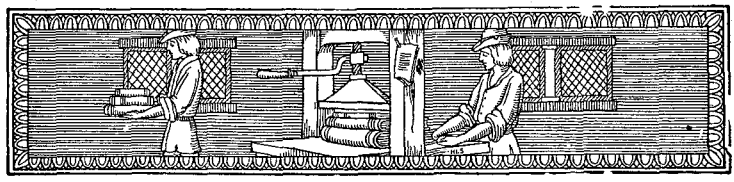
Cooper said there were many things to be taken into account. He first took up the question of loss of sleep entailed, as a result of the teething process, upon the two adult persons most concerned. He estimated the number of sleepless hours per child at six hundred for the father and nine hundred for the mother. At the union rate for night work a fair compensation for the father's time would be about $800. The mother's share was more difficult to appraise, but the sum of $450 was a modest allowance.

Cooper passed on to ailments and infections. He mentioned whooping cough, measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, involving a total loss of three hundred hours of sleep for two persons. This meant a direct loss of $600. But in addition we must count the serious loss in earning capacity for the father, resulting directly from decreased vitality consequent upon lack of sleep. Smith agreed that $1000 was not an excessive estimate. At the same time Smith wished to file an exception, but Cooper waved him aside and went on.

Passing over a decade, he found that at the age of thirteen, if not earlier, the child enters into competition with its father in the industrial field. The depreciation of adult wages as a result of child labour in the factories and shops would easily amount to $3 a week in a case like the one Cooper had in mind. For a period of seven or eight years, or until the child attained its majority, that would make a total of, say, $1300. Finally Cooper asked if $2000 was too high a valuation to set upon parental anxieties resulting from such general incidents of childhood and adolescence as bad habits, unfilial conduct, and so on. Smith said the sum was not too large. He agreed with Cooper that a single act of youthful folly, such as a midnight marriage with a chorus girl, might easily be productive of three thousand dollars' worth of tears, heart ache, and sleepless nights for a boy's parents.

"So there you are," said Cooper. "As a business proposition the conservation of infant life simply does not pay. The protection of infancy means only the encouragement of economic waste."

Simeon Strunsky.



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FROM THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL BAG

I

Here is a letter of inquiry from Hanover, New Hampshire. The writer is evidently a Dartmouth Senior.

I have been told that a number of years ago THE BOOKMAN published an All Valhalla Eleven made up of famous characters of fiction, and that in a discussion which followed other elevens of the same kind were suggested. Would it be too much to ask of you to indicate the make-up of these elevens?

A request in keeping with the season. The original All Valhalla Eleven was selected in THE BOOKMAN for November, 1899. It was made up as follows:

Left End.....Michael Volodyovsky
Left Tackle.....Le Noir Fainéant
Left Guard.....Pan Longin
Centre.....John Ridd
Right Guard.....Ursus
Right Tackle.....Taffy Wynne
Right End.....Aramis
Quarter-back.....D'Artagnan
Left Half-back...Wilfred of Ivanhoe
Right Half-back..Porthos du Vallon de Bracieux de Pierrefonds
Full-back.....Athos Comte de la Fere

But our readers were apparently no more satisfied with our selection than are followers of the autumn game outside of New Haven, Connecticut, with the annual selections of Mr. Walter Camp. Opinions were so varied that it was even impossible to choose a composite eleven from those sent in. Here is a typical selection:

Left End.....Mowgli
Left Tackle.....Sir Henry Curtis
Left Guard.....Samson
Centre.....Goliath
Right Guard.....Herakles
Right Tackle.....Kwasind
Right End.....Umpslopagaas
Quarter-back.....Ulysees
Left Half.....Siegfried
Right Half.....Thord
Full-back.....Cœur de Lion

It will be seen that the Black Knight of *Ivanhoe* is a selection for both elevens. Finally Professor J. William White, of the University of Pennsylvania, entered the controversy, with the pertinent criticism that Americans had been unjustly ignored, and offering the following All-American Eleven:

Left End.....Magua
Left Tackle.....Dick Bullen
Left Guard.....Hurry Harry
Centre.....Natty Bumpo
Right Guard.....Chingachcook
Right Tackle.....Hugh Wynne
Right End.....Uncas
Quarter-back.....Van Bibber
Left Half.....Specimen Jones
Right Half.....Jack Hamlin
Full-back.....Richard Carvel

For the original All Valhalla Eleven the suggestion was that Zagloba would make an admirable Head Coach. For that position on the All American Eleven Professor White offered Mr. Dooley, with David Harum as Assistant Coach. A dozen years have gone by, and very likely from the books of these years Professor White would find plenty of new material—material that would lead him to suggest decided changes in his line up. But as they stand they are good teams all and perhaps among them there might be developed another "Sam" White.

II

From a correspondent who writes from the Charcoal Club Art School, of Baltimore.

Is John Brewster Tabb, a poet(?) who lived near here, estimated highly? Are his menatures(?) superior to Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, Lanier, Whitman, Riley, Harte, and thirty other acknowledged American poets?

A contention arose here among several poets(?) of the Charcoal Club as to Tabb's true status. Some say he is a first-class poet, others, that he is not one, two, forty; still others, that he was a minature hymn singer for the propagation of the faith.

Will you please give us something positive and tangible about his relative value?

Thanking you now, I am sincerely,

The late Father Tabb was a writer of

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delightfully whimsical light verse, and one of the best and most amiable of men. But he himself would have been the first to laugh at a comparison of his work to that of Longfellow, for example.

III

A letter which needs no introduction.

To settle a dispute that has almost broken up a home, will you tell me is Laura Jean Libbey a person or an adjective?

Yours truly,

Hardly an adjective.

IV

From the Rectory of the Greenwood Church, of Des Moines, Iowa.

DEAR EDITOR: In your Mail Bag of last month, Amèlie Rives traced the line "He that runs may read" to a verse from Habakkuk, but you failed to note that the meaning of the two is entirely dissimilar. The line "He that runs may read" is often quoted from Habakkuk and is a curious instance of misquotation. Now, the prophet says: "Make the message plain that he may run that readeth it." That is, that reading the message, one may be so deeply impressed that he will at once run with it to deliver it to another. Whereas, the line "He that runs may read" evidently means that the message should be in bill-poster size, so that one rapidly passing would be able to read, as we read the Bull Durham tobacco signs from a moving railway train.

V-VI

Two letters that recall vividly to our mind Thackeray's *Roundabout Paper* entitled "Thorns on the Cushion."

Permit me to call your attention to an article by Mr. Joseph Pennell, "The Triumph of Whistler," in your October number, from which I quote:

"The fullest general catalogue of Whistlers was that of the Memorial Exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers, London, 1905. I wrote this—with Mrs. Pennell. It was badly copied at the Paris Memorial Exhibition, worse by the Metropolitan Museum of New York, and comically by Mr. Canfield—without even measurements of the works being given."

As none of my Whistlers was exhibited at the London Exhibition of 1905, and therefore nothing concerning them could have been copied from Mr. Pennell's catalogue, the above quotation is maliciously and intentionally incorrect. Nor have I personally ever written a catalogue of my Whistler collection.

May I ask you to print this statement in the forthcoming BOOKMAN?

I have the honour to be,

Respectfully,

RICHARD CANFIELD.

CHARLESTON, W. VA.

In an article appearing in the last issue of THE BOOKMAN, written by Mr. Montrose J. Moses, and setting out the claims of Sewanee, Tennessee, as a literary centre, I find the relations of the late Dr. Caskie Harrison to the writer's thesis disposed of in the following sentence:

"His dictatorial attitude was stronger than the weak verse of his Horace's *Odes,* and perhaps the older generation might be able to rescue from oblivion his versified invitations to university functions written in Greek."

In an editorial tribute appearing in THE BOOKMAN for December, 1902, my father was described as "a scholar of ripe learning," and likened to the great English authority on English usage, Fitzedward Hall: this though he hardly came within THE BOOKMAN'S horizon, and though he and Professor Peck had definitely parted company many years before. Other critics of distinction have praised with an opener hand. The Brooklyn *Eagle,* lamenting his loss to the citizenship of that city, testified that "his accomplishments, his services and his character have received affectionate tribute, with acute expressions of the sense of loss, from the scholarship of his country." My father's work in the classics won him the hearty and expressed admiration of such scholars as Gildersleeve, Lodge and Goodwin. In 1899 the late George Rice Carpenter told his classes at Columbia that the two great living authorities on the use of English words were Fitzedward Hall of London and Dr. Caskie Harrison of Brooklyn. I believe I am quite within bounds in saying, paraphrasing what some one has said of Gibbon, that the more a man knew about language the less he cared to differ with my father.

I think it is a very unbecoming thing that Mr. Montrose J. Moses, whose right to speak with authority in these matters is unknown to me, should at this day seek to belittle such a man with a few offhand disparagements.

And if Mr. Moses means to say that this is the estimate in which Dr. Harrison is held

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at Sewanee—at the university which he served in his young manhood, which afterward honoured him with a doctor's degree, and whose own accounts of itself rarely fail to include a tribute to him of admiration and respect—then I say that his statement is uncalled for and untrue. I have and can produce abundant evidence that those in better position than Mr. Moses to interpret the spirit of the University of the South differ completely from his reports: that in fact most of those whom his article most highly lauds consider that my father in his youth did at least as much as any other one man to quicken and standardise the intellectual life of the University, that he stands to-day as one of its true intellectual founders and fathers.

I have felt no particular necessity to defend my father's scholarship from the breezy depreciations of Mr. Moses. My dissent is from the singular tone in which he has felt free to express himself, a tone the more extraordinary and gratuitous in an article which was manifestly not critical or controversial, but was, on the contrary, committed to saying what was pleasant, or nothing. What relation exists between Sewanee's claims to be regarded as a literary centre and Mr. Moses's allegation that my father had a "dictatorial attitude"? I cannot see. Nor can I conceive that so discordant a digression from an article otherwise agreeable and flattering could have been made accidentally and without ill-feeling. Mr. Moses has shown a desire to disclaim such feeling on his own part. I can therefore only infer that he has unhappily allowed himself to be made the mouthpiece of unknown factionists who have nourished a grudge for thirty years, and of whom the best I can say is that they ought to be heartily ashamed of themselves. Very truly yours,

HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON.

THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of August and the 1st of September.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
2. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
3. The Sign at Six. White. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
6. The Lighted Way. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
2. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
3. The Antagonists. Thurston. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Nonsense Novels. Leacock. (Lane.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturgis & Walton.) $3.00.
2. The Loss of the S.S. Titanic. Beesley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The Yosemite. Muir. (Century Co.) $2.40.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
3. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

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BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Sparks. Zimmermann. (Pub. by author.) $1.00.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys After a Fortune. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Rover Boys in the Air. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Grey Friars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
6. The Court of St. Simon. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.
3. Diary of Frances Lady Shelley. (Scribner.) $3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Lieut. Ralph Osborne. Beach. (Wilde.) $1.50.
2. Boys' Life of Edison. Meadowcroft. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. Seashore Book. Smith. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.
2. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Strangling of Persia. Shuster. (Century Co.) $2.50.
3. My Memoirs. Steinheil. (Sturgis & Walton.) $3.00.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Court of St. Simon. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Essential Thing. Hodges. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. The Plunderer. Norton. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. Good Indian. Bower. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. My Lady's Garter. Futrelle. (Rand, McNally.) $1.35.
5. The Sign at Six. White. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Concentration and Control. King. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Change Signals. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.

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2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. My Lady's Garter. Futrelle. (Rand, McNally.) $1.35.
5. The Black Pearl. Woodrow. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mind Cure. Zeuner. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
2. Soul and Sex. Buck. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
3. Hamlet Problem and Its Solution. Venable. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.
4. George Bernard Shaw. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Jungle Book. Kipling. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Adventures Every Child Should Know: Pinocchio. Burt. (Doubleday, Page.) 90 cents.
3. The Patty Books. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) $1.00.
4. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. Blue Anchor Inn. Morris. (Penn Pub Co.) $1.25.

DALLAS, TEX.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. Buttered Side Down. Ferber. (Stokes.) $1.00.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Lame and Lovely. Crane. (Forbes.) $1.00.
2. The West in the East. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Human Machine. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Tell Me a True Story. Stewart. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. Children's Stories That Never Grow Old. Stone. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
3. The Best Stories to Tell Children. Bryant. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Whispers About Women. Merrick. (Kennerly.) $1.20.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. The Just and the Unjust. Vaughan. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys After a Fortune. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

DES MOINES, IA.

FICTION

1. Uncle Peter: Heathen. Stapp. (McKay.) $1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Penny Philanthropist. Laughlin. (Revell.) 75 cents.
6. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Pluck on the Long Trail. Sabin. (Crowell.) $1.25.
2. Azalia. Peattie. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
3. Rolf in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Plunderer. Norton. (Watt.) $1.25.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

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4. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Blue Bonnet's Ranch Party. Jacobs and Read. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Alma of Hadley Hall. Breitenbach. (Page.) $1.50.
3. The Bantam. Corcoran. (Harper.) $1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Sun Yat Sen and the Awakening of China. Cantlie and Jones. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. The Call of the Carpenter. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Blue Bonnet's Ranch Party. Jacobs and Read. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Scout Master of Troop Five. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.
3. The Dutch Twins. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Court of St. Simon. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
3. The Art of the Musician. Hanchett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Patty's Butterfly Days. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Under the Window. Greenaway. (Warne.) $1.50.
3. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. My Lady's Garter. Futrelle. (Rand, McNally.) $1.35.
2. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
4. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. Spanish Gold. Birmingham. (Doran.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Play Making. Archer. (Small, Maynard.) $2.00.
2. La Fille du Ciel. Loti and Gautier. (Calmann-Levy.) $1.00.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Everlasting Mercy. Masefie'd. (Macmillan.) $1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. The White Shield. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Turnstile. Mason. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
6. The White Shield. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Woman. Terhune. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Friar Tuck. Wason. (Small, Maynard.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Andorra. Leary. (McBride, Nast.) $1.50.
4. Moths of the Limberlost. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel Stories. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.
3. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) $1.00.
2. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
3. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori System. Smith. (Harper.) 60 cents.
3. China's New Day. Headland. (Revell.) 50 cents.
4. Christian Faith in the Age of Science. Rice. (Doran.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Bunnikins-Bunny and the Moon King. Davidson. (Little, Brown.) 50 cents.
2. My Robin. Burnett. (Stokes.) 50 cents.
3. Northern Trails. Long. (Ginn.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. My Lady's Garter. Futrelle. (Rand, McNally.) $1.35.
4. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Maggie Pepper. Klein. (Fly.) $1.25.
6. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry. Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
2. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) $1.00.
3. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60c.
4. Human Efficiency. Dresser. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
3. The Glittering Festival. Harrison. (McClurg.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. The White Shield. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. Charge It. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Bride's Hero. Revere. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Kipling's Poems. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
2. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Diddie, Dumps and Tot. Pyrnelle. (Harper.) 60 cents.
2. Uncle Remus. Harris. (Appleton.) $2.00.
3. Mary Ware in Texas. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Officer 666. McHugh. (Fly.) $1.25.
3. In the Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. My Lady's Garter. Futrelle. (Rand, McNally.) $1.35.
5. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Captain Martha Mary. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Rhymes of Childhood. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Azalea. Peattie. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. Bunty Prescott. Phillips. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
3. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. The White Shield. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

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2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The Yosemite. Muir. (Century Co.) $2.40.
4. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Our Boy Scouts in Camp. Houston. (McKay.) $1.00.
2. Lulu, Alice and Jimmie Wibblewobble. Garis. (Fenno.) 75 cents.
3. Blue Bonnet's Ranch Party. Jacobs and Read. (Page.) $1.50.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. A Man in the Open. Pocock. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
4. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. Officer 666. Currie. (Fly.) $1.25.
6. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Mind-Power. Atkinson. (Fenno.) $1.00.
2. The New Pacific. Bancroft. (Bancroft Co.) $2.00.
3. Pennsylvania Business Law. Sullivan. (Winston.) $4.00.
4. The State. Wilson. (Heath.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Quarterback Reckless. Williams. (Appleton.) $1.25.
2. Change Signals! Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Likable Chap. Davenport. (Sturgis & Walton.) $1.20.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
2. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Charge It. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.00.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. Officer 666. Currie and McHugh. (Fly.) $1.25.
2. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Plunderer. Norton. (Watt.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Oregon System. Eaton. (McClurg.) $1.00.
3. The American Government. Haskins. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Gill.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. The Littlest Fairy. Webb. (Dodge.) $1.50.
3. Punky Dunks. (Volland.) $1.00.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
4. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.
5. The Court of St. Simon. Partridge. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Beginner in Poultry. Valentine. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. A New Book of Cookery. Farmer. (Little, Brown.) $1.60.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) $1.00.
5. Over the Pass. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.35.
6. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. My Lady's Garter. Futrelle. (Rand, McNally.) $1.35.

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5. Blue Anchor Inn. Morris. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
6. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. Majority Rule and the Judiciary. Ransom. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
4. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Alma of Hadley Hall. Breitenbach. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Boy Scout Manual. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
6. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scout Series. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
2. Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.
3. Series for Girls. Meade. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.
4. Dreadnought Boys' Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Melting of Molly. Davies. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Plays. Strindberg. (Luce.) $1.50.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
4. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The Loss of the S.S. Titanic. Beesley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. Changing America. Ross. (Century Co.) $1.20.

JUVENILES

1. The Chronicles of Avonlea. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.25.
2. On the Trail of the Sioux. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.00.
3. Wonder Workers. Wade. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Wind Before the Dawn. Munger. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. In the Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
6. Between Two Thieves. Dehan. (Stokes.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Women's Eyes. Ryder. (Robertson.) $1.00.
2. Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $2.00.
3. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
4. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Plunderer. Norton. (Watt.) $1.25.
2. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Rhymes of the Firing Line. Runyon. (Fitz-Gerald.) $1.00.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.

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2. Boy Scouts' Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
3. An Army Boy in Pekin. Kilbourne. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.20.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Plunderer. Norton. (Watt.) $1.25.
4. Blue Anchor Inn. Morris. (Penn Pub Co.) $1.25.
5. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Just and the Unjust. Kester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
3. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
6. The Sign at Six. White. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Briggs.) $1.25.
3. The Turnstile. Mason. (Copp.) $1.25.
4. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (McClelland & Goodchild.) $1.25.
5. The Moneymoon. Farnol. (Briggs.) $1.25.
6. The Guests of Hercules. Williamson. (Musson.) $1.25.

WACO, TEX.

FICTION

1. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
3. The Price She Paid. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Officer 666. Currie. (Fly.) $1.25.
6. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann the Iconoclast. (Herz Bros.) $3.00.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Blue Anchor Inn. Morris. (Penn Pub. Co.) $1.25.
4. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30.
5. Caviare. Richards. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
6. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Call of the Carpenter. White. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. China's New Day. Headland. (Central Committee of United Study of Missions.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Kiddy Rhymes. Hays. (Jacobs.) $1.25.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. Bed-Time Stories. Garis. (Fenno.) 75 cents.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
2. The Moth. Orcutt. (Harper.) $1.30.
3. Caviare. Richards. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.30.
4. The Streets of Ascalon. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.40.
5. The Red Lane. Day. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. A Romance of Billy-Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Moths of the Limberlost. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The Loss of the S.S. Titanic. Beesley. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
4. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys in the Air. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 40 cents.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on any	list	receives		10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30	328
2. The Arm-chair at the Inn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.30	169
3. The Street Called Straight. Anon. (Harper.) $1.35	168
4. Where There's a Will. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30	121
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	112
6. The Melting of Molly. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00	92

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